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THE ART OF BORIS ANISFELD BY LOUIS WEINBERG

YEARS ago news reached New York of the *Scherezade*, as given in Petrograd. It was reported as one of the greatest masterpieces of stage-craft, a wonderful blending of music, colour and movement. Of the many

who were associated with the success of that ballet, the name of Bakst was the first to invade Paris, London and New York, the swiftest to take the world by storm. Then came the Russian company itself, and Diaghilev, Nijinsky, and Stravinsky became names to conjure with. Those who saw and heard were intoxicated by the swift, whirling passion of the dance, the



MANDOLIN

BY BORIS ANISFELD



ALDER GROVE

BY BORIS ANISFELD

freedom and abandon of the music, riotous splendour of the flaming costumes, sumptuous framework of the stage setting. "How perfectly the exquisite costumes and decorations blend with the music and the dance. Bakst is a colour wizard," was the popular verdict. But on more than one such occasion, had the programme been carefully consulted, it would have been noted that the colour effects were designed by one Boris Anisfeld.

Though the name may as yet be unfamiliar, throngs of people the country over have thrilled

at the spectacle of this man's colour symphonies, and this winter, in *La Reine Fiamette*, the opera by Xavier Leroux, Anisfeld's latest contribution to the stage will be seen at the Metropolitan Opera House.

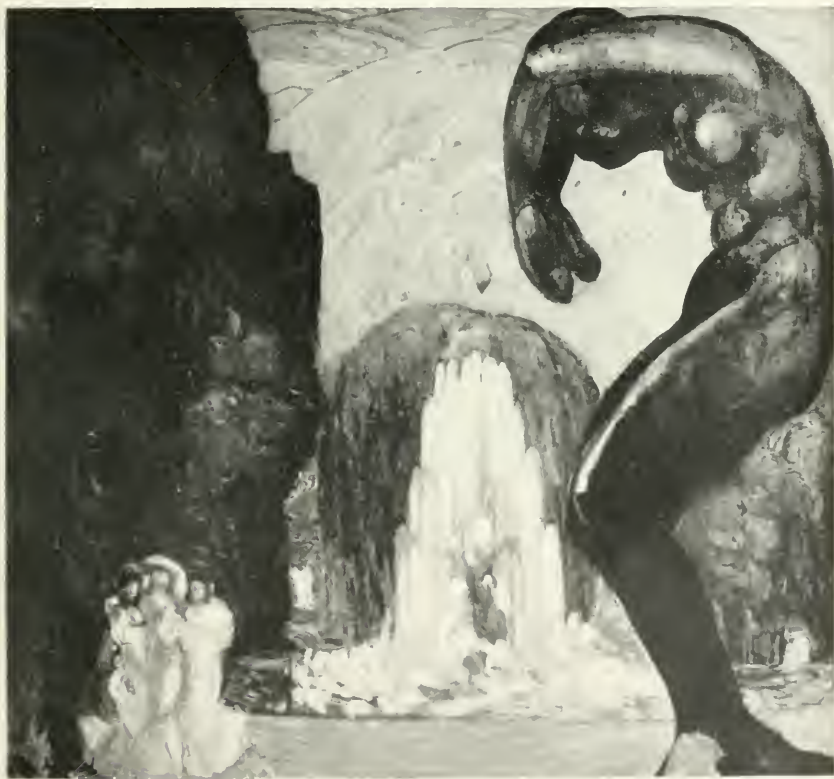
But exotic, rich and stirring as are his decorative settings, Anisfeld reveals himself in his exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum, opening October the twenty-ninth, as a pure painter, in the same sense as Poe is a pure poet. Anisfeld has recently arrived in New York, and the Brooklyn exhibition of his work is the first in a trans-

The Art of Boris Anisfeld

continental tour of leading art museums and public galleries. To the list of Sorolla, Zuloaga and Bakst and their acclaim there will now be added a new name. For Anisfeld is a lover and a master of the language of his art: a creator of beautiful surfaces, of fascinating textures, of strange patterns—above all, a colourist; one of those rare painters who feel the nuances of colour as Poe felt the music of words.

Anisfeld is not a landscape painter like Sorolla, nor an exquisite antiquarian fashion draughtsman like Bakst, nor yet a purely fantastic weaver of dreams like Poe. To him the world is a colour spectacle, endlessly varied in its colour patterns. The heads of men and women are prismatic in their glowing surfaces. The bodies of the bronze

horses of St. Mark's in Venice, of children on the beach, of golden idols, of men and women are suffused with a warmth which is the glorious reflection of the all-pervasive light. Pomegranates, oranges, apples, pears, grapes, all gleam with the luminous intensity of the hues which are found in old stained-glass windows through which the late afternoon sun filters. The sailboats of Brittany, the jewelled shores of Capri, the carnivals, bacchanals and Oriental fantasies which he paints, are all psalms of joy sung by a soul ecstatic and intoxicated with colour. No black-and-white reproduction can give the faintest hint of the work of Anisfeld, particularly in his latest canvases, in which the colours literally sing in unison.



THE BLUE STATUE

BY BORIS ANISFELD



SELF-PORTRAIT
BY BORIS ANISFELD



THE PONTE DI RIALTO
BY BORIS ANISELD

The Art of Boris Anisfeld



GRAY DAY ON THE NEVA

BY BORIS ANISFELD

Himself a designer of theatrical settings, Anisfeld looks out upon the world and sees in the hills and mountains, the valleys and streams and the richly jewelled spotting of sails and fruits, flowers and foliage, birds and women, the most beautiful stage setting ever devised for the human drama.

Are there some who would quarrel with such art for its lack of ethical values? It is possible.

For of late years many critics, suddenly grown virtuous and didactic, have sensed a new serious-

ness in art, a note of "sanity" which is due, as they believe, to the war. They write as if with loathing of the days just passed, when painters played with their medium and yielded to the fascination of experiment with line and form and colour. But, however sensational and even bizarre much of such experiment may have been, it represented on the whole no such unhealthy mental state as these would now claim. It was in fact an attitude of legitimate research and craftsman-curiosity concerning the means of art

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and their capacity for an enhanced expressiveness.

Anisfeld evidences in his work a great interest in the experiments of the last decade or two. But he is not a purely experimental painter of absolutely abstract art theories and formulæ. Though, occasionally, one of his canvases may pretend in its title at some literary idea, he is not an intellectual or a moralist, a learned scholastic or a sermonising preacher. He is in truth a painter-poet who responds to the world as the weavers of Oriental rugs, the singers of pure lyrics, the composers of symphonies respond to it. He translates his direct impressions, his memories, his moods into visions of loveliness. Those who would quarrel with a painter's joyful paeans to the glamour of an enchanted world, may as well attack the Psalms themselves.

The art of Anisfeld is quite simple in its emotional purity and intensity, but it is not on that account lacking in the elements of thought and will. His energy and fecundity of creation is of the Rubens order, and his absorption of the best in contemporary as in ancient art proves him to be swift in his grasp of essentials. The delicate gray harmonies of Whistler, the glowing flesh tones of the Italians, the plastic painting of Cézanne, the abstract beauty of pattern in Picasso, the fertile invention and variety of colour mood in Oriental art have all left their mark. Anisfeld is a modern and has accepted every hint, every suggestion which free communication with all countries and all ages affords the modern. He has not denied his heritage, nor has he been bewildered by it. He has accepted its rich bounty and has made it wholly his own. He is not a singer of a single note. His success has not been built like that of so many of our celebrities of the brush upon a single picture endlessly repeated. Though only thirty-nine, he has lived through a number of distinct phases in his style.

His earlier canvases, landscapes painted in Russia, are restrained and somewhat gray in colour. Even an autumn day is tender and delicately tinted, hushed and muted in its tones, but the restraint is, to an extent, the restraint of the colour of nature itself in the region of the Neva. In 1910, a series of paintings of still life, mostly of fish, enriched his palette. To render the glistening surfaces, the metallic sheen of their externals, is excellent training for the future painters of dreams and fantasies. This may sound naïve, but light is quite without any sense

of man-made values, ethical, social, literary or economic. It is only associations which make the play of light on gold seem more beautiful than its play upon the scaly planes of fish or upon the leaves in the early morning dew.

In 1911, Anisfeld went to Italy, where each painter who enters comes under a wealth of influences and, if he is strong, chooses according to his nature and his needs. Anisfeld found in Titian and Giorgione hints of that glowing warmth and inner radiance of colour which reside in pigment.

In the *Danae in Green* one may see the impressions made by these masters and their gradual liberation of his own colour feeling. There have been many painters who, worshipping the rich harmonies of the Venetians, became slavish copyists of their technique. Others, like Reynolds, even risked the rapid decomposition of their work in their eagerness to achieve through varnishes the glow of colour which they so emulated. Anisfeld was saved from such excesses, partly by virtue of his clearer understanding of pigment, his suspicion of chemical aids to a rapidly waning effectiveness, partly by the increasing influence of his theatrical work.

For Diaghilev had been employing him for some time to design settings for the Russian ballet. The themes were Oriental, Arabian, Persian, Egyptian, Indian. He turned to the art of the East, and what a mine of treasure he uncovered! Here were colour chords before which the art of Venice paled, a richness of invention and fancy, a profusion of the most exquisite detail of lace-like patterns and jewelled surfaces, supported by areas of richly covered ground.

A close study of his pictures and their dates, prove that for a while Anisfeld lived in two worlds. On the stage he yielded himself completely to the spell of his fancy and of his enlarged palette. His Oriental nature revelled in the opportunities afforded by the *Marriage of Zobeide*, *Sadko*, *The Seven Daughters of the Ghost King*, *Egyptian Nights*. But his early easel pictures are still either personal transcriptions from nature or, in the case of his more purely decorative compositions like his designs for the Wourgaft home, they are modified by the traditions of Venice. In his landscapes painted in Capri in 1911, the fuller range of Oriental colour chords begins to be felt. It is as though he found nature's verification of the palette of the East.

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The evolution of his style as a freely imaginative painter is interesting to trace. In *The Golden Tribute*, in which old women bring flowers as their offering to a reclining nude, there is still evidence of the Salon picture, the *tour de force*, the deliberately literary subject picture. *The Blue Statue*, much more free in its decorative intention, is, nevertheless, somewhat reminiscent of the Secessionists in its straining for effect. The realm of imaginative painting is not to be stormed by sheer will-power. In *The Garden of Eden* the mark of Persia lies rather obviously upon the surface. Its luscious passages of colour in trees, birds and flowers suggest a theatrical drop transcribed as a glorified easel picture.

But the artist's search for his fullest expression continues. *The Garden of the Hesperides* marks a great step forward in the rich gamut of its colours, ranging from the most restrained low tones to the fullest intensity of a golden yellow, the whole canvas aglow with a varied and subtly graduated warmth. Here can be felt the dawning realisation of the fullest capacities of pigment, which is the painter's medium. The suggestion of volume through the juxtaposition of warm advancing colours and cool receding colours, the abstract pleasure of the pattern of warm and cold colours, the appeal of textures, the graduation of a hue through its intensities from grays to full tones, or through intermediate colours into related or even complementary hues, the pleasure of the eyes in the play of line movement—all these are employed as a composer of a symphony might employ every resource of instrumentation.

A more recent series of paintings of still life are so many beautiful exercises in this richer orchestration of his art. Though many are beautiful and complete in themselves, they prepare him for his latest triumphs in the art of pure painting. *The Golden God*, *The Mandolin* (its tones are 'cello-like'), the *Buddha and Pomegranates*, combine the most sensitively delicate and refined colour passages with the full richness of spectrum hues. *The Exodus* is a sudden sally, an interesting variation of treatment, dry in texture and linear in conception, but powerful in its sweep of space and its rush of action.

There may be many who prefer a historical text-book art, learnedly resuscitating the past; or an art of story-telling, illustrating some ancient legend or modern moral; or an art of allegory, demonstrating, for example, that *Hope*, with

eyes bandaged, still listens to the strumming of the last remaining string upon her lyre; but for those who appreciate the splendour of these exotic autumn days, glamorous in the soft warmth of a mellow sun, the art of Anisfeld will come like a reminder that to surrender oneself to the magic of nature's colour fantasies is to enter into one of the purest pleasures known to man.

IN MEMORIAM

THE scourge of Spanish influenza has claimed many victims of late amongst the artists, but none of greater promise than the Italo-American sculptor, C. S. Pietro, who died on October 9th at the early age of thirty-two, sincerely mourned by all who were privileged to know him. It is no exaggeration to assert that in Pietro this country has lost a sculptor whose career has been phenomenal, and whose work, had he been spared, would have added lustre to American achievement in sculpture. For upwards of a year he had been working lovingly, incessantly upon a great monumental design with most important architectural features, a design that fortunately has been carried to a point where other hands may complete the task and so perpetuate the memory of a singularly brave, sincere, lovable man who has been spirited away upon the threshold of success.

Although steeped in prodigious work which, commencing at early dawn, was frequently protracted into midnight, Pietro enthusiastically accepted the suggestion that he should decorate a Liberty window in the great patriotic exhibition of paintings and sculpture along Fifth Avenue, but by some mistake of measurement the excellent sketch in plaster that resulted was too large for its appointed window and had to be placed upon a trestle outside where, notwithstanding, it aroused unusual acclaim for the short time it was permitted to remain there. It is to be hoped that a more fitting environment will be found for his last work, which reveals not only a master hand, but a soul poignantly athrob with sympathy for the Allies in the great struggle.

The work of Pietro in the domain of portraiture has often been reproduced in the pages of THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, and marbles and bronzes by him are owned by numerous museums, public institutions and universities throughout the country. His deep sympathy for Belgium produced a very memorable two-figure group of an

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PORTRAIT OF L. M. WOURGAFT

BY BORIS ANISFELD

aged woman bent with grief, with an orphan at her knees seeking consolation where there was little to give. This piece, *Mother of the Dead*, attracted unusual attention at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco. Another group, *Inspiration*, makes similar appeal, though different in character. It is that of an aged woman who stands with upraised face as though imploring strength to continue the battle of life, whilst behind her, resting upon her shoulder with

bowled head, is the tottering form of her still older husband. These two bronzes are so powerful in conception and wrought with such strength and dignity that nothing sentimental or commonplace, nothing anecdotal is portrayed; one is in the presence of a cosmic force.

Pietro had his being in the two master currents, Antiquity and Renaissance, whence has arisen this modern questing world which he has left so prematurely.

W. H. DE B. N.

THE ÆSTHETIC WORLD
BY MERTON STARK YEWDALE

It is one of Nature's phenomena that a revolution in the fine arts preceded and, in a measure, presaged the present world upheaval. In the early part of the nineteenth century Turner, Delacroix, Courbet and Daumier (in the words of a modern critic) "entered the sacred temple, tore down the pillars which had supported it for centuries, and brought the entire structure of established values crashing down about them." In the latter part of the century Strauss, Schoenberg, Reger, Debussy, Ravel, Stravinsky and Scriabine completely repudiated the classical traditions of music; Moore, Turgenev, Dreiser and Conrad sounded the realistic note in fiction; Lowell, Masters, Pound, de Boscshere and others established the art of *vers libre*, and Epstein, Archipenko, Gaudier-Brzeska and Brancusi inaugurated vorticism in sculpture.

Unquestionably the keynote of the modern movement is that of strength not only in a physical but in an intellectual sense. Art is no longer regarded as a delicate instrument to be played upon only by men of refined instincts, nor is it considered to be a medium for the interpretation of only the delectable side of life. In fact, art has gone to the other extreme in portraying phases of life that a hundred years ago would have been universally condemned. It is not that the moderns are any less high-minded than the old geniuses so much as that life to-day is infinitely more vigorous, forceful and fearless than it ever was, and for its realisation demands therefore a form of art whose strength can fully resist the urge of life directed against it. For example, a man may begin practising with one-pound dumb-bells, but as soon as his muscles become stronger, he finds the dumb-bells too light and obtains heavier ones that will furnish a more equal resistance to his increased strength. The same process of reasoning applies to the modern tendency to portray the phases of life that are threatening rather than comforting.

No longer are we satisfied with art that merely decorates life with tinsel and baubles. We require that life be handled with courageous confidence, and that it receive direct artistic treatment whether objective or subjective. Tales with a moral and a happy ending, music with tinkling melody, painting with anecdotes and

pretty colouring, and sculpture chiseled with scrupulous fidelity to life may have satisfied a previous generation that regarded the purpose of existence as a struggle to attain moral perfection, but these minor manifestations of art, having little or no application to life as we see and live it to-day, fail now either to move us or stand their ground when we move against them. Modern art, therefore, with its almost bourgeois mass and strength, is not only a sign of the high tension of the age, but a new medium by which our intensified aesthetic emotions can be realised.

The chief difficulty in understanding and appraising any new movement is that there is too frequently the disposition to judge the present achievement by comparison with the past, and in the case of art this is particularly true. Academicians are almost invariably prone to this weakness and frequently maintain their hostility to the new even when the public is beginning to evince an intelligent interest. There are critics who still understand the purpose of painting to be purely decorative, that of music to be a source of moral improvement, that of literature to inculcate moral lessons, and that of sculpture to be commemorative of men and events, and the reason therefor is that these men consider art to be bound up inseparably with the effects of conventional life. Assuredly art has its utilitarian side, but its true domain is as far removed from the conventionalities of life as an invisible star is from the earth.

It has truly been said by an American critic that "the thoughts of the creative artist when coming into contact with the physical world take on a philosophical significance; and the art to which they give birth either interprets the concrete world abstractly (as in literature and music), or expresses the abstract world concretely (as in sculpture and painting)."

In a concrete sense, art is the great stimulus to life, and in the presence of great art we have a sensation of enhanced power, a compelling desire to rid ourselves of a certain state of tension, a measure of blindness and deafness to the outside world, and an eagerness to reciprocate the force which the artist exerts towards us through his genius. In other words, every bit of emotional and intellectual power in us strives to react in equal measure to the artistic strength that assails our consciousness, and art therefore is the great buffer of life.

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Likewise, art is the supreme resistant to the intense nervous force of the creative artist who recognises the terrible and uncertain character of existence and the inability of man to bring any lasting order out of the almost constant chaos.

In an abstract sense art opens up an entirely new world. When we read one of the great novels of Balzac, or listen to a symphony of Beethoven, or view the masterpieces of Rembrandt and Michelangelo, we seem to fall into a trance in which the body becomes inert, the will becomes deadened, while the brain expands and pulsates. In the distance a curtain appears to rise before our eyes, and the mind rushes forth into a strange, silent world beyond which all is dim and unspeakably vast. We lose all sensation of time and space, and massive ideas float before us like dark clouds. There is no sound, yet subconsciously we seem to hear, grinding ruthlessly and inexorably, the machinery of the universe. The feeling is that we are above life and poised in an ether in which all human values are neutralized. Here is the vast reservoir in which are stored positive and negative, right and wrong, good and evil, black and white, and all the other opposites of life.

For a moment our eyes turn towards earth, where all is confusion worse confounded; for that which is right in the East is wrong in the West, and that which is good in the North is evil in the South. Nowhere is there permanent law and order; all is hopelessly mixed up by man in the attempt to oppose his will to Nature's law of opposites. From this huge reservoir man draws his moral values while Nature looks on with complete indifference as man confuses himself in trying to bend these moral forces to man-made orthodoxy. We see that with Nature all is change though everything is permissible and possible. Yet Nature is the supreme discourager of life in that she permits all to rise but eventually forces everything to earth again.

Soon the curtain falls and the mind returns to the body which is still inert. The senses are still steeped in languor and a feeling of lassitude steals over us. Memories of the past loom up and a voluptuous sadness permeates our entire being. As our faculties are again assembled, we see once more that Life is the great delusion and Art the supreme counter-agent to existence.

Not everyone has experienced these thoughts and feelings while under the stimulus of art,

for it requires not only an appreciation and understanding of the best in art, but a philosophical knowledge of life. Manifestations of art are so many and so varied that a certain culture is necessary to recognise those of true significance, and this cannot be achieved without some knowledge of the principles of aesthetics.

Art may be classed as that which has too much feeling and too little thought; too much thought and too little feeling and as that in which thought and feeling are equally balanced.

As feeling is more primitive than intellect, it is only natural that the public should react best to that form of art in which feeling is the dominant quality. Likewise the creative artist in whom feeling predominates almost always treats art objectively, and more often than not introduces ideas in his work that are alien to pure art but in direct relation to the conventionality of life.

In painting, Millet is an example; in music, Mendelssohn; in literature, Dickens. Though the genius of these men is incontestable, it is obvious that their works are memorable largely on account of their documentary and anecdotal significance, for whatever their aesthetic merit, we remember them for their depictions of the surface aspects rather than the deep truths of life.

Nevertheless this dual form of art is of great importance. In fact, it is the only form in which the public can get any insight into art at all, and it is undoubtedly true that were it not for the genre paintings, simple melody in music, a moral purpose in literature, and an exact portrayal of life in sculpture, the public would have no connecting link between life and art, and would be wholly without understanding or confronted with abstruse aesthetic problems too complex to grasp without an inordinate amount of study.

Of all creative artists those in whom feeling is in excess of intellect are as a rule the most citizenly. Not infrequently they are orthodox in their beliefs and humanitarian in their endeavours. As a rule they employ art for the ennoblement of man and the moral welfare of the race, and in their work they give birth to ideas that will assist man to a solution of the practical problems of life. The tone of their art is generally optimistic, and even when pessimistic, is for the purpose of exciting pity or calling attention to some abuse that needs correction.

It is only fortuitously that art serves also as a medium for moral propaganda, yet few will

deny the coincidence to be a fortunate one, considering the reforms that have been instituted through the work of such men as Dickens and Reade. Nevertheless the supreme function of art is only to satisfy the aesthetic thoughts and emotions, and as such fails of its purpose if it is overcharged with feeling.

The second form of art is that in which thought exceeds feeling, and it is rare as compared with the first form. In a strict sense, there never have been creative artists whose vision was at all times without feeling, and in consequence there are but few specimens of art in which thought takes precedence of feeling. The principal examples are to be found among the works of such painters as Botticelli, Blake, Whistler, Watts and Macdonald-Wright, of such sculptors as Gaudier-Brzeska, Epstein and Brancusi, of such litterateurs as Poe, Coleridge, De Quincey and Swinburne, and of such musical composers as Strauss, Brahms and Schoenberg.

The chief accusation brought against the work of these men is that frequently it is too abstract and shows a lack of feeling, and in a way this charge is sustained. Some of Whistler's work is nothing more than an aesthetic arrangement in colour, some of Gaudier-Brzeska's but a definition of masses by planes. The *Ulamme* of Poe is a euphonious grouping of words almost without documentary significance, and the music of Schoenberg is musical mathematics.

It is strange that abstract art is almost always produced by men with little human emotion. Nature seems to have endowed them with keen apperceptions but denied them human feeling. It has been said of Brahms that he felt with his head and thought with his heart. Coleridge, in writing of the beauties of Nature said: "I see, not feel, how beautiful they are," and De Quincey wrote: "From my birth I was made an intellectual creature, and intellectual in the highest sense my pursuits and pleasures have been."

To look upon life as a child before it has applied thought to experience, to see objects without relation to their surroundings, to live in the aesthetic world and apperceive its beauties without being moved by natural emotion—this is the heritage of these men. To them the visible world is the unreal world, and their visionary dreamland, the real. Life is a gorgeous pageant that passes before them but in which they have no part. Their destiny seems to be that of

silently watching and recording the aesthetic images that arise in their sensitive consciousness.

These are not the adventurous souls of the earth. They may think and will themselves into action but they have not the foundation of human feeling to sustain their resolves. Neither are they lovers of Nature. Their sunsets in paint satisfy them more than the natural phenomenon. Their literature is a medley of harmonious phrases and euphonious words, their music recalls no human emotions and their sculpture is an appreciation of masses in relation. They are wholly detached from life and live in an ether of aesthetic speculation.

A preponderance of intellect over emotion tends to destroy our estimate of conventional values. When thought is too far removed from feeling the issues of life tend to neutralise and thereby lose their importance. Some such state of mind exists in men like Whistler, Poe and De Quincey. Drugs and alcohol may intensify this condition but they are not the cause of it. The problem is one of psychology and genius.

In analysing the works of these men we find first of all that they are abstract for reasons already given. As the images which arise in their minds are too abstract and ethereal for artistic solidification, the only recourse for capturing these fugitive impressions is to create an abstract aesthetic structure from which a spiritual image will arise. Hence it is that these creative artists are always so avidly concerned with technical excellence. Every one of them experimented constantly with form, organisation, rhythm, colour, planes, masses, metrics and harmony in the hope of recording the sensitive impressions that, like pleasant dreams, hardly ever return. As perfection in technique at the expense of subject matter gives to art an almost unearthly buoyancy, and as there is no perceptible bond connecting purely intellectual achievement with life, we receive the impression that such art hangs in mid-air surrounded by an aura as delicate and sweet-smelling as a floating banner of Oriental incense. Art without substance is like gold without an alloy, and its effect resembles the essence of an over-aged wine that escapes in a fragrant aroma when the cork is removed from the bottle leaving behind only the tasteless dregs.

The third kind of art is that in which thought and feeling are equally balanced, and the four men whose immortal works meet this test are

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Balzac, Bach, Rembrandt and Michelangelo. There are others whose works occupy places of honour in the archives of time, but none that surpasses the creations of these four giants.

The cardinal excellence of great art is perfect balance, and it has been said that "in all true genius there is an almost complete equilibrium, psychological, ethical, philosophic, actional and emotional—an harmonious polarity whose cycles of thought never lose poise, and that only when the concrete and the abstract, the personal and the impersonal, come together in perfect conjunction can there issue forth a work of genius." Likewise the greatest geniuses are those who draw harmony out of discord, and who benefit all things by the gift of their artistic power, inner balance and harmony. Their preference for the tragical is the sign of their great strength, and their approval of the whole cosmos by a justification of the terrible, the evil, and the unknown is the mark of their courage and philosophy.

To understand and appreciate art we must be possessed, first of all, of aesthetic thought and feeling, for without this form of intuitive culture no authoritative appraisal is possible. Up to a point we can apply certain well-defined principles to determine the merit of a work of art, but in the final analysis, and especially in new art, the cultural instinct commands the verdict.

Aesthetic thought and feeling apply solely to art and have nothing in common with conventional thought and feeling. When we say that without a balanced union of thought and feeling on the part of the artist no great art is possible, we refer to the feeling that selects the theme, the thought that effects the organisation, and the will that determines the rhythm or construction. In like manner when we say that without that same aesthetic balance no understanding of art is possible, we allude to the thought and feeling that enable us to recreate the work of art and literally rebuild the aesthetic structure by the same successive steps followed by its creator. For aesthetic thought and feeling when active (as in the case of genius) produce art, but when passive (as in the case of the critic) are merely interpretative of that art.

The bases of all art are form, organisation and rhythm, and an examination of the fine arts reveals a striking analogy so far as the fundamentals are concerned. Whatever views we may hold of the ultra-modernists in general and of

their sponsor in writing, Willard Huntington Wright, there are occasions on which the attention is worthily arrested for instance, where he writes as follows: "Form reveals itself not as an objective thing, but as an abstract phenomenon capable of giving the sensation of palpability. But form to express itself aesthetically, must be composed; and here we touch the controlling basis of all art: organisation. Organisation is the use put to form for the production of rhythm. The first step in this process is the construction of line, line being the direction taken by one or more forms. In purely decorative rhythm the line flows harmoniously from side to side and from top to bottom on a given surface. In the greatest art the lines are bent forward and backward as well as laterally so that, by their orientation in depth, an impression of profundity is added to that of height and breadth. Thus the simple image of decoration is destroyed and a microcosmos is created in its place. Rhythm then becomes the inevitable instrument of approaching and receding lines, so that they will reproduce the placement and displacement to be found in the human body when in motion."

In literature, form is the creation of the characters. The author gives an account of their hereditary traits, their environmental influences and their natural predilections, and describes the characters in physical detail, giving us the sensation of real flesh-and-blood people moving as free agents in the universe.

After the characters are established (which are nothing more than a group of aesthetic forms), the novelist traces their lives through various vicissitudes by the relation of events and description of places and thus supplies the organisation or composition of the forms. By bringing the characters into relation with each other, and by relating events, a compact mass of human relationship is established which is rhythm.

In music, the themes constitute the forms, and the organisation is effected by mounting them on a chordal substructure (as in the case of homophonic music), or leading two or more independent parts or melodies rendered simultaneously and combined harmoniously, necessitating not only that every voice should be a complete melody in itself, but that each should contribute its share in the elucidating of the one idea; not singing for itself alone but answering its fellow voices, and accompanying and commenting as

it were, upon the passages by them (as in the case of polyphonic music). The aesthetic rhythm is established not by the conventional tempo, but by balancing the chordal substructure with the melody or by establishing an interbalance between two or more themes according to the laws of counterpoint. The complete *microcosmos* is established in painting by lighting, in literature by thought, and in music by tonality. As sculpture offers only the simplest aesthetic problems, it may be dismissed from consideration.

These are the principles of aesthetics, and by them all art must be tried. The works of Rembrandt, Rubens, Balzac, Michelangelo, Bach and Beethoven are not immortal by chance, but by a rigid adherence to the principles that govern aesthetic beauty and by the power of genius that interprets causes rather than depicts effects.

It will perhaps be asked how these principles can apply to the art of to-day, and the answer is that basically they must apply. The art of Brancusi and Zorach, which is sometimes perilously near the phallic, the sex novels of Dreiser, the daring prose and poetry of Joyce, and the cacophonous music of Schoenberg must all have form, organisation and rhythm or they will go down to oblivion. Though the subject-matter is of secondary importance, we must recognise that it may offend quite as much by an over-emphasis on excessive salacity as on sentimentality. To create great art with an unattractive subject is assuredly preferable to creating mediocre art with a delectable subject, for it is the treatment of the subject and not the subject itself that determines the aesthetic success or failure, but in the final analysis the true test of art is that somewhere it must meet with approval, since without a public to patronise the works of genius creative effort is futile.

Old values are collapsing and temporarily all is chaos. The voices of the academicians are becoming weaker and weaker, and their work feebler and feebler. Can it be that, for this age at least, there is nothing more to be said, painted or sung in praise of the so-called good? And if the so-called evil offers better and more unused material for the further elucidation of the aesthetic principles, may we rightfully object?

Every artist cannot react to the conventional good. A painter may be deeply moved by an unconventional subject and wish to use it in his canvas. Have we a right to ask him to choose

some other subject more pleasant that perhaps leaves him perfectly cold and unresponsive?

We must ask ourselves the same questions regarding literature, music and sculpture. There is a fascination in the tragical and the tragic masterpieces of the world attest to the fact that frequently genius has been moved more by the terrible in life than the assuring and comforting.

Whatever the reason, modern artists react best to those subjects that in the past were tabooed, but no true lover of art will question the right of the artists to interpret in their work those phases of life that best develop their aesthetic natures. If the subject-matter, by its sensational appeal, overshadows the aesthetic part of the work and outrages our delicate sensibilities to the point of abhorrence, we have only to decline absolutely to tolerate the work. Art is one of the easiest things to boycott, and where there are a few instances of art having outlived early opposition, no one knows how many instances there are where art was irrevocably buried. It behooves us to be slow in our judgments and not to condemn merely because the outward aspects of the new art works are at variance with the conventions. The same spirit of freedom that we so earnestly desire in our daily lives should also be accorded to art, for democracy in life and autocracy in art are unthinkable and unworkable.

The principles of art remain unchanged: only the surface manifestations in modern art creations have changed. Academicians may inveigh against the modern movement, but they never can crush it, for not only is it a protest against that which perhaps was only a convention in the old art, but it has come to serve as a reaction against a severe restriction that in the old days allowed the artist to develop but one side of his nature. The new does not necessarily replace the old; it may only crush that part of the old that has become worn out and useless.

The modern movement has not only enabled some of the older men to round out their aesthetic lives, but it has made it possible for the new ones to raise their voices who could not sing in the key of the old school. The new form of art may yet be crude and even repellent to many, but that it reflects the dynamic spirit of the age and has strength and power, no one will deny, and if any period in history ever was significant of power both physical and intellectual, it is the one in which we are living.



PORTRAIT BUST OF MAJ. GEN. EMILIO GUGLIELMOTTI
MILITARY ATTACHÉ, ROYAL ITALIAN EMBASSY
BY C. SCARPITTA



TWO VIEWS OF A BUST OF PRESIDENT MENCOCAL OF CUBA



BY MARIO KORBEL

Making an Antique Screen



DETAIL SHOWING SURFACE QUALITY OF ENAMEL



DETAIL OF CRACKLE, ANTIQUED, THE "AGE" APPLIED

MAKING AN ANTIQUE SCREEN

One of the "Fine Arts" of the Present Interior Decorator
BY G. W. HARTING

TIME was when antiques were real antiques. A great many of them now are and, again, a great many that are now—are not.

Modern interior decoration has grown to that stage where it requires special "antiques" of certain sizes, shapes, etc., to conform to planned schemes. Oftentimes such special pieces cannot be found, therefore the artisan makes them. The degree of proficiency of many of these men is amazing. Only to the most gifted connoisseur, expert collector or critic can their product at times be distinguished from the real article. To the average person there is no visible difference. Some home-makers will have nothing but an original article, to others a good reproduction is sufficiently satisfying.

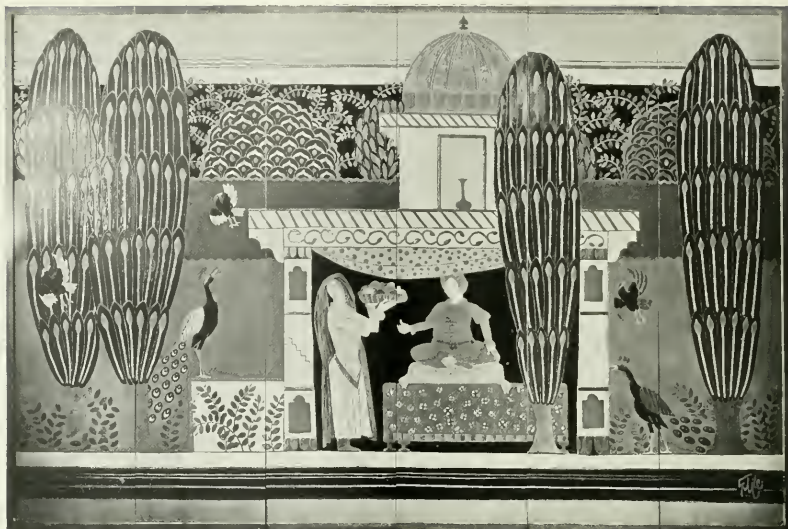
Be that as it may—the following collection of photographs portrays the making of an "antique" screen. My effort has been to show the various stages of its progress from the original sketch to the finished panels. A short synopsis of the procedure may be of interest to the reader.

The original sketch was done in water-colour on a card about six by nine inches in size. In this the designer created his arrangement and colour scheme, afterwards followed by those who made up the screen. There is no motif in the arrangement of trees, figures, etc. No portrayal of logic, no story told. The composition is purely for design. The scheme was derived from Indian and Persian prints, the birds from Chinese pottery. In the main it is East-Indian.

The screen was made up of six panels, each $1\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ feet in size. The core of each panel is chestnut, the grain of which runs crosswise. This was veneered in birch, grain running up and down, and again in birch, grain running crosswise. It was so made to prevent checking and warping. Total weight of screen was 210 pounds. Twenty different colours were used in the design. These colours were mixed in quantity before any was applied, to insure uniformity in the finished colour scheme of the imitation tile surface. The completed screen required eleven coverings of paint application. These were applied as follows, in the order given:—

1st, varnish; 2nd, sand; 3rd, varnish; 4th, white enamel; 5th, glaze; 6th, shellac; 7th, crackle; 8th, antique, and finally three successive

Making an Antique Screen

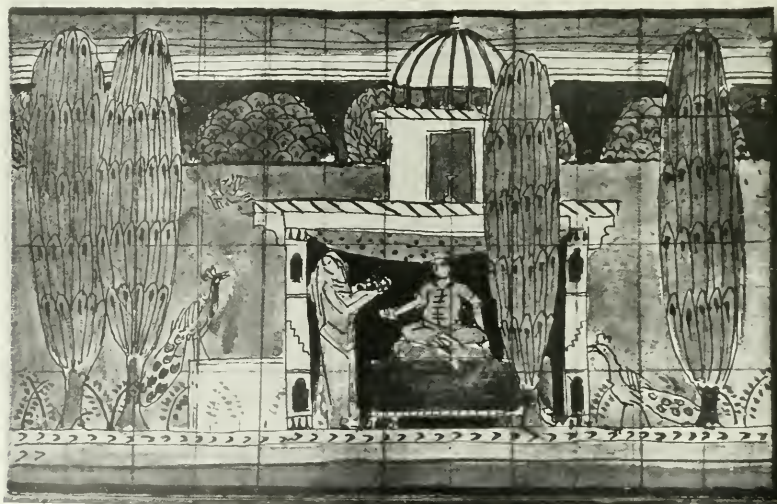


DESIGNED BY C. B. FALLS

EXECUTED BY PIETER MYER AND EMILE WEECKERS

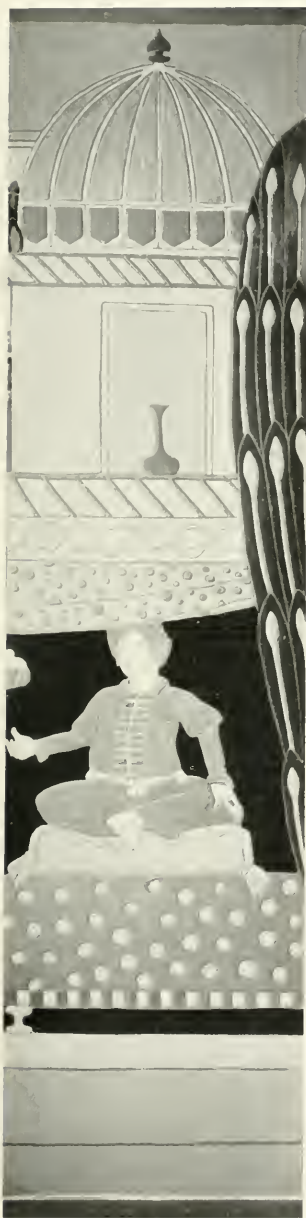
coats of varnish, rubbed down. The design was transferred to the panels by means of charcoal after the application of the sand. The antique applied could be made to match the colour

scheme of any room. As the colours used were gray in quality, the screen could be easily antiqued or toned to harmonise with any given colour scheme.



DESIGNED BY C. B. FALLS

EXECUTED BY PIETER MYER AND EMILE WEECKERS



SHOWING TWO STAGES OF GLAZE APPLICATION

Of Life's Wide Margins and the Metropolitan Museum

OF LIFE'S WIDE MARGINS AND
THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
BY MURIEL PIERS

"... Nor was it his (Sir William Petty's) value or inclination for splendid furniture and the curiosities of the age, but his elegant lady could endure nothing mean or that was not magnificent. He was very negligent himself and of a philosophic temper: 'What a to-do is here!' would he say. 'I can lie in straw with as much satisfaction.' In a word, there was nothing impenetrable to him. . . ."

—*Evelyn's Diary*, 1675.

It is strange and interesting to ponder on the impulse that brings—in these autumnal days of 1918—so many young soldiers and sailors in the uniform of the United States to the galleries and showcases of that glorious and erudite institution, the Metropolitan Museum of New York. Yet it is more than probable that if your curiosity is aroused and you follow in the wake of the majority of the khaki-clad figures you will notice their purposeful drift toward the great North Wing, where in wonderful sequence is installed the Pierpont Morgan Collection of reconstructed French rooms. Never an hour of the day that you do not find here groups of two and three stalwart and composed young men, soberly scrutinising these remarkable ebullitions of the Gallic temperament. There is no languor in the grave air with which they go through the rooms—no attempt at evasion in the conscientious attention they devote to the haughty and distressingly elliptical labels that take so much knowledge for granted.

"French Empire,"—is the curt announcement of a chair; a statement that plainly and promptly awakens incredulity in the bosom of a Cockney member of the Royal Flying Corps, who is being escorted round by two gently-blushing youngsters from Mineola.

"Mind you, I 'aven't got nothin' against the Frenchman," he elaborately explains—"e's all right as a fightin' man but 'e 'asn't got no empire, and don't want none." The youngsters murmur soothing words and draw him away to look at two fine globes on stands, marked "French. Late Eighteenth Century"—but, alas! after a short examination he explodes again. "They ain't no more French than I am," come the aggrieved tones, "a Frenchie don't say 'America' same as it prints there; 'e says 'Amer-eek,'"—and as they

pass still reverberating out of sight, you are free to wonder whether four years ago the speaker's powers of observation were, as to-day, so co-ordinated that he could have convicted of a slip the most magnificent and most carefully studied collection in the world of history and knowledge. For, indeed, these globes, like the pair in the Jumel Mansion, were made in London in 1807 and announce themselves emphatically in English as presenting "the New World according to the fearless discoveries of the late lamented Captain Cook." . . . Fascinating objects, extraordinarily decorative, and becoming nowadays wonderfully difficult of acquisition in the antique marts of the cities!

Presently the great Museum exerts its blessedly catholic appeal; it engulfs your khaki-clad friends, leaving you to stroll across the corridor into the English and Early American rooms, where your eye will probably at once be caught by a chair of Queen Elizabeth's time in friendly rivalry with "the oldest table of American make," an honest board on straightforward trestles, found behind a door in an old house in Boston and dated 1650. Would that we had as its foil and antithesis the contemporary piece thus described by a diarist in London in 1645: . . . "there I saw a conceited chair to sleep in, with the legs stretched out with hooks and pieces of wood to draw out longer or shorter." . . . It is sad to think how little authentic furniture there is antedating Charles II, although recently antiquarian circles have been stirred to violent emotion by the discovery in a decrepit garden-outhouse in Lincolnshire of an oaken chest, now pronounced on learned authority to date from 1250 at the latest—it may well have been made for one of the admirably contumacious barons who stood by and witnessed King John's reluctant signature to the Magna Charta! Generally speaking, Tudor pieces are scarce enough and sparsely scattered in museums, whilst of Plantagenet, Angevin and Norman days we have nothing at all, unless we can consider as interior furnishings the knights' stalls in cathedrals and abbey churches. Yet here in modern New York is a fald-stool, or monk's chair, of the time of the Spanish Armada, in pitch-black oak more than three hundred years old, shaped much like our camp-chairs of to-day and looking as eager for human companionship as they do. No one notices this sturdy little chair; in the surfeit of

Of Life's Wide Margins and the Metropolitan Museum

beautiful things its dog-like appeal goes ignored. Is not that always the pathos of a museum: that the pieces once made by man for his convenience and personal pleasure—to-day, their era past, their usefulness outgrown, still cry to us mutely from their shelves for commendation, or at least for recognition of their past services—and our self-absorption is blind to their pitifulness? In the museums we number as intimate friends, shall we not make a point of murmuring words of appreciation to—and sometimes, be it whispered, even of touching with the lightest pat of praise!)—a different and separate piece on each of our visits, so as to hearten them all, and leave none out in the cold world of jealousy, beyond the pale of affection? For, indeed, they brighten so visibly under flattery: they have so much human in their character and personality!

Look, for instance, at the Duncan Phyffe dinner-table and chairs in the Colonial room, and especially at the beautifully-drawn and supremely well-made Duncan Phyffe secretary of mahogany and brass mounts—a marvel of harmony and balance. These pieces, made in lower New York City about 1800, derive from English Sheraton and French Directoire, yet there is nothing either monarchical or Consular about them. They have the neatness of Jefferson, the wit of Alexander Hamilton, the poise of James Monroe, the decorum of Abigail Adams—they have even a haunting touch of the audacity of John Paul Jones!

If that table and those chairs were yours, do you not see them in a room—probably with two corners cut off by Colonial built-in china cupboards—a room papered with a fine landscape paper, perhaps by some rare good luck even the priceless "Scenic America" itself, the wall-decoration that a good American should prefer to the finest Titian that ever came upon the market, since Titian can be imitated and "Scenic America" emphatically can not. A Samuel Willard timepiece stands upon the mantel, which latter feature, you implore, shall be a copy of one of McIntyre's Salem masterpieces; the steady glow of your wax candles is reflected in gleaming pin-points from your diamond-paned casements, outside which the dusk descends and floats like a gold-grey moth; the air is full of the scent of myriad-coloured sweet peas massed in your Colonial Lowestoft bowls—what lovelier setting for your dreams than a Duncan Phyffe room, wax candles, old china and sweet peas?

And now, as an ironic consummation of your dinner-party, let me conduct you down the Museum stairs to the long South Corridor devoted to the Greek votive tablets, and there commend to your attention the fragmentary epitaph inscribed by a wealthy and epigrammatic host in Thessaly when the world was young, to his newly-dead cook-slave: "O Bacchis!" he cries in an outburst of lyric woe—"thou in arts of Cookery ever found sufficient, this plot of ground now holds fast in Death! . . ."

But, indeed, if you look into the shadowed Past within these stately walls, you find innumerable points at which it touches our anguished present. Go to a small case in the entrance-corridor to the Dutch furniture rooms; lean over it and see if the whole tragedy of Northern Europe is not epitomized for you in a slender little stick, no more than nine inches long, hung with faded blue silk lappets and miniature silver bells, with a playful little Toby frill of grey threads round its upper end or neck, which in turn is surmounted by a shrewd, humorous nutcracker-jawed small head under a peaked peruke, most patiently carved in black walnut. The little stick bears the label: "Jester's Bauble, Flanders, 17th Century." . . . Who shall jest in Flanders now?

Not all the glass cases are so piteous, and undoubtedly every frequenter of the great Museum has one or two particular shrines at which he worships. Have you ever been in the Vandyck Room at closing time, when the Curator comes to take the glorious Rospigliosi Cup out of the case where it spends the day, and lays it reverentially away in the safe beneath where it spends the night? that immortal, unapproachable masterpiece of wild and reckless beauty, where pearl and ruby and emerald are piled on gold and enamel, mermaid and dragon, in a heaven-aspiring flame of splendour! Since the world began, no one but Benvenuto Cellini could have wrought such a miracle of loveliness—and he only wrought it once. It is probable that all the kings in Christendom might be held captive by Saracens, and the sum total of their combined ransoms would not purchase the Rospigliosi Cup. . . .

But if it were mine, I would take it down the stairs to the gallery of Architectural Monuments, and there lay it in the hands of Ilaria del Carreto, sweetest maid that ever lived and now is dead. She could not have been more than twenty-three

French Architect's Fund

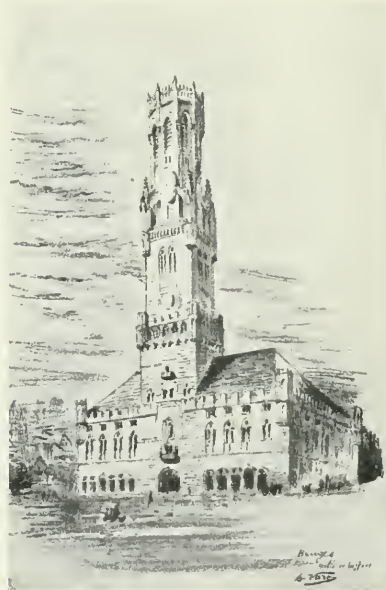
when her slender body was graven in marble in Lucca Cathedral five hundred years ago:

... "a maid so smooth, so white, so wonderful. They said a light came from her as she moved."

And under the flower-entwisted roll that binds her pretty head, the hair shows rippling on either side the level brows as only hair of purest gold could ever ripple. The straight lines of her robe enfold her delicate length, from the sweet round chin exquisitely cupped in the calyx-like collar with its five tiny buttons to the hidden feet resting against the faithful little dog, whose eyes

through the centuries have never left her face of eternal quiet.

Across the aisle a hawk-nosed old abbot loses nothing of his sardonic imperialism in his long sleep, but Ilaria neither smiles nor is wistful. Acceptance is hers, and a great aloofness. The tender mouth with its upward curves asks no questions; the firm, sensitive little hands folded steadfastly on her breast have lifted the Latch of Eternity, nor lingered on the irrevocable closing. In the presence of her immeasurable peace, Time, pain and tears fall away and are no more.



MARKET AND BELFRY
BRUGES

BY DAVID J. VARON
ARCHITECT



HÔTEL DE VILLE
ARRAS

BY DAVID J. VARON
ARCHITECT

FRENCH ARCHITECT'S FUND

On the principle that every little helps, M. David J. Varon, professor of architecture, has put out a set of post-cards representing three cathedrals and three town halls, viz.: Rheims, Amiens, Soissons; Arras, Compiègne and Bruges. M. Varon sells an autographed set at \$1.25, proceeds going to this fund which does much to

alleviate distress caused by the war. THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO vouches for the fact that several hundred dollars have already been despatched and officially acknowledged.

This is mentioned for the benefit of those who would like to help but who do not happen to be acquainted with this eminent French architect, whose address is 150 Nassau Street, New York City.

In the Galleries



A SANTA BARBARA MISSION

A CHARCOAL SKETCH BY THE LATE ELIZABETH H. SAUNDERS

IN THE GALLERIES

NEW YORK has become a city of banners, a veritable garden of flags in full bloom, defying the chill approaching finger of winter. If anyone enquired just now wherein lies the art of the city, one would not point to the galleries and museums but to that marvellous procession of flags of all nations jauntily flapping to the breeze and advancing from Washington Square to the horizon line of the Plaza.

Fifth Avenue is transformed and has become from being merely a beautiful street the most beautiful street in existence. When the artists started out to place pictures in the windows from 27th to 59th Street they could hardly have supposed how insignificant their efforts would appear beneath this wondrous panoply of flags. The conception of Liberty windows apportioned to different artists of great and lesser distinction extending the length of the Avenue reflected credit upon the originator, upon the concerns which donated their valuable space and upon the artists who again and again come magnificently to the front whenever they see an opportunity of helping to win the war. Some future historian might do worse than record the splendid example set by our artists in devoting

their time and skill to the common cause, giving ungrudgingly, nay, enthusiastically, all the time. And yet there be many myopic individuals who sneer at art and deem the artists nowadays unessential.

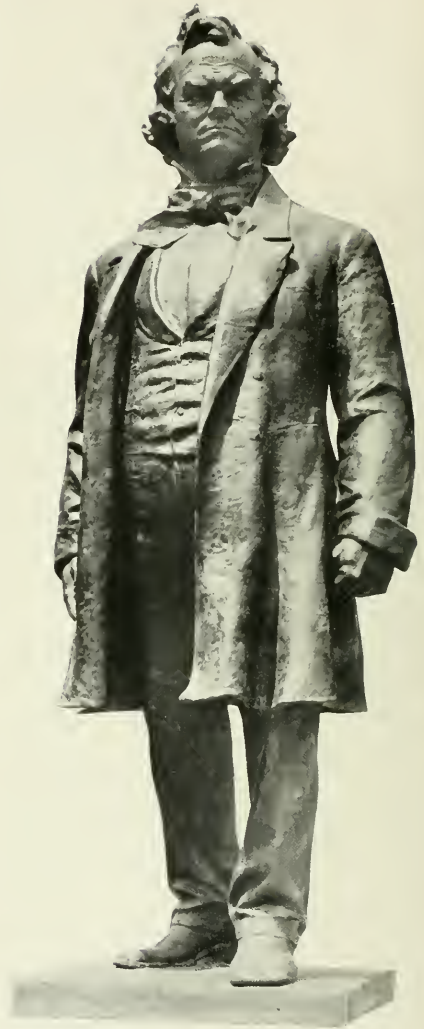
As before remarked, the idea of devoting windows to patriotic art was finely conceived, and had the execution of the project followed *pari passu*, New York would have set the example of a highly successful out-of-doors gallery of art such as the world has never witnessed. Unfortunately there was no appreciable co-operation between the project and its development. In most cases pictures were just planked down "any old way," in many cases their appeal being totally wasted by a welter of shoes, skirts, stationery or whatever wares that particular store dealt in. Patriotism may dwell in skirts inhabited, but the vacant skirt exposed to the public gaze in a store window is no companion to the most patriotic picture ever painted. Hats on stands are equally disturbing. You cannot serve God and Mammon simultaneously. The tradesman should have given whole-heartedly his whole window, unconditional surrender or nothing. Surveyed as a whole, the striking note was the extremely illustrative character of the collection, the example which got furthest from subject perhaps being

that most impressive figure in Yamanaka's window by Scarpitta entitled *Christianity Crushing Autocracy*, where the artist has gone to the soul of the situation with scant regard for exterior setting. A life-sized figure shrouded in mystery, suggestive of the past, the present and the future, sits in awesome state as the oracle of the nations pronouncing the doom and destiny of Kaiserism.

The Gorham Company, in the interests of American sculpture, have planned a "CARRY ON" exhibition, welcoming solely subjects of patriotic character, directly inspired from the current war. The maintenance of art standards serves a distinctly patriotic purpose and the "Old Gallery" is sure of hearty support.

Drawings and sketches of localities, buildings, bridges, roads and scenery lying in the territory now occupied by the German forces in France, Belgium, Luxemburg, west of the line running north and south through the city of Hamburg, are requested from the artists who have done work of that kind on the spot by the Military Intelligence branch of the War Department of the United States. Official communication has been received from the office of the General Staff in charge of such material that a number of very valuable drawings have already been sent from Philadelphia. Photographs, maps and tourist guide-books will also be found of assistance. Packages can be sent by parcel post or express, addressed to Major A. G. Campbell, Military Intelligence Branch, Office of General Staff, War Department, Washington, D. C.

Interesting to Pennsylvanians is a paragraph in reference to the projected memorial to be erected in Washington upon the site of the present Botanic Garden in honor of General George G. Meade, included in the annual report of the Federal Art Commission recently issued. It appears that although eleven submissions of designs for the memorial have been made, the Commission has not approved of any of them at the present writing, but is still giving a very large amount of time and thought to the project, deeming it very necessary in view of the importance of this tribute to a distinguished commander of the Civil War and as a contribution by the State of Pennsylvania to the adornment of Washington. The cost of the memorial will be about \$130,000, provided by the State and in care of a committee of which the late Colonel John W. Frazier was secretary.



Herewith is reproduced the statue of Stephen A. Douglas, known to fame by the sobriquet of "The Little Giant." This work won the \$25,000 prize offered by the State Art Commission of Illinois and brought a young Chicago sculptor, Gilbert P. Riswold, very favorably before the public. The statue is being mounted upon a granite foundation in State House Park, Springfield.





"A GIRL IN GREY"

BY ETHEL C. FRISLEY



"ESTHER." BY MARGARET OLDRIDGE



"A COLLEGE DON." BY J. VICTOR BURNAND

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DECEMBER, 1918

A RTISTS IN WAR-TIME BY AMEEN RIHANI

I HAD just come out of a Cubist exhibition and everything in the street seemed blurred, fantastic, phantasmagoric. I could scarcely see anything but squares and angles, animate and inanimate, that formed and fused and melted away like shadows in the mists of dawn. Gradually I began to see with my own eyes: men and women were men and women again and the traffic did not seem like a moving caravan of geometric figures. Soldiers in clean

uniforms, battalions of infantry and artillery, squadrons of cavalry, not apparently coming from, or going back to, the front, were silently marching through the street. It was a State funeral at which the Government, civil and military, assisted. "The path of glory . . ." I repeated to myself and I thought of the thousands of common soldiers who have died a hero's death in battle and were just as deserving as any general of such honours. But this was not the funeral of some military celebrity, as I at first supposed; it was the funeral of the artist Carolus-Duran.



EMILE BOREL IN HIS STUDIO

I was in Paris too when Octave Mirabeau died, who also received the tribute of the Republic. Gallant France, even when at war, fighting for her very existence, she still can be herself and still can find time to do honour to her artists and men of genius. True, a great artist in war-time might not be worth a great general; but France, whatever her preoccupation or her mood, never loses sight of the deep truth that they who wield the pen or the brush or the chisel are contributing as much in a more enduring way to the national defence as those in the munition factories and the trenches. And many of them have contributed in both. Soldier-writers have written excellent books; soldier-artists have painted excellent pictures. The Salon des Armées, where thousands of drawings, sketches, paintings, cartoons and art objects in wood and brass were exhibited, is a healing balm to one who had come from a Cubist exhibition. It was to me another delicious surprise. The genius of France in the trenches, behind the guns, under the storms of fire and steel, continues to pay her tribute to the Muse. To be sure, there were no masterpieces in the Salon des Armées; but here were notes and side-lights on the Great War sketched in haste when the guns were silent or at the hospitals in a respite of pain by artists of real talent, and artists who give you the impression that at last, and by force of arms, they made their way into a Salon. The exhibition as a whole, however, is a masterpiece of the French spirit. And it is most remarkable, considering the circumstances under which it was produced, for the good humour it reveals: not a picture, not a drawing, not a note in it of gloom and depression. For a moment, these artist-soldiers detached themselves from the terror and danger in which they lived and of which they were a part, and lo, there is revelry in the temples of Mars and of the Muse. And there is humour and pathos, lyric beauty and charm, comedy and satire, laughter, genuine laughter, and here and there an attempt at the sublime. It is also noteworthy that not one of these artist-soldiers, who have witnessed and helped to achieve the most heroic deeds, seems to be self-conscious or self-centred; for one of the French miracles of the present day is to have divested heroism of its rhetoric and glamour while going through the most heroic period of its history—to have preserved in deed and sentiment a grandeur of proportion and added the quality

of unconsciousness to the practice of the most sublime virtue. Hence this exhibition which is an apotheosis of equanimity and good humour. It settled a question in mind: the artist, like the Sufi, is capable of detachment under any circumstance.

But whether he produces anything worth while in this state of detachment is another question. Of course, in the Salon des Armées the war as a subject prevailed; in the Cubist exhibition it was conspicuous by its absence. The artists there, one gets the impression, are making a mighty effort to ignore the war; and in their attempt to give art a new but enduring expression, they succeed only in expressing, neither beautifully nor forcefully, but always cryptically, capriciously, the limitations of the human mind and their own dissembled despair. They are afraid, it seems, to talk to us in a language we understand for fear they would betray themselves. The position they take or the pose or the drift is pathetic and amusing at times, attempting as they do to drag Art and the Ego from the effacing atmosphere of the war.

But there are other artists who neither repudiate the war nor pay immediate tribute to it—famous artists who have, as the saying goes, arrived and who, for one reason or other, are still living in their studios and working—or only pretending to work. I wanted to ascertain this and to see what effect the war is having upon them and their productions. I thought first of Rodin. But I learned that, though only recently married, he was, alas, preparing “the funeral’s baked meats.” And so I tore up the note I had written to him after reading in the papers that same morning of the death of his wife. But Bourdelle, who worked with him for fifteen years and then set out to build his own temple to the Muse, was willing to show and discuss his work. Matisse too, who had deserted his Paris studio and was living in the country, had a little time to spare. Picasso was sick in bed—no wonder, Cubist that he is. Van Dongen replied saying that he had no coal and did not wish to give us a cold reception. So he suggested our coming to the studio of one of his friends who is a favourite both of the Muse and of Fortune, and whose fire, figuratively as well as literally, is seldom extinguished.

These artists, I had it impressed upon me, had all arrived. Very well. But what is it to



THE CENTAUR
BY EMILE BOURDELLE

Artists in War-time

arrive? There are great artists, it seems to me, and artists who are only a great success. One might say, for instance, on beholding the State funeral of a Carolus-Duran that he has at last arrived. On the other hand, one might say of Rodin that he never will arrive; his genius will linger at his grave to whisper a sweet nothing to Fame and will continue in its immortal course. No, the Oriental does not separate the man of genius from his work; and in this I remain an Oriental. It is very well, therefore, to arrive—to feel that you have finally perfected your means of expression and imposed your style, more or less, upon a group or a class of admirers; it is exciting as well as gratifying to make Paris or London sit up and, what is best, take notice; but the true artist, like the true Sufi, only values his achievements, his success, by the depths of his own source of revelation, by the satisfaction he feels in having sounded these depths, experienced their reactions repeatedly till they become, as it were, functional, and attained the supreme union that makes his

art and his life one and inseparable. There are true artists in this sense whose work may be mediocre and who attain this supreme state of union. They have the divine fire in a small degree; they are sincerely devoted to their task, and they differ from the great artists only in the measure of their vision and the depth of their inspiration.

I make no apologies for what seems to be a bit of dogmatism. On the contrary, considering the extreme chaos and confusion of the present state of art movements, I deem it necessary and it may prove beneficial. Criticism, after all, is but a form of condescension; and when it is not sub-

jective, it is either too technical or too pedantic. Allah protect me and the reader from every professional form and phase of it. But before I proceed to write on art and artists, I must stop to make a confession. I know little or nothing of the subject. And that is why perhaps I was led to write upon it. The reader will appreciate my point of view: I can be neither technical nor pedantic howsoever I try. My impressions, therefore, must necessarily be free from the traditional, the technical, the professional point of

view. I have no art vocabulary of my own to exhibit. I am not capable, for instance, of anything like the following, which I extract from a preface to the catalogue of Van Dongen's exhibition:

"He studies and decomposes," says the learned critic, "the harmonies of the roseate skin, where he discovers acideous greens, blood-orange reds, phosphorous yellows, winy lilacs, electric blues; and then, instead of bringing them together with close touches of diverse shadings, he distributes them separately on large sur-

faces, and from afar, through the *rapport* in the harmonies and rhythmic measures of the division, he obtains such combinations in the whole as are most proportioned and pleasing and both new and true."

An artist friend, whom I asked to translate this to me, replied in one word, Chiaroscuro, and smiled. But if one can not be thus learned and illuminating, one can be at least amusing. Chiaroscuro sounded to me like abracadabra and I was not surprised at the critic's verbal efforts to conceal its meaning. I decided to have nothing to do with it, though I might have disserted on the method of the old school and that



BUST OF RODIN

BY EMILE BOURDELLE



A SUDANESE

BY KEES VAN DONGEN

of the Impressionists—on the conventional chiaroscuro of tone based on black and white and the natural chiaroscuro of colour based on the solar spectrum. Also on instantaneous vision as opposed to consecutive vision. But whether it is best to see nature piece by piece and pick and transpose, as consecutive vision implies, or to see it in sudden flashes, a whole scene at a time,

which is the meaning of instantaneous vision, is not for me to say. Nor for the learned critic, for that matter. This is the artist's own business. He may have an instantaneous vision which becomes on his canvas a vision consecutive: it depends on how fast he can paint. Nature, to be sure, does not await his pleasure or accelerate his brush. And it may be because he could not

paint fast enough to get a certain effect of light and atmosphere, for instance, that his so-called Impressionist picture confounds the critics and defies classification. It may be too that because he did not follow strictly the code of his school that he produces a masterpiece—and incidentally a new movement.

New art movements, forsooth! How they sprout, develop, multiply, divide, and finally dwindle into dead roots. Genius alone remains. Indeed, despite the movement that gave him birth and not by reason of it, the great artist survives. Here, for instance, are the different revolutionary movements that followed the French Impressionist school of 1870: there were, to begin with, the Post-impressionists and the Neo-impressionists, who were followed and swallowed by the Divisionists, the Pointillists, the Intimists, the Cubists, etc. And they all, we are told, aim more or less at truth to nature; they all try to surprise nature in her *négligé*, as it were, and they shun her in her make-up. Hence the research magnificent that they institute into the colours of light and the colours of shadow—hence the shadow painted in various colours, the colour in various lights, detecting purple in grey, yellow in green, etc.—catching nature in her various sleight-of-hand tricks, following her in her lightning changes to the very end in the hope of getting at the heart of the reality of her being. But every time a new trick is detected a new tone is invented for it and a new movement is born. Which sends the critics to their manuals for a name, a label, a new classification.

After all, it is genius that counts. And individual genius in an artist is worth a world of polychromatic beauty and another world of chiaroscuro schemes. What does it, therefore, matter if Cézanne was an Impressionist or a Post-impressionist? "He expressed in terms of colour the eternal variety of things"; he saw nature with his own eyes in her various transformations and informed it with his own individual genius. But Cézanne and his school were responsible in a great measure for the bewildering futilities of "true-to-nature" painters who lack genius and inspiration. Those who follow a certain master are apt to imitate his superficial mannerisms and his defects rather than his qualities. Cézanne the father of Post-impressionism is implicated with Gauguin the father of Fauvism; and if you study the work of any of the artists who are said to be

the natural offspring of Gauguin, you will get an idea of inverse evolution in art. For a defect raised to its highest power becomes creative and is fathered by some one who deliberately sets out to have a family of his own.

I quote from the Book of Genesis of Modern Art. Monet begat Pissarro, Pissarro begat Gauguin, Gauguin begat Matisse and Serusier. . . . The missing link I can not supply, for I do not know the parent of Picasso, who begat Hebrin, who begat Delaunay, the father of Orphism.

Or this, from the same chapter, which better illustrates the idea of inverse evolution. Impressionism begat Post-impressionism and Neo her sister, Post-impressionism begat Divisionism, Divisionism begat Fauvism, Fauvism begat the twins Cubism and Futurism, Cubism begat Orphism, which was made barren by the Lord. I disclaim any further knowledge of the latter-day chronology of Art. But any one visiting the Paris galleries these days, be he a layman or an art critic, can see with his own eyes how Impressionism and Naturalism and their various offspring pullulate. Every now and then, however, a real personality, healthy and strong, appears, makes itself felt, is riotous, rebellious for a while, elbows its way out of the House of Art, jostles through a multitude of pallid and nervous paint-fellows in the vestibule, brutally knocks down a few of them at the door, and, seeing again the sun, breathing again the open air, finds new sources of inspiration and power. Monet, Cézanne, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Matisse too, in a way, and Van Dongen are such personalities.

At various times and places—in the Petit Trianon, at the studio of his friend, on our way to Matisse, in the midst of Bourdelle's statues and monuments—I had long, interesting chats with Monsieur Kees van Dongen, who is a Hollander with a penchant for the Orient and the sun. He is a man of the world with something in his face that hints at a heritage of other-worldliness. He has an engaging personality, moves with perfect assurance, speaks in soft, measured tones, is witty, satirical, brilliant and sometimes frivolous. He talks to a woman of her soul while he is painting her in black stockings and red slippers. "Art," he writes in a whimsical preface to the catalogue of his exhibition, "may be a sublime lie born of Despair; Love may be an illusion born of Art." But he continues, while

Artists in War-time

thus indulging in persillage, to cherish the eternal verities of life, always reminding himself and his friends that fresh water is really good to drink and tobacco is good to smoke. For he is wholesome, this man, despite his *diableries* in paint. One can not but detect health lurking at the core of him, even at his worse. He has light within him, too, and, what is more refreshing, he has peace. With his flowing beard, his big, candid blue eyes, his deep, earnest expression lighted with a comprehending and gentle smile, he looked to me, when I first saw him, like one of the

who preoccupy themselves with the spiritual: it must come in a natural way to surprise his unconsciousness: he will not go out of his way to seek it. Nor does he bother to keep a balance between the emotional and the intellectual in his art. He reflects, but does not brood; he paints the degeneracy that is the fruit of modern civilisation with a sympathetic brush, informing it with fresh barbarous strength; he finds the last tallow dip in the ruined temple, as it were, and lights it to heighten the antithesis, not recking what one may find in its flickering beams.



FEMME SUR SOFA

BY KEES VAN DONGEN

Christian apostles. He is a preacher—he will forgive me the term—of the joys of life. For, pensively sad as he seems at times, he has within his soul somewhat of the eternal heritage of joy.

Van Dongen is a realist with an idealistic devotion. His brush is like the magic alembic of the poet. He absorbs and expresses reality while making his way through it to something far and beyond; and in Africa, in Spain, in Egypt he finds his way clearer and shorter, less bewildering and baffling than in Paris. The result is a greater spiritual achievement. But he is not one of those

The prurient in his work is, to my mind, a spiritual reaction. A Hollander by birth, a Parisian by education, he is nevertheless curiously Oriental. A Western mind wedded to an Eastern soul—this is a strange union. And in Monsieur Van Dongen's case it promises to be a happy one. For the complex and conflicting elements of his European heritage are gradually resolving themselves into a cosmic and mystic consciousness. But I perceive there is still division within him. He is alternately sceptical and devout, looking upon religion as a divine fable and draw-

ing from it the eternal truth as revealed in woman, his principal chosen medium of expression. As a realist, he reminds one in literature of Maupassant; as an idealist with gentle irony and charm, he suggests Anatole France.

Life is not an object of play, said the Prophet Mohammed, who only worshipped one image, that of Allah, and was religiously devoted to only one woman, Khedijah. But while we to-day look upon life from a scientific point of view, even as the Prophet did from the viewpoint of religion, we nevertheless believe with the artist that it ought to be made to yield us some joy. A miracle is good to wonder at, to pray to, to invoke; but we must have some diversion at intervals or, to be logical, cut our throats in a spiritual ecstasy. That is why I think Van Dongen would amuse himself in painting even as he might have done in making prayer-wheels and amulets in his previous incarnation. He himself still remembers—may his memory never fail him—when he was a juggler in the court of Hanuman, a priest in the temple of Buddha, whose souvenirs he continues to cherish; remembers too that he was once mixed up with Jesus of Nazareth and that he used to play checkers with the Prophet Mohammed. And now, in a fit of despair, he clutches at the brush and paints a nude Parisienne in black stockings and a hat of point-lace, a bewitching Sevilliana in a gorgeous mantilla shawl, a negress in native buff and native repose or an alberian *Car-men* that provokes the Paris police. This is what I mean by spiritual reaction. Or it may be the price he is now paying for the privilege of having played checkers with Mohammed.

"Here are some tableaux," he writes in an amusing introduction to his first exhibition. "*Lascivious Dancers, A Woman Passing, A Pretty Boy, A Mother Suckling Her Child, Flowers, Music, Colours, Green*, which is the optimism that heals. *Blue*, which is light and peace. *Royal Yellow*. A few colours of forgetfulness and all the colours of life."

Which we had the pleasure, one cold January evening, of seeing at his home in Villa Said, off the Champs-Élysées, overlooking the Bois de Boulogne. What a setting for his temple of art! What pictures, both of the East and West, these very names evoke. Van Dongen does not speak when showing his work. And so, silently we make our way through the various studios, which are most artistically decorated and sumptuously

furnished with enormous low divans and cushions and tapestries the colour of the tableaux that hung therein, till we reach on the second floor the Hall of Midnight Revelry, an Oriental dream of voluptuous splendour, where Sardanapalus himself would have felt at home. The house in Villa Said is a picture gallery of the *Arabian Nights* and of Paris Midnights. Women, women, women everywhere. Women that are essentially Parisian, Baudelairean—powdered, painted, passionate, nervous, lascivious; women with enormous, marvellous eyes made more mysterious with kohl; with seductive, destructive mouths made more voluptuous with rouge; with long, lithe limbs made more fascinating in an undulation satanic of lines and curves; dancers, singers, love-makers, demireps, equestriennes, acrobats; adorable and dangerous women who combine the latest Paris manner, gesture and social disease with the most primitive elemental instinct. They are moreover pensive, melancholy pensive women, the sort we meet frequently in the music halls, the cafés, on the race-course or on the boulevard. They are pensive because they have, I suppose, intelligence; and they are painted because they are rebellious—rebellious against Fate and Time. And this is their tragedy. They may have a soul too, but it is a vegetating soul that cultivates the seductive allure and affects the conquering air. Here and there, we find one who has finally capitulated and who seems to be reading Rabelais or Mardrus' translation of the *Arabian Nights* while playfully splashing her feet in a fountain of silver spray.

Van Dongen has a kind of ironic sympathy for these women—the sympathy of the philosopher that addresses himself to his kind. But what place have they to-day in the scheme of things? What place will they occupy in the future? For the present at least, the war has given them a *grand congé*. Van Dongen's *A Woman Passing* is a symbol, eloquent and significant. For the Suffragette, the social worker, the serious-minded, earnest-souled, emancipated, self-supporting, man-companion woman is fast becoming the dominant type of her sex. But this type, I was told, does not lend itself to artistic treatment. Which is sad and discouraging. But if Art can only thrive on degeneracy and social disease, then I say let us do away with Art.

In his Egyptian tableaux, however, Van Dongen has proven the contrary. Here he expresses

beautifully the grandeur, the calm, the simplicity, the nonchalance, almost animal-like, of the Oriental woman. A young Egyptian, standing erect, straight and sombre as a cypress-tree, carrying a water-jug on the palm of her hand, wrapt in majestic repose, revealing in her eyes a sublime calm, a serene dignity, is a striking contrast to the poor, painted Parisienne, restless, nervous, perverse, lascivious, mysteriously pensive, brooding in the bluish glare of the electric light, contemplating perhaps suicide. And here is a courtesan, modestly dressed and veiled in black, sitting in sombre silhouette in a garden of gorgeous flowers with a rose on the palm of her hand—her offer of bliss to man—a gesture graceful and discreet—to come and taste of her delicate caresses, even as the woman in the *Book of Kings*, a courtesan, indeed, who can read a lesson in poise and demure charm in serene contentment and peace to her Occidental sister. The comparison is irresistible. But what is the cause, one will ask, of the restlessness and perversity of the one and the preternatural serenity of the other? Intelligence and lack of intelligence? No, it can not be. It can not be that intelligence is responsible for such refined unhappiness, such exquisite misery; it can not be that a woman is wretched because she has understanding, or is happy because of the lack of it. True, the Oriental woman may not have as much intelligence as the Occidental; but she has spirituality and she can compose herself in pious contentment even in the midst of the most riotous sensual desires. Elsewhere I shall have an opportunity to touch again upon this subject.

We proceed through the enchanted house in Villa Said, passing from one magnificent studio into another. Van Dongen paints in vivid, passionate colours. His blood-orange reds—to borrow an epithet from the learned critic—and indigo-blues and royal yellows and lilacs and greens all sing to us of southern climes, of tropic suns, of Oriental gardens of delight, of bulbuls flitting in orange-groves, of murmuring palms and purling fountains, of wisterias and mimosas and jasmine blooms. And the seduction of his nudes is not always in the flesh or the lines, but often, nay, principally, in the eyes and the expression—in glance and gesture. Whether in the natural and easy grace of a woman from Seville or Tangier or Cairo as contrasted with the artificial seductiveness of a Parisian woman, this is always true.

Born to dance, to sing, to love, to deceive, to suffer, his brush finds a tone and a shade for every one of her moods and he is curiously unconscious, while painting the allurements of the flesh, of the tear that lingers in the eye, the tear that takes the lustre from the kohl. He is not as unconscious, however, in some of his libidinous caprices, his satanic fantasies, which are lighted with a touch of Rabelaisian humour. But he has spontaneity and charm to bolster up his erotic imagination, and sometimes in a satanic delirium he attains savage grandeur. Brutality, to my mind, he has not. The tricks of his profession he knows and—what shall I say? Once or twice I wondered, as we shivered through his Halls of Eros and Nooks of Harlequin, warming our imagination, at least, on the tableaux therein, whether he did not at times indulge in arbitrary deformations that are neither expressive nor decorative, that are neither beautiful nor true; or whether he did not, in a moment of violent spiritual reaction, of terrible despair, paint a few tableaux especially for the police. I saw the one that was removed by order of the Secretary of Fine Arts from the Salon d'Automne and I do not think his art or his reputation will suffer at all by the loss.

(This article to be continued)

BOOK REVIEWS

SKETCHES IN DUNELAND. By EARL H. REED. (John Lane Company.) \$2.50.

BESIDES being an etcher of very great distinction, Earl Reed has followed the family tradition of expression by the pen, this book being a sequel to *The Dune Country*, where he takes his readers many a wild walk along untrodden paths beside Lake Michigan. Added to a poetic temperament which his nature etchings reveal so abundantly, Mr. Reed is gifted with good psychological insight and a keen sense of humour which he has brought to bear upon the human derelicts he loves to mingle with in their solitary retreats. Many of his characters live again in these pages whilst new characters of equal interest charm us by their unwonted attitude to life and surroundings as the city-bred understands them. The volume besides being very readable is enlivened with sketches of the aborigines and transients who figure in the recital and several reproductions of etchings that have helped to make this artist-writer famous.



RUBY:
PORTRAIT

BY ALEXANDRINA
ROBERTSON HARRIS

AT THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY BY EUGENE CASTELLO

ALOYS SENEFFELDER, the inventor of the art of lithography, could he have seen the evidence of importance of it as a medium of artistic expression in the sixteenth annual water-colour exhibition at the Pennsylvania Academy would probably be surprised greatly at the revival in modern times of the practice of drawing on stone, after many years of apparent neglect. The art was first known in Philadelphia one hundred years ago and it is in observance of that event that the present exhibition includes an unusual number of these interesting prints—England's war-work pictures in black-and-white, by Muirhead Bone, Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A., George Clausen, R.A., Charles Shannon, A.R.A., C. R. W. Nevinson and others have their place on the Academy's walls. Then there is a group bearing upon similar subjects by Joseph Pennell, a group depicting the bravery of the French "poilu" by Lucien Jonas and another of a more cheerful nature by Childe Hassam of scenes around New York. Brangwyn's masterful etching of the *Monument, Venice* and the *Bridge at Toledo* are important numbers in the show. Drawings by Forain, Steinlen, Manigault, Lautrec, Glackens, Marin, Henri and John Singer Sargent figure in a collection lent by Albert Eugene

Gallatin, Esq. Portraits in charcoal of members of local musical circles are by Leopold Seyffert and of Pennell and McLure Hamilton by F. Walter Taylor. A beautiful work in soft gray outline is a portrait of a Polish princess by Lilian Westcott Hale, and there is a good pastel portrait of a Chinese lady by Pearl L. Hill. Good work in line and water-colour is seen in portraits by C. C. A. Erickson, of J. L. Brandon, Esq., and Frank Nicolet, Esq. Typical Jewish character is rendered in a number of etched portraits by W. A. Levy. Ernest Roth contributes charming little etchings of Columbia Library and Rockport, Mass. Red chalk was used as a medium in a group of three portraits by Violet Oakley.

Thornton Oakley's work is seen in a number of charcoal drawings of scenes at Hog Island shipyards. Aside from the showing of black-and-whites and illustrations, the exhibition is rather a disappointment as far as the matter of water-colours and pastels is concerned. One notices the absence of certain groups of paintings that gave distinction to the show last year, such as Alexander Robinson's gorgeous gouaches, William H. de B. Nelson's boldly brushed works in pure aquarelle, Frederic Nunn's group of pastels and others, but, *autres temps autres mœurs*, we have here in the place of honour in Gallery F, Francis McComas exhibiting a set of colourful scenes among the cliff dwellings of the pueblos of New Mexico. Felicie Waldo Howell is represented by a group of capital paintings in tempera, scenes of urban life, mainly; Fred Wagner shows moonlight effects in pastel; Walter Griffin charming little impressions of woods and flying clouds in the same medium, and Catherine Morris sends two admirable water-colours, *Over the Hill* and *The Green House*. Gifford Beal, Howard Giles and Alice Schille are represented very largely in different divisions of the water-colour collection by works of thoroughly modern facture, fine in colour, indefinite in form, expressions of themselves in terms that are not always clear to the plain man, but do perhaps hypnotise the man with the red tie. Then one's attention is perforce drawn to the vivid colour of the John Marins and the eccentricity of the Predergasts and Milnes. Also exposed are works in oil done by the students of the Academy's summer school at Chester Springs. The first Charles Vezin prize goes to Anne F. Fry, the second to Florence Tricker and the third to Dorothy R. Schell.



PORTRAIT OF A CHINESE LADY
BY PEARL L. HILL



AUGUST COVER: HOUSE AND GARDEN

BY ETHEL FRANKLIN BETTS BAINS

Miniatures of the seventeenth annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Society of Miniature Painters are on view in the Northeast Gallery. Most of the exhibitors are women and the works are mainly portraits, ninety-four beautiful little paintings on ivory. To be mentioned as notably good are Berta Carew's *Alsacienne*; Helen V. Lewis' *Felicia*, Margaret Foote Hawley's *Mary Foote*; *Ruby*, by Alexandrine Robertson Harris; *Mrs. Robert Sweet*, by Annie Hurlburt Jackson, and *Mrs. William H. Donner* by Emily Drayton Taylor.

This exhibition and Chester Springs collection will remain open during the continuance of the water-colour show, November 10 to December 15, both inclusive.

ANNIE TRAQUAIR LANG

It is with very deep regret that THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO records the death, due to the epidemic, of this most promising young artist. Miss Lang had been the subject of an article in this magazine of recent date, her gifts as a painter being of a very unusual order. Miss Lang's sketch of her former master, William Merritt Chase, caused considerable notice two years ago at the National Arts Club; it was achieved with great knowledge and bravura. The death of an artist of her distinction besides being an irreparable loss to a host of friends is a distinct loss to American painting.

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ERMANY AND ART
BY RAYMOND WYER

PERHAPS there is no department of human activity in which there is so much sophistry resorted to as in the domain of art, particularly when there is a desire to inflict unmerited blame or praise. The very sensitive nature of art in its relation to human temperament, owing to the varying degrees of knowledge and uncertain standards that exist, makes this possible. One can present an imposing array of evidence to prove anything under the sun, however fantastic or illogical—a condition which provides opportunities for the grinding of little personal axes. The result is that much art and many artists have reputations based on conditions unrelated to art, and many a picture and many an artist is shelved or doomed to temporary oblivion for the same reason. There is much more evidence to convince the uninitiated that Alma-Tadema is a master than there is to prove the same of Michelangelo, for the reason that Alma-Tadema has been acclaimed in the forums understood by the people of a material age. It is surprising that true art has recognition in a world that affords so many opportunities for political and other sophists and in an age when so many artists are endowed with business instincts. The fact that true art is recognised in spite of all this is eloquent testimony to the imperishable power of truth.

On an occasion prior to the war, when the writer of this paper was occupied with the formation of a public collection, he was confronted with the criticism that German pictures were conspicuously absent. As a matter of fact, it would have been difficult to find any, for they were not much in evidence among the dealers, even those in Germany electing to sell solely the art of other countries. Catalogues from Munich and Dresden firms included English, Italian, Dutch and French canvases, but nothing German, their national pride being unequal to the task of trying to dispose of the art of their own country when it was easier by far to sell that of other countries.

Patriotism makes but scant invasion of the German conscience when commercial advantages intervene to its prejudice. Like militarism, commercialism with the Teuton must be freed from the apron-strings of sentiment. It is not neces-

sary to speak in this connection of the adaptability of the German representative, because it is matter of general knowledge how more than willing he is to cater to any taste, inasmuch as he has no desire to improve taste, nor the irritating though more commendable attitude of the Englishman who rightly or wrongly believes so implicitly in articles of British manufacture that he refuses to sell any other. This is of course bad from a business standpoint. There is, however, another reason which predisposes the German dealer to exploit the art of other countries, namely, the knowledge that German art is fabricated to please the German mind—in fact, is part and parcel of their system.

The Prussian military régime is the determining factor in the education of the child and has been instrumental in evolving a type of national mind which is docile, arrogant and orderly, and particularly adapted to military exigencies. This sinister militarism is the foundation and guiding spirit of every institution and activity, and is visible throughout the country, being particularly noticeable in city building, which, while conferring certain benefits upon the people, has ever necessitated heavy taxation, making possible the programme of conquest. Had it not been for city planning and an excellent municipal régime, these taxes that paved the way for the war would have infallibly fostered revolt. And this oppression has proved an insuperable obstacle to the development of original German art and thought.

While referring principally to modern expression in art, it cannot be postulated that Germany has been responsible in any appreciable extent for the authorship of original art since the days of Dürer and Holbein, for even their poster art which has been their pride and boast is taken from England. In addition to a spurious attempt to revive the art of painting religious pictures there was a certain movement in Germany in the nineteenth century that aspired to emulate everything in which France excelled. And the underlying idea that made her strive to give the French spirit to German art prompted her to make Berlin a greater Paris, and to introduce French humour in her periodicals, the results of which are ludicrous and elephantine. Germany has converted herself into the most unoriginal nation in the history of the world, and the outcome has not been solely to kill originality but to leave naked and unashamed certain racial characteristics

which are noticeable in the very beginnings of German art—the only modification of these in modern times being due to the exploitation of alien ideas stolen with the intention of imbuing their national expression with a quality that can only be attained through inspiration founded on an absolute belief in one's spiritual self. Even going back as far as German primitive art, it does not escape notice that the Madonnas and Infants often betray a cruel and invariably unsympathetic spirit. In 1907, Mr. Reinach wrote, "German art rarely achieved either truth or beauty, but it succeeded in rendering, with a fidelity that was often brutal, the character of the German people immediately before and after the Reformation."

There can be no universal outlook in nation or individual that is swayed by egotism or by unrelated local standards of life. It is the pronounced provincialism of Germany that has minimised her art to a condition of mere self-utterance, consequently, examples of this art have met with slight support beyond the Rhine.

Unable to observe a mote in the eye of the Fatherland, German writers time and again permitted themselves to discover decadency in other countries, especially Great Britain and France. It was a case long before the war of fitting the shoe to the wrong foot. A nation's vicissitudes find their counterpart in art which invariably reflects the mental attitude and dominating thought of a people and the period. Decadent art manifests distrust on the part of the artists of the possibilities of their period or their country. Germany has either forgotten or ignored the fact that the vital condition of enduring art is harmony between the channels of its expression and the standard and character of the best universal intellect of its time, passing likewise over the fact that intellect is partly racial and partly the natural product of contemporary conditions.

German soil is prejudicial to art owing to unnatural conditions of life based upon military expediency. Thus have other than humanitarian principles been inculcated, with the obvious result that their ethics or art have been totally unrelated to the ideals and imagination of democratic civilisation. Culture and civilisation have been commercialised and rendered sordid in the furtherance of military aims, and the nation in consequence has grown, creatively speaking, more and more impotent. None but a German born

may understand German "superiority." To quote Adolf Lasson, Professor of Philosophy at the Berlin University, "A man who is not German knows nothing of Germany. We are morally and intellectually superior to all, without peers. . . . In a world of wickedness we represent love and God is with us."

The true greatness of national expression, whether it be in art, science or literature, is that while retaining its racial spirit, its catholicity renders it valuable and intelligible to all civilised races and periods. The fact that a nation's art is devoid of this quality simply reflects the character of its citizenship. A country that is not understandable to the outsider is incapable of creating art which has anything in common with those beyond its borders. Modern Germany has not contributed to art. It will be interesting to observe whether a humbled and chastened Germany may eventually produce any art of significance.

ALLIED WAR SALON

AN Allied War Salon, shown under the auspices of the Division of Pictorial Publicity of the Committee on Public Information and the Committee on Arts and Decoration of the Mayor's Committee on National Defense, will be held at the American Art Association, Madison Square South, December 9-24.

Mr. Albert Eugene Gallatin, chairman of the committee on exhibitions of the above Division, and also chairman of the Committee on Arts and Decoration, has collected the pictures for this exhibition, cooperating with Mr. Duncan Phillips of the American Federation of Arts and Mr. Augustus Vincent Tack of the Liberty Loan Committee. After being shown in New York, the exhibition will be broken up into units and shown throughout the country, under the auspices of the American Federation of Arts.

The drawings by our official artists in France, who are commissioned captains in the Engineer Corps, will be shown for the first time.

A selection, about fifty in number, of the finest paintings and sculpture made for the recent Avenue of the Allies, as well as several new pictures, will also be shown, as will a remarkable collection of French, British and Italian posters, as well as a representative group by American artists. Among the artists who have contributed

paintings are Edwin H. Blashfield, Augustus V. Tack, Gari Melchers, Albert Herter, Jonas Lie, George Bellows, Gifford Beal, George Luks, Gardner Symons and Paul Dougherty. There will also be a notable display of lithographs by Spencer Fryse, Frank Brangwyn, Muirhead Bone, George Bellows, Joseph Pennell, Steinlen, Forain, Lucien Jonas and other artists. Cartoons will be shown by C. D. Gibson and paintings by Lieut. Henry Reuter Dahl and John C. Johansen.

Medals by Paul Manship, paintings by Childe Hassam, cartoons by Raemackers, dry-points by James McBey, and much other interesting material will also be shown, including Gianni Caproni's etchings of aeroplanes: these etchings by the great Italian designer of aeroplanes will be shown for the first time.

An interesting feature of the exhibition will be a collection of sculpture by American artists dealing with the war.

The exhibition is designed to acquaint our people with the extent of the Allied effort and to set forth their ideals. It will minister to their morale, and, since the standard of excellence will be high, will do its part in raising the standard of art appreciation in this country. Plans are now being considered for a permanent war museum, such as are being formed in England and France, to house such material as has been gathered for this exhibition.

The entire net proceeds will be given to the Art War Relief.

A handsome illustrated catalogue will be issued with an authoritative essay on Art and War written by Mr. Gallatin.

BOOK REVIEW

PORTRAITS OF WHISTLER. A critical study of iconography by A. E. Gallatin. (John Lane Company.) 250 copies for England and America. 25 copies numbered and signed at \$15.00 net; 225 copies at \$12.50 net.

Though much of the volume contains material out of former works by the author, it has been recast, amplified and augmented so as to be a really new book, containing 43 illustrations of paramount interest to admirers of America's greatest artist. No man has been more painted and caricatured than Whistler, who at one period, it seems, made a daily habit before retiring of committing his own features to paper or canvas.



A PORTRAIT SKETCH
OF WHISTLER

BY SEYMOUR
HADEN

Consequently numerous self-portraits exist, besides many others by men of international reputation who have portrayed him at work or at play. Such men as Fantin Latour, Boldini, Sir Edward J. Paynter, W. M. Chase, George du Maurier, Rothenstein, W. Nicholson and Paul Hellen. How admirably Whistler by face and performance played into the hands of the caricaturists is revealed in the long list of men who have pleased the world with the wit of their pencils. Phil May, Charles Keane, Linley Sambourne, Walter Crane, "Spy," "Ape," "Max," Aubrey Beardsley and E. T. Reed all revelled in the task.

Mr. Gallatin is peculiarly fitted for the operation of pointing out the artistic and historic value of the different portraits in existence, of which he himself owns quite enough to constitute a Whistler gallery. The book is not loaded with those portraits which are so well known through multiple reproduction, but whilst mention is made of the source of each portrait, those used in the book are for the most part little known, some, indeed being published for the first time. It is a seeming paradox that while we are ignorant of the physiognomy of certain masters, owing to no records existing, posterity may well be uncertain of Whistler's real appearance, owing to the vast number of portraits in all mediums, but so totally different in expression and conception. The author may be congratulated upon having performed a useful task with grace, critical acumen and great completeness.



VIRGIN AND CHILD, FRENCH THIRTEENTH-CENTURY
GOTHIC STATUARY RECENTLY ACQUIRED FROM
THE DEMOTTE GALLERIES BY THE METROPOLITAN
MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK



CHRISTIANITY CRUSHING AUTOCRACY
BY CARMELO SCARPITTA

ART AND THE DOLLAR SIGN
BY CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

I WAS calling the attention of a journalist to the notoriously high prices brought by American pictures in the Hearn sale, and he said to me: "Why is one always talking about how much a picture is worth? One never hears anyone talking about how much a poem is worth—or a symphony or a sonata." I couldn't find an answer for him.

The interrogation touched to the quick of one of the most salient of those innumerable anomalies and deviations and distractions that we encounter in the art of painting. Art and the dollar sign!—how inextricably woven together the one with the other. Almost inevitably, quite automatically, we associate a picture in our minds with the price paid for it. We recall the price a certain picture brought in such and such a sale: we wonder what the picture is worth today, what it may be worth to-morrow.

I should stultify myself if I did not acknowledge that in my writings on American painting I have consistently emphasised this phase of the matter. I have done more than emphasise it, I have literally shouted it upon every occasion; but the necessity for doing so was, I aver, forced upon me. A painter whom I need not name regretted the insistence with which I underlined the financial aspect of American art. "You may do an incalculable harm," he said, "in directing the public's attention to this matter of auction prices, as though the price that a picture brings in auction were a just criterion of the picture's intrinsic artistic value. It isn't." The painter's point of view was not comprehensively accurate, but it was, in the main, an authentic one; and I tried to explain to him the reasons that had prompted me to turn reporter and propagandist where I should infinitely have preferred to remain an observer and recorder of the sheerly æsthetic problems and gratifications inherent in the beautiful if somewhat inanimate art of painting.

And these reasons were and are—I hasten to record them by way of a sort of apology—the thousand and one stupidities, perversities and general incapacities of judgment that have gone to the making up of ninety-nine per cent. of the comment on American painting. In reviewing the art activities of this country for, let us say, the last quarter of a century, we have witnessed,

as I have repeatedly pointed out, the unprecedented and incongruous spectacle of a native art, competent always, superb often, supreme in certain isolated instances, consistently ignored by casual criticism and editorial comment. The issue has been everlastingly muddled by factitious obfuscations and stupid irrelevancies. The explanation of this may be traced to the fact that the majority of persons writing on art in this country are, if not alien in birth, alien absolutely in education and in point of view. The motives of these people are, no doubt, unimpeachable (although their incompetence is unpardonable), but, in the very nature of the case, they cannot react to the essential gist of things with a satisfying degree of accuracy of perception and of estimate. To-day even, in our own country, and nearly a quarter of a century after the death of Inness, our "critics" of painting are telling us there is no such thing as an American painting. As I look through the occasional article that appears on the subject of painting, I am impressed by the fact that everything is recorded except the things that really possess an original significance. I am entertained by exquisite subtleties of ornate and sophisticated elaboration, but concrete facts are ignored. For example, one of the most consequential of our publications will offer us an appreciation of the mechanical art of Degas or the delicate artificialities of the American, Davies, but I look in vain for a recording of the fact that Inness's *Wood Gatherers* brought thirty thousand eight hundred dollars in the Hearn sale, and that three American painters, Wyant, Blakelock and Murphy, sold at prices ranging from fifteen to twenty-one thousand dollars as against the eight thousand two hundred dollars paid for Daubigny's *On the Oise*. It is incompetence and evasion of this sort that compels one to abandon the legitimate delights of a sheerly æsthetic discussion for the cudgels of statistics and the uncouth but quite inescapable significance of the dollar sign.

In recording conditions of a local and, it is to be hoped, a remediable character, I am not forgetting that a critical incompetence and evasion is one of the fundamental and universal peculiarities inherent in the art of painting. It is true, unquestionably true, that painting, unlike its companion arts, music and literature, owes practically nothing to the perspicacity of the critic, and practically everything to the per-

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spicacity of that indescribable type of inspired intelligence which instinctively, instantaneously and undeviatingly detects and appreciates the essential trend of things. I have constantly emphasised this fact. With the exception of Ruskin's famous proclamation of the genius of Turner, we find practically no instance of an artist accurately appraised by the criticism of his contemporary critics. The great poet and the great musician, strangling to death in the pitiless desert of spiritual isolation wherein all splendid achievement is confined, look up for succor to their soul-fellows, the poet, the musician and the critic: here, like alone understands like. Not so the painter. French art, for example, owes more to M. Durand-Ruel than to all its critics put together; and the sharpest, keenest judge of a picture that America has produced is that extraordinary character, Mr. Thomas B. Clarke. Why? Because this man holds in impeccable equilibrium an infinite capacity for artistic reaction and that kind of speculative sixth sense which buys Steel common at 22 when the rest of the community is buying Government bonds. The indispensable importance of this sixth sense should be recognised. Lacking it, a man, however superbly adequate his capacity for sheer æsthetic reaction, can never hope to succeed as a judge of pictures. In so far as I am aware, no writer on art in this country has combined these two points of view, diametrically opposite both of them in their origins and yet to an equal degree essential. The result is that no one of our writers has accomplished the unique task of "calling the turn," so to speak; in other words, of appraising with unerring and prophetic accuracy the potentialities of American painting, taken individually or collectively. In a word, what one may call the bump of reality has been missing. While Mr. Caffin was telling us that Tryon was the culmination of all landscape painting, and while Mr. Cortissoz was covertly projecting Weir into our consciousness, and while Mr. Kenyon Cox was instancing both Hassam and Weir, and while other notable reviewers were talking about Gauguin and Cézanne and spectrism and synchronism and Scandinavian art and so on ad infinitum, the most original and valuable painter of our immediate time, J. Francis Murphy—the greatest landscape painter this country has produced save Inness—remained practically undetected by the critical gentry. In proportion

to the degree with which this painter's commercial value was increasing, critical consideration of his art was becoming scantier and scantier, until it had practically deteriorated into a chronic disparagement actuated by motives of a questionable nature. Of course, in view of the developments of the last few years, it is very easy to say "I told you so." But as a matter of fact no one did tell us so. I well remember the abysmal depth of short-sightedness and incredulity I encountered some six or seven years ago when I persisted in emphasising the importance of this painter, and predicted the present Murphy boom. I mention this merely as an indication of the incredible and quite deplorable lack of initiative and inspirational foresight that hampers and stultifies the general run of critical comment. Even so short a time back as a year ago, approximately, *Unity Fair* published an article telling its readers that there was no art in this country. The same old refrain! No art! No patrons of art! And so on. A year has worked wonders for this point of view; for, lo and behold! J. Francis Murphy is, according to the June issue of this publication, the most valuable of all living painters in this country or elsewhere—and so on. This article appears *after* a Murphy has brought fifteen thousand six hundred dollars in the Hearn sale. Instances of a like nature might be submitted by the hundreds; our point is that, as in the case of Inness, whose art was originally apprehended by a man of shrewd, sharp, *practical* divination, Mr. Clarke, so in the case of Murphy, his illimitable potentialities have been partially estimated by the Lewisohns, the Hudnuts, the Hearn, and so on, rather than by the rare and exclusive "cognescenti," gentlemen, one and all of them, of academic cultivation and of intellectual finesse, but lacking somewhat in that something of *nth* degree capableness, that something wherein we find a miraculous fusion of the very utmost of æsthetic and emotional reciprocity with a plain, hard, tenacious common sense which does not mistake idiosyncrasy for progress, nor the truth of beauty for the illusion and affectation of beauty.

But useful as statistics and the dollar sign are in our attempts to refute the inordinate radicalisms of Greenwich Village on the one hand, the conventional obtuseness of editorial incompetence on the other, it is yet obvious that, in the long run, this matter of dollars and cents is a deplorably injurious excrescence, a parasitic growth infesting,

polluting and distracting art's entire organism. Of this there cannot be the slightest doubt. It is impossible to do away with the sort of covert contempt that one feels in the presence of an art so tainted, through and through, with the adulterations inherent in the activities of commercialism. There are many other disquieting considerations that make us suspect painting of a fundamental inferiority as a medium of expression, but in this insidious matter of dollars and cents we touch a factor that ultimately works for the complete disrupting of all equitable standards and fine integrities.

It is undoubtedly true that there are numerous instances in painting (just as there are in all the arts) where an intrinsic one hundred per cent. artistic worth goes hand in hand with a popular appeal. Corot is perhaps the supreme example of this, but the list could be indefinitely prolonged. (For example, Daubigny, Mauve, the Monet of the Thames series.) In these instances, the financial value of these pictures stands in equitable relationship to their aesthetic value, and vice versa. In this country, Inness and Murphy are salient instances of this fortunate equilibrium. The point is, in other words, that, over and above the indubitable and pre-eminent merit of these men from the sheerly aesthetic standpoint, their art contains a large measure of something or other that makes for popularity. This something or other may be, indeed is, an affirmative quality (that is to say, a valid and substantial quality). The appeal of a Corot, a Daubigny, a Mauve, a Monet, an Inness or a Murphy is not (as we are sometimes told by certain superior persons) merely a pretty intriguing of our capacity for sentimental reciprocations. To the contrary, it is a legitimate appeal, based on certain sensitive reactions of ours to the artist's recognitions and recordings of the infinite loveliness of wood and sky and field and stream. So far so good. But, unfortunately, this equilibrium of commercial and artistic values is not consistently maintained. As a matter of fact, we encounter it very rarely. In other words, the genuine and the equitable appraisal is less in evidence in painting than in any other of the arts. By genuine and equitable appraisal I mean that kind of appraisal which reaches and maintains its decisions through the workings of a sheerly abstract consideration.

Of course it is obvious that painting ought to be viewed from the vantage ground of immaculate

aestheticism common to all the other arts. But, as a matter of fact, it isn't, and until it is, painting cannot be accorded the degree of respect with which we view the other arts of, say, drama, prose, poetry, music and so on. What I mean to say is that so long as a painting is at the mercy of the ulterior matter of "how much it is worth" it cannot receive the benefit of the abstract scrutiny that is accorded the poem or the sonata, and, by the same token, the persons interested in art cannot hope to attain to any degree whatsoever of the mental and spiritual status of the reader of poetry, the listener to music. The man or woman who sits down to their piano and plays a Chopin etude or a Debussy prelude is actuated by nothing whatsoever ulterior to the driving power of a sheerly emotional and artistic impulse. No subordinate and material influence alien to the intangible matter of spiritual and emotional dynamics intrudes its distracting and deteriorating power between the average listener at a symphony concert and the appeal of the music. It is likewise obvious that when a line of Keats or Swinburne or some other of the great tribe of vocal visionaries rises all unpremeditatedly to the surface of one's mind and pleads for utterance on one's lips—in other words, when one finds oneself murmuring all unconsciously,

"Fade far away, dissolve and quite forget

What thou among the leaves hast never
known,"

it is quite obvious, I repeat, that the origin of this act is buried deep down in the layers of one's unconscious accumulations of impression and one's innate, automatic craving for expression and for beauty. But when Mr. Jones buys a Titian or a Rembrandt or a Corot or an Inness or a Murphy, the odds are a hundred to one that the actuating impulse back of it all is the spirit of covetousness disguised adroitly, and when Mr. Smith asks you in to see his collection of So and So's, you can rest assured that he is experiencing a considerable degree of the delights peculiar to the spurious pride of possession and a very inconsiderable degree of the delights peculiar to a fine capacity for intellectual and aesthetic candours, integrities and idealisms. So long as a picture is a material rather than a spiritual possession just so long will it be subjected to the contaminations of material considerations, and just so long will these material considerations con-

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tinue to exert their vulgarising influence in the art world.

Hundreds upon hundreds of cases in point present themselves, all of them tending towards a disclosure of the fact that art, by its very nature, offers a facile field for the corruptions and facile activities of the speculator and the notoriety seeker. I would also call attention to the disproportionate amount of influence that can be exerted by individual idiosyncrasy, as opposed to a disciplined finesse of perception and discrimination. I submit the following as a salient instance: In my comments on the Hearn sale I took the liberty of regretting the price paid by ex-Senator Clark for a picture of Murphy's. My reasons for regretting the conspicuous price brought by this particular picture were not based on a mere idiosyncrasy of irresponsible prejudice. It should be the intention of all comments on artistic activities to formulate, proclaim and maintain a standard of values based on intrinsic qualifications and as free as possible from the distractions of fallible human preference. Now I repeat that it was an unfortunate thing that over fifteen thousand dollars was paid for this picture. Why? Simply because this picture no more represented the highest development of the art of Murphy than *Rienzi* or *The Flying Dutchman* represent the art of the Richard Wagner of *Tristan* or *The Ring*. The art of every artist is, in its early stages, largely and avowedly imitative. We all know this. As a general rule, its precious and incomparable essence is revealed to us only in its later manifestations. The great Turners and Innesses are the Turners and Innesses of the last period. The indispensable Manet is not the Manet that copied Goya, Hals, Velasquez; it is the kind of Manet that was exhibited some years ago at the Durand-Ruel Galleries—the Manet of the Parisian boulevards. Murphy's art previous to 1900 was an imitative Murphy, an adroit compound of Wyant and Inness. The pictures of this period contain a quantity of a kind of sumptuous beauty both of sentiment and of colouring that is lacking in the Murphy of to-day. They deserve the fullest recognition by collector and critic, for they are undeniably and spectacularly beautiful.

Unfortunately—and here is the point—a commercial value has been put upon the pictures of this period all out of proportion to their intrinsic importance in relation to the rest of Murphy's

work. Dealers are paying enormous prices for these pictures, knowing that they can dispose of them easily to their customers because of the obvious appeal of this phase of Murphy's work and the accumulative impetus given to it by auction-room records. And yet, when we put aside all considerations other than those that have their origin in the abstractions of aesthetic estimates, we realise that these pictures are no more the essential, unprecedented Murphy than the *Boy with a Sword* is the essential, unprecedented Manet. In other words, they do not represent that inestimable thing, the new vision, the new way of doing and seeing and feeling. The Murphy that a future consideration will single out for supreme recognition is the Murphy represented by, let us say, Mr. Lewisohn's *Upland Pastures, Morning*, Mr. Hudnut's *Brow of the Knoll*, Mr. Burton Mansfield's *November Morning*, Mr. Baldwin's *Showers* recently purchased from the Macbeth Galleries, or the landscape purchased by him from the Hugo Reisinger sale and, above all, the *Indian Summer* owned by Mr. Shepherd. As unique as Whistler (duplicating in their own inimitable way that something of rare grace and that indescribable something of a very delicate strangeness so intensely the cardinal characteristic of Whistler's art), these pictures represent the most precious quality of craftsmanship that landscape painting has known since Corot. Ex-Senator Clark's picture is a charming composite of other points of view; the *Indian Summer* is a new beauty coming into the world. The one is a beautiful replica; the other is an absolute originality. If ex-Senator Clark's Murphy is worth fifteen thousand, Mr. Shepherd's Murphy is worth twenty-five thousand. This in so far as an artistic scale of values can be reduced to the concrete terms of dollars and cents. The great, predominating, essential aspect of Murphy's art is its inspired inspection and superlative handling of the arid, the desolate. His rendering of naked, barren uplands is a new note in art. The conventional vision, accustomed to a more obvious prettiness and ornateness, does not appreciate the masterful elimination of the greater Murphy, and yet it is on the strength of these pictures that Murphy's claims to be considered a great original painter rest, and not until a collector shall have paid five or ten thousand dollars more for the Shepherd Murphy or the Hudnut Murphy or the Mansfield Murphy than ex-

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Senator Clark paid for the Hearn Murphy shall we have recovered our balance and our sense of proportion.

The sum and substance of the matter seems to be something as follows: A high price means, in the long run, a good picture, but a good picture does not necessarily mean a high price. Instances by the thousand could be cited. The Murphy and the Inness in the Hearn sale were good pictures and deserved recognition. But, high as they sold, there are other Murphys and other Innesses that, according to an equitable appraisal based on the artistic fitness of things, should sell from fifty to a hundred per cent. higher. In an ideal scheme of things, the collector should strive to formulate his decisions through the exercise of a sheerly impersonal consideration of the artistic merits of a picture. I am not so fatuous as to believe this possible: human nature is against it.

I merely suggest as much as a sort of criterion. Under such a scheme of things art would be relieved of the distracting and demoralising corruptions and influences of sentimental preference and commercial calculation. As it is, painting presents us with a maze of discrepant valuations, the greater number of which are established by peculiar combinations and accidents of material circumstance and undisciplined inclination. That immaculate idealism of outlook necessary to a fine comprehension of art cannot be maintained in the face of covert shrewdness and sordid calculations.

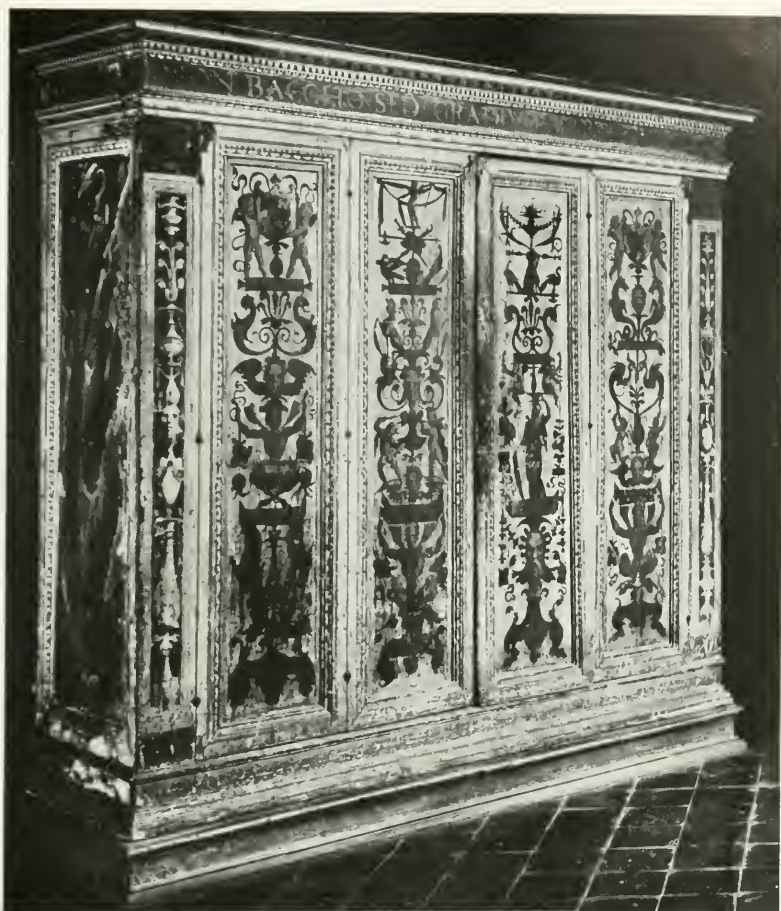
For example, how many collectors are there, do you suppose, that would not rather own a Murphy signed in the '90s to a Murphy signed in the 1900s? Why? Simply because, under present conditions, the early Murphy is about five to eight thousand dollars more valuable than the late one.

The fact that the late Murphy is about fifty to eighty per cent. more valuable artistically than the early one is not, as it should be, the determining consideration. The egregiously inaccurate statement has been made that a picture is worth what it will bring. This is not true.

Intelligent inspection will disclose the discouraging fact that artistic effort and achievement of any kind whatsoever find favour with the public because of some quality in it extraneous to its sheerly artistic quality. This is axiomatic, whether the matter in hand be a landscape of

Murphy's, the voice of a Caruso, or the piano playing of a Paderewski. We shall always be compelled to take this factor into consideration. Unfortunately, in painting, this extraneous something or other exercises a predominating influence. One would not, even if one could, do away with sincere differences of opinion, and, as a result, there will always be a valid justification for certain degrees of difference in price. Our point is that when these differences in price assume the monstrous disparities to which we are accustomed we may assume that they have ceased to represent a just estimate of relative artistic values. I remember once standing with a foreign painter—a man of quite eminent significance—before a tiny little picture of Bruce Crane's. My friend's admiration for the picture was very keen. Note the significant fact that the picture attracted him solely on its merits as a piece of painting. He didn't know whether it was worth five dollars or five hundred dollars. One of our collectors, coming upon the picture, mistook it for a Murphy and turned towards it with animation. As he walked across the room to look at the picture, someone told him it was a Crane. He showed no further interest in the picture; and I cannot help believing that the explanation lies in the fact that the picture, signed by Crane, was worth about fifty dollars, whereas, if it had been signed by Murphy, it would have been worth about eight hundred dollars.

I could prolong this discussion indefinitely, but it seems to me the little incident I have just reported very nearly sums up the entire situation. Of course the answer to all I have said is the insurmountable fact that rarity and individual preference are and must remain the determining factors in art. This must not, however, deter us from an attempt to develop a capacity for unprejudiced appreciations. It is perfectly obvious that the American painter cannot function legitimately or develop any degree of individuality if the dollar sign is to maintain its supremacy as an ultimate test of merit. So long as the "saleability" of a picture is a determining factor, so long will our painters continue to turn out sterile replicas of their "popular" work, and so long will Continental culture continue to ridicule our American painters. The collectors and art dealers of this country must purify their point of view. They must try to see painting as an art, not solely as a business proposition.



From the Bardini Collection, Florence

CABINET WITH PAINTED DECORATIONS—TUSCAN, FIRST HALF OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY

A HISTORY OF ITALIAN FURNITURE FROM THE XIV TO THE EARLY XIX CENTURY
BY WILLIAM M. ODOM

REVIEW BY STELLA RUBINSTEIN

A VOLUME published by Doubleday, Page & Company has just appeared. This is the first volume of Mr. William M. Odom's book on Italian furniture covering the period from the fourteenth to the late sixteenth century. The

second volume, now in preparation, will deal with the seventeenth, eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

Before entering into any discussion concerning this most valuable publication, it is interesting to recall that the history of Italian furniture has been completely neglected. Aside from the short study on Italian furniture by William Bode and an album of plates called *Il Legno nell'arte italiana*, containing 451 illustrations of woodwork of various kinds, and special articles scattered



From the Bardini Collection, Florence

CHEST WITH CARVED AND INTARSIA DECORATIONS, EARLY FIFTEENTH CENTURY

in different magazines, nothing of importance has been published. This fact is the more amazing when we consider that in the same field France has accomplished her task and through her numerous and scholarly publications has, in a way, succeeded in reconstructing scientifically and historically the glorious past of her furniture production. This past, in an equal degree glorious for Italy, has, in this latter century, been sadly neglected, which fact, added to the real value of Mr. Odom's publication, mentioned above, makes its appearance of prime importance.

The volume with which we are dealing appears in an edition de luxe limited to 500 copies. It contains 352 illustrations, of which a great part are unedited. The book, beautifully compiled, is divided into four chapters; the first has to do with the Gothic; the second, with the early Renaissance; the third, with the High Renaissance, and the fourth and last with the late Renaissance productions. In each of these chapters the historical evolution and the life of the Italian states are vividly defined, the inner and outer conditions weighed and discussed, the artistic aspirations and their causes presented in such a way as to make the background against which the

furniture is displayed of the greatest possible interest. In this way and in this way only can one succeed (and this the author actually did) in creating an atmosphere of intimacy and intercourse between the life of the period and the furniture adorning the interiors. The author at the same time points out the close relationship existing between the various branches of art, especially between architecture and furniture. It is indeed of the greatest importance to connect these two branches in studying furniture in order to understand and to explain the various phases of its evolution. Fortunately, Mr. Odom not only understands and appreciates this fact but he greatly emphasises the importance of architectural evolution, which plays such a prominent place in the development of furniture itself.

In the first chapter, speaking of Italian Gothic productions, the author brings out the fact that the Gothic style was introduced into Italy through the propaganda of Cistercian monks. We know what an important factor these monks have been in the revealing of Gothic art in general and of its architectural forms in particular. In Italy, however, less than anywhere else, did Gothic style take root. The climatic conditions, as well as

A History of Italian Furniture

the Græco-Roman productions, of which Italy was so full, made the complete adaptation of the imported principles impossible. The same phenomenon happened in France when, in the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, the Renaissance style, imported from Italy, tried to supplant Gothic art in the country where this art was born, where it attained its highest development and from which it spread all over the world. The same reluctance or rather reserve was shown by the French before they finally adopted the Renaissance style, as was nearly three centuries earlier shown by the Italians when from France Gothic art was brought into Italy.

A curious example of the persistence of classical traditions in Italy is the chest of the early fifteenth century here shown, of which the carved motifs of the upper part are entirely in the Gothic tradition of the northern European countries, while the lower part shows interior work and geometrical patterns so characteristic of Italian productions. Italy never understood the organic construction of the Gothic style but as a highly cultured and artistic country it knew how, in a most charming way, to combine the imported style with its own artistic inclinations and so created a style of its own in which both tendencies are delightfully combined. This can easily be seen in the carefully selected pieces of furniture which Mr. Odom reproduces in the first chapter of his book. In reading it we can also realise how scarce furniture was at this time. Furnishings consisted then principally of cassone which served many purposes, of benches, stools and a small quantity of chairs. On the other hand, however, the interiors were highly colourful, the walls and furniture painted, some of them by the most famous artists. All these details and many other important items are brought out clearly and in a picturesque way in Mr. Odom's work.

In the second chapter the author takes up the early Renaissance period in which the essential qualities of the Italian genius and his natural artistic inclinations triumph over the imported elements of an art which was not his. As Mr. Odom rightly says: "The general interior of the early Renaissance palace shows a marked development in unity of decorative work. The classic architectural schemes of the exterior invaded the principal apartments of the interior as well."

And always keeping in mind the close relationship existing between the forms of architecture

and the forms of furniture he further says: "As the design of the house precedes that of the furnishings, so the furniture design of the early Renaissance naturally follows that of the architecture, to which it conforms."

Another item which it is important to keep in mind and which the author brings out so well is the ecclesiastical preponderance of influence in the Gothic and early Renaissance periods upon household furnishings, showing a close resemblance to contemporary ecclesiastical design. It is only later when the number of palaces built increased in number that this influence little by little ceased.

The third chapter deals with the products of the High Renaissance of the first half of the sixteenth century, the period of Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo, generally considered as the golden age of the artistic career of Italy. It was a period of prosperity and luxury, palaces were built and their interiors richly decorated. The general trend of ideas of this period leaves a decided mark upon the furniture itself. Articles needed for house furnishings became more numerous, their decorations became richer and of a more vigorous type.

"In summing up the furniture design of the early sixteenth century," says the author (page 161), "it may be said that it has the simplicity and ecclesiastical dignity of that of the early Renaissance, with greater care given to the refinement of its detail. Proportion was perfected; moulds, pilasters and caps were of more classic purity and decorations of carving, intarsia and painting were of exquisite design and execution. Just before the middle of the century the influence of Michelangelo is evident in the tendency toward boldly modelled and sometimes exaggerated scale in moulds. . . . " These exaggerations, which will soon lead art into the baroque style of workmanship, will become more noticeable in the second half of the sixteenth century, with which Mr. Odom deals in his last chapter on the High Renaissance productions. As for pieces of furniture which still show the artistic tendency of the early Renaissance productions, the *armoires* which is reproduced on page 11 is a beautiful example. The form of this piece is extremely simple and its painted decoration, consisting of grotesques, putti, human masks and garlands, is of a fanciful and beautiful character. It is greatly influenced by Raphael's decorations in the Vatican

and designs of that kind have in their turn greatly influenced the decorative elements in France as well as elsewhere.

In the last chapter, dealing with the High Renaissance in the second half of the sixteenth century, the author, among other items, speaks of the supremacy of Spanish power in Italy, which "turned the art and social life of the Italians away from the intellectual freedom and adventure of the Renaissance into the narrower channel of a stilted and haughty Spanish society despising industry and commerce and the ease and freedom of Italian social intercourse. . . ." He further says how "under Spanish domination there was no longer the old intimacy between patron, artist and humanity, while wit and talent were not held in the same high esteem. . . ." "The result," adds the author, "of an impoverished society, demanding a pretentious display was naturally an inferior and more ornate expression of art."

That art at this time was rapidly declining is evident. Exaggeration and exuberance superseded little by little the highly finished touches of the earlier productions. There are still, however, masterpieces to be found and a table, for instance, unfortunately not shown here, evinces fine workmanship.

Owing to the lack of space it is impossible to take up in detail the criticism of this most valuable publication. The general plan adopted by Mr. Odom in his study is worth noticing. He first of all studies the objects themselves; he afterwards turns to miniatures, engravings and paintings of the time to reconstruct the furniture in its former setting. He thirdly consults chronicles and letters of the time to give to the objects a true personal touch. The book thus compiled is of great interest to the general public as well as to students.

It has a human interest, but it has, also, a scientific background. There are attributions leading to discussion, and one also feels a certain regret that the author did not go deeper, and did not devote more time to discussing the objects themselves. As a whole, however, Mr. Odom's book is a very important contribution to the history of Italian furniture and it is with eagerness and real pleasure that we await the publication of his second volume dealing with the furniture productions from the seventeenth to the early nineteenth centuries.

THE WAR ZONE IN GRAPHIC ART

THE Prints Division of the New York Public Library has arranged, in the print gallery (room 321) in the main building, an exhibition of somewhat timely interest, to replace the one illustrating "The Making of a Lithograph," and to extend into January, 1919.

The posters of the new show bear the large-type title "The War Zone in Graphic Art," with a parenthetical explanation: "Etchings and other prints illustrating Eastern France and Belgium during the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries. The pictures shown are not a selection from the Library's collection of views, but prints from the print room's portfolios, the modern ones mainly from the S. P. Avery Collection, that never-failing source. Which implies that the cases in the print gallery are filled with the works of artists of repute. So we are brought, naturally, face to face with the expression of personality, and the exhibition, besides its obvious interest of subject, serves the print lover and those interested in art in general.

Naturally, on the basis of selection indicated, one will not look for illustrations of all of even the important places lying within the present war zone. In other words, it is the choice exercised by artists in days—and generations—before the present war that fixes the limits and extent of this exhibition.

Yet the very fact that the subject was the primary cause for admission brought in so wide a range of prints that not only original etchings were included, but reproductive ones as well, not often exhibited since the days of their vogue, as well as etchings and lithographs.

Here are shown localities that have become household words through the stirring events of the last four years, seen through the eyes of artists of various countries and periods. Here one may visit Antwerp with Wenzel Hollar, who depicted the pomp and circumstance of the conclusion of peace between Spain and the Netherlands in the market-place in 1648. Or one may go back a century farther, and see Dürer's sketch (shown here in facsimile, of course) of the city's waterfront, done with a remarkable grasp of Whistlerian expressiveness in empty space, and an evident appreciation of the pattern of interlaced rigging recalling to us some of

The War Zone in Graphic Art

Whistler's London plates. And there are nineteenth-century plates of bits of the city by Belgian artists, Henri Leys and Verhaert; by the Frenchmen, Maxime Lalanne, that accomplished technician; Gaston de Latenay; Norbert Goeneutte, that most summary of modern etchers; Jongkind, who shows the *Scheldt* or *Escaut* at Antwerp, at sunset, and by our own Samuel Colman. Come to Bruges under the guidance of the noted etcher of architectural subjects, A. H. Haig (*Belry*, 1913), or of F. H. Armington, or Beurdeley, or J. Celos (*The Dead City*, 1911). Across *A Bridge Over the Nethe at Lierre* with Marten van der Loo. To Malines (which Hollar depicts in an architectural drawing and Marten van der Loo shows in *A Thaw*); to Ghent (where Frank Brangwyn has found interesting *Old Houses*); Tournai (Ernest George), Dixmude (*Church of St. Nicholas*, by Brangwyn), and Tervueren, Boulenger's painting of which is interpreted by Theophile Chauvel, that master of reproductive etching and lithography. Hollar etched buildings and women's costume in Brussels, Dürer sketched the *Zoo* there, and J. T. J. Linning, a Belgian artist, shows a mill in the quartier Leopold in 1866. Philip Zilken, the contemporary Dutch etcher and writer on art, did about a dozen plates in and near Brussels, Dinant and Verviers, the *Rocher Bayard* near Dinant, a bit *Near Namur*, the *Waterloo Road, Near Brussels*. So the artists, escaping at times from architecture and town-folk to the quiet of country life, will take you outside the city walls, into the open, to hamlets and fields and orchards not on the war map at all. With them one wanders through the land, seeing *Tamise on the Scheldt*, *Vilcorde*, *Calmphort* and *Vento* with C. Storm van Gravesande, who also takes us along the Meuse.

Then across the border into France, to see a *Morning on the Marne* painted by Charles Daubigny and etched by Lucien Gautier; a scene on the Marne by Noel Masson (who etched although his two hands were missing), another on the Oise, by Daubigny, etched by C. A. Walker; another on the same river by Brunet-Debaines, and a *Moonlight on the Oise* and other scenes in original etchings by Daubigny. *On the Marne*, painted by Karl Daubigny and etched by Gaston Rodriguez; *Sunday on the Marne*, wood engraving in colours by Paul Colin; *Banks of the Somme*, a lithograph by Jules

Dupre, and *Banks of the Somme, near Amiens*, by Alphonse Legros, show peaceful days on two rivers that have now witnessed such momentous battles. The charm of waterways for the artist is farther shown in such etchings as the two of the Doubs (one a view of Verdun) by Brunet-Debaines.

So the list goes on. There are Rochebrune's *Pierrefonds*, George T. Plowman's *Hotel de Ville, Arras*, Norbert Goeneutte's *Cayeux* (Picardy), Lalanne's *Château-Thierry* and *Château de Chaumont* (Haute Marne). Some of these places have figured in the war reports, others may have escaped direct contact with the conflict, Amiens luckily did, although, by making the term "war zone" a little elastic, it was easily brought within a line not so very far off. The etchings of its cathedral by A. H. Haig and Camille Fonce, and the lithograph by J. D. Harding, justify the inclusion. Similarly, Strasbourg, at the other end of the line, finds a place here. Hollar etched its cathedral; so did Haig and Octave de Rochebrune. Samuel Prout lithographed picturesque buildings there. And Goeneutte sketched the entrance to Mortefontaine, in Lorraine. Rheims Cathedral is here, of course, interior and exterior, in etchings by Haig, Henri Toussaint, Vincent Randolph and George T. Plowman. There is another cathedral building, the famous Notre Dame of Paris. It is the only landmark of Paris appearing in the present show, for while bombardment for a while brought the city within the dangers of war, her etched glories might well claim an entire exhibition. Such a one was indeed held by the Library's prints division when it was still in the old Lenox Library building. So then Notre Dame alone was selected on the present occasion, but it appears here as seen by a number of artists—Callot, F. T. Simon, Haig, Toussaint, Rochebrune, Lalanne, Plowman, E. L. Warner, and, of course Charles Meryon, whose beautiful *Inside* stands unrivalled.

With that we have come to what, next to the subject of the prints (as to which no pretension to completeness is made here), forms the interest of this exhibition. That is, the illustration of such national and individual differences in point of view and expression as form the very essence of art. And the illustration, furthermore, of the adaptation of personal style to the medium in hand in such manner as to exemplify the eternal law of appropriateness. The presentation of such basic principles and characteristics, in

properly chosen examples, is, after all, the aim and object of print shows of this nature and extent.

THE Department of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, announces four exhibitions opening Thursday, November 21. An exhibition of the private collection owned by Mr. Herbert Du Puy of Pittsburgh, a group of etchings and drawings by M. A. J. Bauer, thirty paintings in oil by Henry Salem Hubbell, and the Ninth Annual Exhibition of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh.

THE METROPOLITAN PURCHASE

(See page xlii.)

THE importance of the purchase by the Metropolitan of such consummate art as the thirteenth-century French Gothic statue of the *Virgin and Child* cannot be overestimated, nor could the moment have been better selected seeing that the money obtained by sales of French art goes to Rheims, Verdun, Château-Thierry and other stricken regions whence these treasures have been derived. It is to be hoped that other museums and collections may profit by the example so as to become enriched by specimens of the golden age of sculpture—an age that will never return. The ideals and spirit that invested the cathedral builders have departed and if we are ever to have a great art once more it can have but little relation with an art so replete with abstract beauty and reverence expressed in a manner so unsophisticated. The figure is life-sized in stone and contains traces of polychrome adornment, is extremely graceful, beautiful in design, and the face wears that enigmatic smile only to be seen in statuary of this period. The beholder must regard this precious statue as though it were in a niche or portal of some cathedral and not in a New York museum. Like the Sufi, one must be able to detach one's mind, thus creating the right atmosphere in order to enjoy great art.

THE Ninth Annual Exhibition of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh included 146 paintings by local painters. The honours were awarded to *Louise* by Malcolm S. Parcell, *Ilydrangeas* by Elizabeth L. Rothwell, and *Isle of Springs from Westport* by Charles J. Taylor. Mr. Charles J. Taylor is also represented by a special group of his illustrations that have appeared in *Life*, *Judge*, *Harper's* and other publications.

BOOK REVIEWS

DECORATIVE TEXTILES. By George Leland Hunter. (J. P. Lippincott Co.) \$15.00.

SINCE the history of textiles is so intimately interwoven with the history of the world, the story of the decorative arts is a fascinating one, dealing as it does with the rise and fall of empires, with wars of aggression and the strife of oppression as well as the humble pursuits of peace. Hallowed by romance and knightly adventure and scarred, alas, by the corruption of courts and the degeneracy of potentates and kings, it forms a chronicle of all-absorbing interest.

Mr. Hunter's *Decorative Textiles* has just been published by the J. P. Lippincott Company, the subject becomes, as it is in truth, a veritable Arabian Nights' entertainment, carrying the reader by a series of vivid pen pictures through every phase of its development from the weaving of Coptic fabrics in Egypt down to those "made in America," which, incidentally, the author declares are destined eventually to hold a high place in the realm of modern decorative art.

The book, a large quarto volume, handsomely bound in indigo-blue linen, bearing upon the cover the title in gold and an interesting Renaissance damask design in red and gold, comprises twenty-one chapters covering a range of topics from damask to furniture trimming and is charmingly illustrated by 580 plates, twenty-seven of them in colour, which are the finest expression of the lithographer's art.

Written from the standpoint of one who is a master of technique as applied to decorative arts, the book is easily the most comprehensive ever put on the market. As a text-book it will be in great demand, while for reference or as a technical exposition of the subject it will, by its simple, direct appeal, find a large audience among lay folk who are eager for historic knowledge.

Mr. Hunter has not only covered his subject in a broad, general way from every possible angle but has succeeded in defining the interrelationship between the various phases of decorative art in a most instructive manner. The incentive supplied the textile industries throughout the ages by royal largess, the influence upon them of religion and religious beliefs, in particular those of Christian tradition, are a few of the interesting side-lights of this enchanting volume.

Book Reviews

In the preface Mr. Hunter explains that when he decided to publish his book on coverings for furniture and walls, including rugs and carpets, tapestries and embroideries, damasks, brocades and velvets, chintzes and cretonnes, drapery and furniture trimmings, the inevitable title seemed to be *Decorative Textiles*. Nor, said he, did the inclusion of wall-paper and illuminated leather render the title any less appropriate, because both rely for their success largely upon texture effects borrowed from textiles.

While holding fast to historic design, the writer has accentuated the importance of texture as being the most distinctive quality of textiles, a fact invariably overlooked by most writers on the subject, and yet it is one which might be said to be the crux of the whole situation. In the opening chapter, dealing with "those aristocrats of the shuttle—damasks, brocades and velvets," he avers that a summary of their virtues would involve the history of ornament in silk, a statement he verifies by chronological events.

He traces the history of China, Japan, Persia and the Byzantine-Roman Empires as they bear on the origin of the silk industry, which an ancient Chinese legend credits to Si-ling-li, wife of the great Prince Hoang-ti, who, for weaving beautiful cloths from silk she herself spun, was christened the Goddess of Silk.

The development of lace the writer attributes to Italy, just as entirely as the development of picture tapestry is laid to the honour of the French Netherlands and that of Gothic architecture and stained-glass windows to France. This subject receives particularly interesting treatment, illustrated with many striking types of Italian, Flemish and French laces.

Under the head of embroideries the writer covers those of Byzantine-Roman origin, Sicilian, English, Flemish, Florentine, American, East-Indian and Chinese, with specific illustrations of each type, from the ancient textiles of Babylon and Assyria down to the hand-decorated reindeer clothing of the Laplanders. As the most extraordinary example of ancient embroidery, the set of vestments and altar-hangings associated with the Order of the Golden Fleece is depicted, as also is the dalmatic of Charlemagne, now in the Sacristy of St. Peter's at Rome. The garments are said to have been worn by Charlemagne when, vested as deacon, he sang the Gospel at high mass on the day the Pope crowned him

Emperor. The Bayeux tapestry, done in petit point, one of the best known embroideries of the world, is also illustrated.

Rugs and carpets afford another opportunity for the writer's facile pen, involving as they do all the mystery of the Orient. Five chapters are devoted to the subject, which includes a consideration of hand-made Spanish, English, Axminster, Savonnerie, American and Arbusson specimens, with one chapter covering the European and American hand-made varieties. Embroidered rugs, from those of the Spanish Renaissance down to the humble rag carpet of the American Colonial housewife, are given due consideration, with special pages given to Chinese and Bokhara, Caucasian and Turkish rugs plentifully illustrated.

Gothic tapestries, so rich in historic suggestion and charm of design, are extensively treated, and in this connection the famous Beauvois or "peace" tapestry is described and pictured. The latter has a special significance to the world just now, since it was presented to the Cathedral of Beauvois in 1460 by the then Bishop of Beauvois, Guillaume de Hellande, in honour of peace. The word "paix" appears many times on the whole set and is expressive of the Bishop's joy at the termination of the 100 years' war.

To the development of tapestries in America, Mr. Hunter devotes considerable space expressing his belief that the field is one likely to be productive of big things in the future. He concludes the subject with the prophecy, "I believe the time has come for a rebirth of tapestry . . . in America on a scale equal to that of the Renaissance, provided only that we shun passionately the errors due to ignorance and inexperience."

FAMOUS PICTURES OF REAL ANIMALS. By Lorinda Bryant. (John Lane Company.) \$1.50.

Mrs. Bryant has added one more little volume to her series of art books for the people. That there is need for such books, the popularity of preceding volumes by this author testifies to the full. Considering that the best painting and sculpture of animals has been executed in England during the last half century and some of the most brilliant achievements in the last two decades, one misses mention, excepting an indifferent example of Sorolla, of contemporary works. Even then does the author imagine that in the field of the creation of works of art in which the depicting of animals plays chief part, that there



Purchased from the Exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum by Wm. S. Stimmel, Esq., Pittsburgh

EMERALD

BY BORIS ANISFELD

exist any greater or finer examples than, for instance, the *Physical Energy* of G. F. Watts; the *Athlete Struggling with a Python*, by Sir F. Leighton; *The Scapegoat*, by Holman Hunt. Are not all animals "real" whether the depiction of them be of archaic, primitive, imaginative, decorative or realist order of conception? Why no mention of John M. Swan, R.A., Rosa Bonheur, Calderon and the Dicksees? Then when mentioning Barye we look for Fremiet. We have mentioned some defects but in spite of them the book is interesting and educational without being critical or abstruse. It is in short a handy manual of information on the subject and is profusely illustrated.

I N THE GALLERIES

SOME excellent shows have been staged in the past month though it is not till after Christmas that the dealers as a rule put forth their greatest efforts. Many of the galleries are in a state of quiescence or are showing stock pictures only. The Winter Academy, soon

to open, marks the true commencement of the art season in New York. The Boris Anisfeld exhibition, so ably written up by Louis Weinberg in our November issue, fully justified expectations, attracting large audiences and business as well. The picture *Emerald*, here reproduced, was acquired by Mr. William S. Stimmel of Pittsburgh, a collector who specialises in modern international art. It was regrettable that before the Boris Anisfeld exhibition commenced at the Brooklyn Museum, a certain lady undertook to put a damper on proceedings which led to some very diverting correspondence in the *American Art News* and will, we trust, serve as a warning to people in responsible positions against constituting themselves dictators in art by assuming that only such exhibitions may tour the country as have the good fortune to merit their individual approval. This, too, in a democratic country!

Several exhibitions of interest that are not recorded here will be noticed in the Christmas number; for instance, the wonderful Persian art exhibition at the Ehrich Galleries, the modern pictures by Stella, Walkowitz and others at the

In the Galleries

Bourgeois Galleries, modern American pictures at the Macbeth and Montross Galleries, the Demuth water-colours which made the Daniel Galleries so attractive, besides sculpture by Marie Apel and by Gerome Brush.

If any doubt ever existed in the minds of those who were directing the war activities of the various professions that the artists of Philadelphia would perform their part, that doubt has been absolutely dispelled in the light of subsequent events. Not only have they been doing essential work in the way of camouflage, range-finding pictures for use in instruction camps, designation charts, food-saving, recruiting and Liberty Loan posters, but they gave very valuable aid to the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign in Philadelphia by painting the portraits of the subscribers to that Loan in studios of a Quartier Latin created for their use on the roof garden of the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. Subscriptions amounting to two millions of dollars were secured. Most of the leading portrait-painters, moved by pure patriotism, have contributed their work gratis to the cause, among them: Leopold Seyffert,

H. R. Rittenberg, Albert Rosenthal, Lazar Radlitz, Robert Susan, Cesare Ricciardi, Benedict A. Osnis, F. Walter Taylor, Violet Oakley, Alice K. Stoddart, Joseph Sacks and Josephine Streetfeild, who have painted portraits of subscribers to bonds of \$10,000 and less. Julian Story, H. H. Breckenridge, Leopold Seyffert and Adolphe Borie are to execute finished portraits in their permanent studios of subscribers to bonds of \$100,000. Finished already are portraits of Lieut.-Colonel Caner, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Caner, Mr. W. W. Curtin, Mr. Percy Chandler, Dr. George Stout, Mr. Samuel D. Lit, Mrs. John B. Thayer, Jr., Miss Eleanor T. Chandler.

The Art Institute of Chicago has offered a distinguished compliment to the teaching fraternity in inviting Dr. James P. Haney, director of art in high schools in New York City, to give the next course of lectures under the Scammon Foundation. The Institute indicates the keen interest which industrial art is eliciting at the present time by inviting Dr. Haney to speak on this topic. Six lectures will be given and these will subsequently be published in the volume by the Institute.



Exhibited at the Gallery-on-the-Moor, Gloucester, Mass.
GLOUCESTER

BY EBEN F. COMINS



A PORTRAIT STUDY

BY FRED. W. ALLEN

The Scammon Foundation is perhaps the most noted art-lecture foundation in the country. It was founded by Mrs. Maria Sheldon Scammon and since its establishment in 1903 has had as speakers the foremost painters, sculptors and architects of America, including John LaFarge, Edwin H. Blashfield, John W. Alexander, Lorado Taft and Ralph Adams Cram.

The Associated Artists of Pittsburgh opened their ninth annual exhibition at the Carnegie Galleries on Nov. 22nd, to continue for a period of one month. The exhibition maintains the high standard of excellence the painters of this city have set up for themselves. A feature of national importance is the one-man show, comprising a collection of drawings by Charles J. Taylor, the widely known C. J. T.

The *Hermes*, by F. W. Allen, was designed and made for a niche fountain at the end of a long hallway. Three rams' heads spout tiny streams of water into a black marble basin. The delicate tracery of the twined serpents and the wings of the head-piece form a pleasing contrast to the simple solid masses of the figure. This kind of treatment was especially good as the whole piece counts more as a silhouette than anything else, on account of the dark bronze coming against a light marble background.

The late Mrs. Saunders was, as Elizabeth M. Hallowell, for several years instructor of illustration in the Pennsylvania School of Industrial Art, Philadelphia. A charcoal sketch of a fountain at St. Barbara was reproduced in our last number.



HERMES

BY FRED. W. ALLEN



"JOHNEEN, SON OF MR. AND MRS.
JOHN NOBLE." FROM THE OIL PAINTING
BY E. REGINALD FRAMPTON. R O I

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JANUARY, 1919

THE BRITISH OFFICIAL ARTIST IN WAR-TIME BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

WITHIN a very few days some 240 paintings, showing the scope of Great Britain's spirit and achievement in times of stress, will be on public view at the Corcoran Galleries, Washington, whence they will visit different centres, including of course New York. Mr. Raymond Wyer, Director of Worcester Art Museum, is responsible for the circuit which is under his guidance and control. His enthusiasm which has made this possible would, however, have been unavailing had it not been for the patriotism and enterprise of the trustees of the Museum, who have been eager to support the idea, and in this connexion is clearly evinced the importance of the Worcester Museum, which was first considered by the British authorities when they decided to send this exhibition across the ocean.

There is no intention on our part to offer a critical paper upon British war art, more especially as the exhibition in question has not yet been seen by the public, but rather to give a few explanatory notes relieved by quotations from the catalogue which contains a foreword by Mr. Wyer and an introduction by Dr. Christian Brinton. And in speaking of the catalogue it may be added that something of a lasting character and of intrinsic merit has been accomplished by Dr. Brinton, who felt that the occasion required an unusual catalogue worthy to find place upon the bookshelf and attractive enough to sell readily, for every dollar realised will be turned over to charity.

It cannot be claimed that militarism has produced a new art, but the unusual conditions prevailing in the many countries affected, and the novel features of conflict so utterly different

from past experience have completely reversed all precedent and have thus conjured up new forms of life to which the artist could only respond with what appears to be a new form of art; in a word, art has had to follow new channels. In England for the first time the Government turned to the artist to supply an artistic exposition of what Great Britain has done during the great period of conflict, and care was bestowed upon the allotment to each phase of the war of that artist who seemed in every sense best qualified to interpret it.

Art is never new, but undoubtedly it receives impulses from life which force it into unwanted forms of expression. Heretofore war has been depicted in a more or less impersonal manner and the results have been lacking in spontaneity and sincerity. Yet with the British exhibition of war pictures the public will be confronted with an amazing mass of graphic documents of a kind and quality never approached before for the reason that the great emotion which produced these pictures has been evoked by a common danger menacing civilization and the very existence of nations. Previous battles of recent times, since artists visited the firing lines, have been reported in the same spirit as might attach to the spectacle of fireworks at the Crystal Palace or a game of polo at Hurlingham. Here, however, Great Britain stood with her back to the wall fighting for very life and grimly conscious of a possible defeat as disastrous as the threat of Spain in the days of the Armada.

The best artists were officially delegated to the task of showing the world what part Great Britain had played in this immense drama, and it is interesting to note the care with which the different trends of thought and expression amongst the leading artists have been drawn upon so that each phase of the past four years of conflict might

be entrusted to that artist most capable of giving it the truest impress. Academicians and radicals have been impartially selected, and in regarding the work of those newcomers in the field of art who see rather through the eye than with it, one cannot help realising how successful the selections have been. To the ultra-moderns who are patiently biding their time, this awakening to their methods will assuredly be a comforting and significant sign. When officially invited to join in such an enterprise as this, they can no longer be regarded as voices in the wilderness, especially as the importance of their contributions has so fully justified their appearance in canvases which more conservative painting could never have accomplished.

But let us quote Dr. Brinton:

"While there is scarcely a nation represented in the great conflict of nations that did not in some manner employ the fundamentals of colour concealment and protective mimicry, it must not be assumed that this is the only artistic innovation directly traceable to the war. Fresh ground has been broken along several different lines and sundry precedents have been overturned. The most significant departure would, however, seem to lie not in the adaptation of artists and art formulae to the rigorous exigencies of war, but in the recognition accorded the artist as the true historian, the veritable interpreter, of war in all its visible aspects.

"The immediate vogue and utility of the British recruiting posters designed by such master draughtsmen as Mr. Frank Brangwyn and Mr. G. Spencer Pryse afforded concrete proof to the Government of the value of art as a means of furthering the cause of war. In due course a number of men of the highest professional position, including Sir John Lavery, Sir William Orpen, Mr. George Clausen, Mr. Augustus John, Mr. Muirhead Bone, Mr. James McBey, were commissioned to devote their time and talents to war theme. Those physically fit went to the front, while those unable to withstand the rigours of active service remained at home to chronicle the not less essential story of Britain's industrial, naval or agricultural achievements."

Of how the artists acquitted themselves Mr. Wyer remarks:

"Despite the fact that war was the ordered subject of their canvases, they trusted to the assertiveness of the conditions to imprint upon

their art the appropriate direction and spirit. And instead of a narrowing of their vision, it has developed a still wider range, a broader technique, a still more profound knowledge of essentials, upon which their art has emerged superior to mere incidents of conflict, thus bequeathing to us both a new religion and a new philosophy." Noticeable also are his comments upon a national art and Governmental recognition: "Of great significance to artists and laymen of all countries who are interested in the development of a national art, is the fact that out of an issue so at variance with art as war, Governmental recognition has been accorded to the artists in the knowledge that their co-operation would be an educational and inspirational factor, and therefore of far-reaching benefit to all classes. It is perhaps the greatest tribute paid to art in modern times."

That the ultra-modern persuasionists may take heart of grace is proved by the action of the Government which called upon conservative and radical painters alike. In the words of Dr. Brinton: "One might readily have predicted that R. A.'s and A. R. A.'s would be assured of generous representation. That the list of official British war artists should, however, include the names of various painters of manifestly advanced persuasion—Cubists, Futurists, Vorticists and the like—will come as something of a surprise to the Transatlantic public."

And finally, to quote Mr. Wyer, "Artists of all schools have been admitted, yet the varying expressions include little that is mediocre—every point of view is distinguished, from the artist who paints the conventional composition in a subjective way, and the one who treats objectively but with more virility an incident in or a section of some military operation, to the ultra-modernist who expresses himself powerfully in abstractions and volume, ignoring entirely the more obvious evidences of warfare. And especially in connection with this last attitude it may confidentially be asserted that the modern desire to probe into the essentials, the why and the wherefore, spiritual conditions, in fact, rather than objective truths, has rendered it possible to record the war in terms of art only possible where the significance is paramount."

Much credit is due to the British Bureau of Information and to Mr. Walter Monroe Grant, Manager, Department of Exhibitions, for his assistance in securing the collection for America.



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FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG,
K.T., G.C.B., G.C.V.O., K.C.I.E., A.D.C.
BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN



A BRITISH AIRMAN:
LIEUT. A. P. F. PHYS DAVIDS, D.S.O., M.C.
BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN



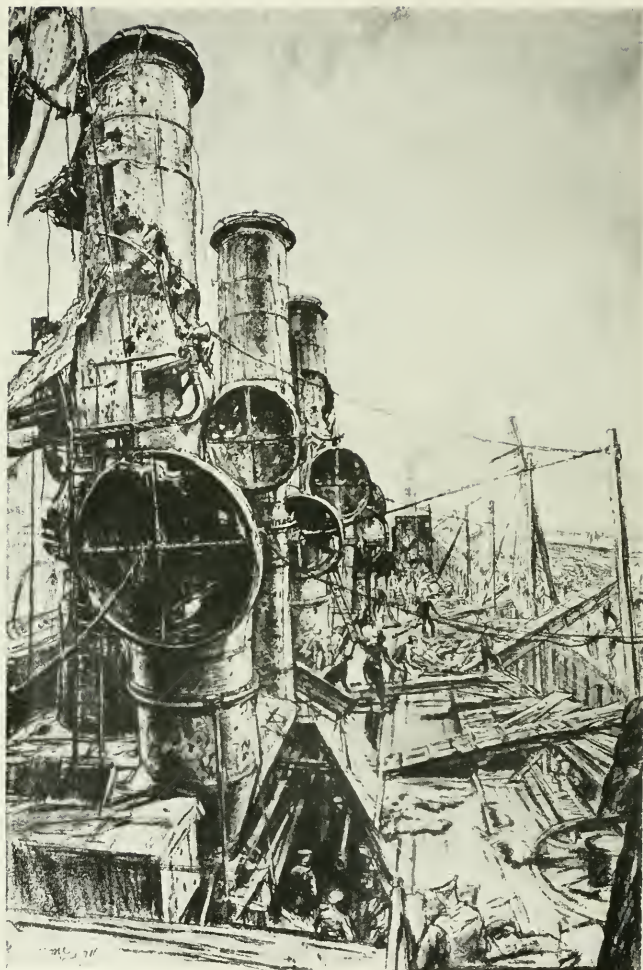
MARSHAL FOCH
BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN



GERMAN GUNNER'S SHELTER
BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN



A GRENADIER GUARDSMAN
BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN



H. M. S. VINDICTIVE AFTER ZEEBRUGGE
BY MUIRHEAD BONE



THE GUN
BY FRANK BRANGWYN



NIGHTFALL, ZILLEBEEKE

BY PAUL NASH



THE ATTACK

BY WYNDHAM LEWIS



BRITISH ARTILLERY LEAVING RAILHEAD, 1914

BY G. SPENCER PRYSE



THE TANK

BY MUIRHEAD BONE



FRENCH TROOPS, DAWN, 1914
BY C. R. W. NEVINSON



FLANDERS FROM THE CLOUDS
BY C. R. W. NEVINSON



DEAD GERMANS IN A TRENCH
BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN



SPRING IN THE TRENCHES
BY PAUL NASH



THE FIELD OF PASSIHENDAELE

BY PAUL NASH



DISCHARGING FLOUR, PORT OF LONDON

BY JOHN EVERETT



SOUTH CALIFORNIA COAST

BY GARDNER SYMONS

THE NEW YORK ACADEMY, 1918
BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

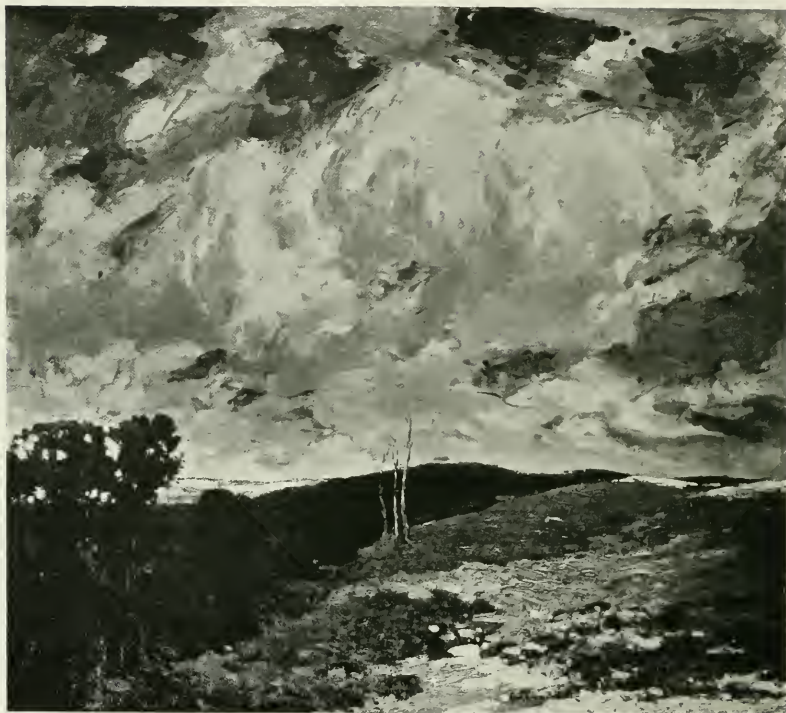
IN looking around and about the four galleries that constitute the active space of the Academy, one finds it difficult to penetrate the reasons which prompt so many people to besprinkle this time-honoured institution with condescending contumely and inexpensive sneers. One art critic, for instance, who enjoys a certain *flair* for studied eccentricity in art judgment and the phrasing of his opinions, dismisses the show with the brief announcement that he cannot busy himself with "platitudes." Another writer and critic when asked the usual question as to the quality of this year's exhibition replies with unnecessary warmth that he wouldn't attend it for a king's ransom. Such instances might be multiplied.

The Academy, having endured petty opposition for nearly a century and being still the official tribunal of art in America, can afford to disregard these little petulant outbreaks and to continue

its serene and complacent course. That a large leaven of mediocrity will always maintain position in sheltered corners and choice locations, goes without saying. Also a large number of bad pictures, picturesquely recognised as "lemons" by the profession, will continue to engage attention with bi-annual persistence, but even with these undeniable drawbacks an exhibition may be attractive if it includes a sufficient number of really good canvases, which this one most assuredly does. There are quite fifty pictures that are first class in every way and a privilege to behold.

The fact must not be overlooked that the best work of the year is mostly seen first at the Academy, whence it gradually filters through the different museums of the country. It is worth while to hunt the good pictures. A true sportsman would not enjoy his sport if he knew beforehand the size and quality of his bag, and found all the animals sitting on their haunches within easy range awaiting his pleasure.

Varnishing day, with the usual free-and-easy reception, unmarked by "cakes and ale" but



OCTOBER

BY GEORGE ELMER BROWNE

softened by a small string band, occurred on December 10th. Vanishing day is set for January 12th. Complaints are fairly general and in our opinion justified in regard to the hanging, which has not been happily inspired. Placing small pictures underneath important works is in some cases little short of disastrous.

A picture and a statue are amongst the first impressions imbibed. The eye unconsciously seeks the honour spot in the Vanderbilt Gallery where Childe Hassam's glorious effort demands fullest admiration for its golden hue and perfect unity, and the charming marble girl figure of Evelyn Longman, which welcomes the entrant so pleasantly combines with the painting of Hassam to give a feeling of optimism that many other contributions help to sustain.

Portraits this year can hardly be said to offer much interest. As family records they are

doubtless of inestimable value to the small circle involved, but to make appeal to the public they need a great many qualities for which one looks in vain amongst those exhibited. Louis Betts shows a three-quarter portrait of his wife in profile, very impressionistic and bold with some splendid passages of colour applied with his wonted facility. W. T. Smedley's portrait of his son is very academic and correct but rather sweet. Lockman's portrait of Capt. Catesby Jones is somewhat of a silhouette but excellently rendered. Sidney E. Dickinson is well represented in *The Black Cape*, though the curry-powder flesh colour is unpleasant. For character and draughtsmanship the portrait is successful. A Japanese self-portrait in the Whistler manner is at least interesting as a good likeness and an unusual setting.

Dorothea Litzinger has a good flower piece in



LIBERATORS

BY F. LUIS MORA



WIND AND MIST

BY IRVING R. WILES



Awarded Julia A. Shaw Prize, Winter Exhibition
New York Academy, 1918

THE FUTURE

BY EVELYN LONGMAN

My Studio Window, much better than previous contributions. W. W. Gilchrist, Jr., has a nice little canvas entitled *In the Studio*, unfortunately hung to disadvantage. Anna Fisher has an excellent subject from much-painted Gloucester, and H. F. Waltman paints newly fallen snow with knowledge and taste. Leonard Ochtman's *October Morning* is an excellent example of him at his best. C. S. Chapman's *Dust of Battle* is somewhat illustrative and Turner-esque but good in tone and romantic enough to suit any taste. *The Kiltie* by Eben F. Comins is a fine piece of work which as a portrait would have been improved if the accessories had been lowered in value. A. W. Blondheim finds representation

and a prize in a three-figure composition plus the inevitable Provincetown bottle; it is a distinctly able canvas if somewhat suggestive of Hawthorne and Bohm. Frieske's *Girl in Blue* is a beautiful tonal picture of a girl stretched out on a sofa. Unfortunately the white stockinged feet peeping out from the encircling blue give the impression of being twisted.

Gardner Symons, the precursor of snow pictures in New York, has momentarily forsaken that phase of nature and shows a marine very forceful, direct and good in colour. Luis Mora's big picture *The Liberators* is clever and demonstrative of ideas and imagination. The composition is somewhat detached and the Christ is repellent. The cigarette smoke curling up beneath His face is a bit of unnecessary realism, omission of which would not have harmed the conception. It is possible to picture a fighter without a cigarette, especially in divine company. Jonas Lie has a fine painting in *The Winding River*, a snow picture of great merit. Redfield, too, is at his best. Olinsky exhibits an out-door scene. His two figures in sunlight are far better than his indoor compositions. Mary Foote has an excellent, very alive portrait of Master Paul Draper. A Rockport sketch by William B. Snell is full of luscious colour and sunlight on the rocks. *A Hunter* by E. L. Couse is a small canvas but quite a gem, better than many of his larger subjects that have attracted more attention. An unusually good three-figure composition, badly hung, stands to the credit of Frank H. Desch. It is entitled *The Window Seat* and is certainly one of the good contributions. Johansen is also unfortunate in having a good portrait skied, making head too small and hands too large. We are glad to see that Ruth Anderson in her promotion to Ruth Anderson Temple does not neglect her brushes. *The Beach* is a joyous sketch full of life and good colour, but a little weak in values. *The Massacre at Dinant* shows Bellows up as a great artist even though the picture "pulls every which way" and is decidedly grewsome in content. *Fiesta Day* by Victor Higgins is very close in value and splendidly decorative. Lights and reflections are well handled by A. W. Coffin in his picture of the *Central Park and Plaza by Night*. A good street scene is by Felicie Waldo Howell, though too full of facts. Leopold Seyffert is represented by a well-drawn nude, somewhat lifeless and posed stretched out lazily in front of a lacquer screen.



Awarded the Isidor Melal

DECORATION
BY ADOLPH W. BLONDHEIM



Awarded the Carnegie Prize, Winter Exhibition, New York Academy, 1918
WINTER RIGOUR

BY JOHN F. CARLSON

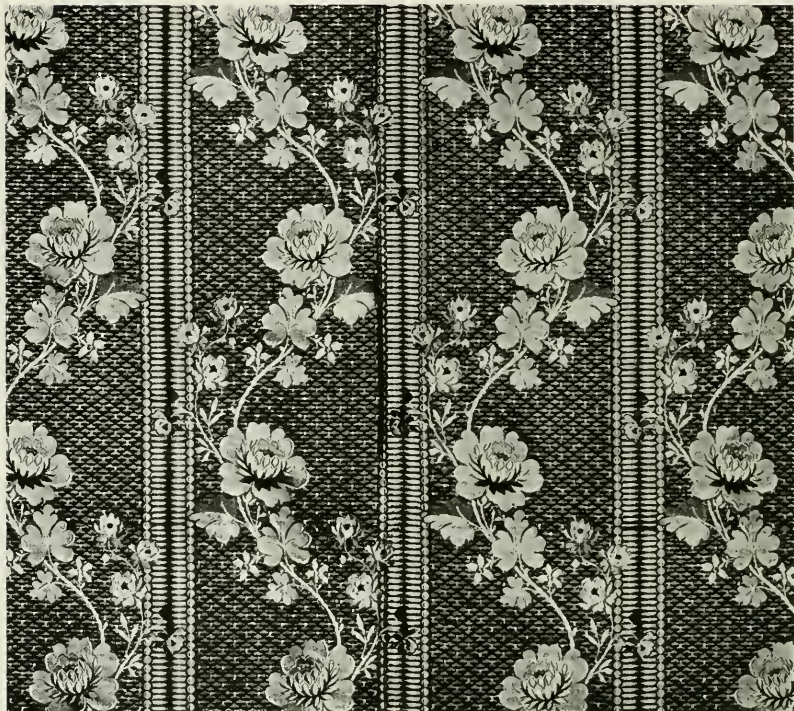
A division of the screen produces a black line in the very centre of the picture which meets the body of the girl and seems to bisect her. That might have been avoided. R. A. Graham chose the *Celebration of Peace* as his topic and has made a gay, impressive record of Fifth Avenue dominated by flags and crowds of happy people. Theresa Bernstein in her *Patriotic Parade* also handles crowds with her accustomed cleverness and originality. There is only one person she copies

and that is herself. A good portrait by Kroll of Leo Ornstein represents him at the piano with one hand raised in the act of dropping upon a note. It is an excellent conception even if a tiny bit tricky. A spring painting by Guy Wiggins is distinctly impressive and entertaining.

In sculpture, besides *The Future* already noticed, is a convincing portrait bust of Childe Hassam by Charles Grafty and a meritorious work by C. S. Paolo, a portrait of Cardinal O'Connell.



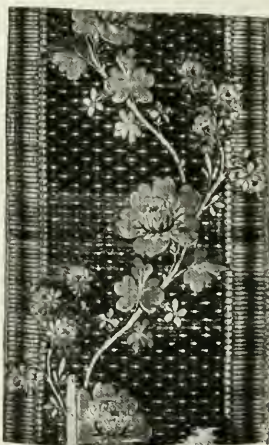
PLOUGHING
BY T. AUSTEN BROWN



REPRODUCTION OF MODEL BELOW

MADE IN AMER-
ICA
BY H. S. GIL-
LESPIE

At a time when the phrase "Made in America" is one to conjure with, it is interesting to note that the Cincinnati Museum is exhibiting as an important part of its textile display a collection of silks from the Cheney looms—pure American-made fabrics so marvelously wrought from ancient examples as to make it difficult for the connoisseur to distinguish between them and say which is the hand-woven web from some mediæval monas-



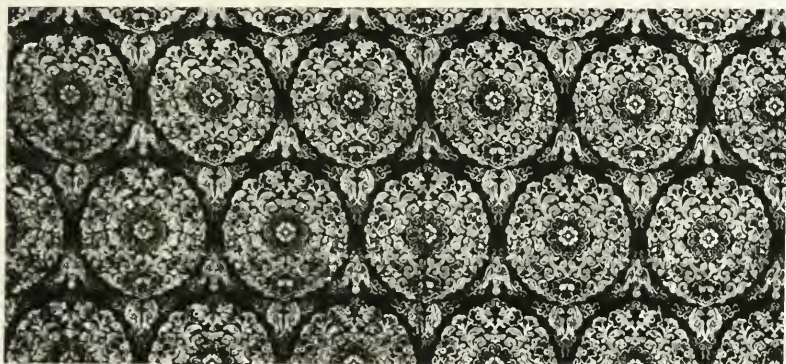
FRAGMENT OF FRENCH BROCADE
FROM LE PETIT TRIANON

tery and which the modern production, the fruit of the Jacquard loom.

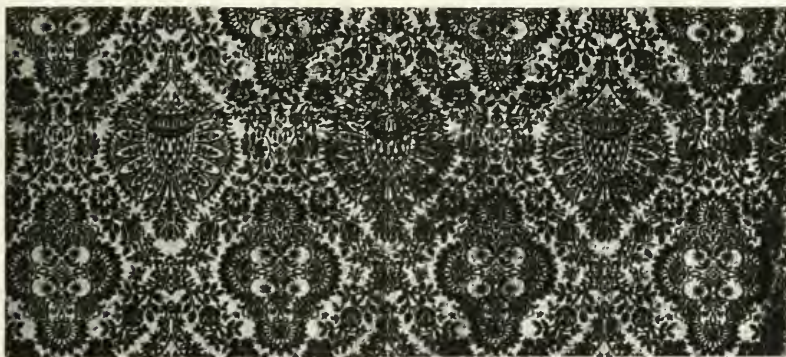
This gorgeous array of sumptuous stuffs consorting so harmoniously with the Old World textiles, in examples of which the Cincinnati Museum is so richly endowed, is intended to supplement the art and industrial education of its patrons. The Museum has emphasised this department also as an aid to those interested, not only in the purely mechanical processes of weaving but chiefly to show that character and design are of prime importance. Since, as it says, "one-half the world is occupied either in



REPRODUCTION OF A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ITALIAN BROCADE. ORIGINAL IN A GALLERY AT FLORENCE



REPRODUCTION OF CHINESE BROCADE, PERIOD OF CH'ÏEN LUNG (ABOUT 1740). ORIGINAL IN METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART



REPRODUCTION OF ANTIQUE CUT VELVET. ORIGINAL IN CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE. PROB. FROM AVIGNON, SIXTEENTH TO SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

weaving and its allied trades or in the distribution of the finished materials," the subject looms large as a matter of universal training.

The collection of American silks has attracted wide-spread attention, for, wearing the same gorgeous livery of the historic fragments from which their inspiration was drawn, they demonstrate in a peculiarly pointed fashion the remarkable strides that have been made in the past few years by the Jacquard looms, and their presence in the Museum collection constitutes a distinct triumph for the American manufacturers to whose skill and painstaking zeal their success is due.

To try and visualise the rare beauty of these exquisite woven fabrics is difficult, for certain examples—an old Viennese velvet, for instance—baffle description. The original fragment from which it was copied was once the vestment of a mediaeval ecclesiastic, and presents that rare shade of red that is neither a rose nor yet a cherry, but rather a glorified combination of the two, such as is only seen in a cope or chasuble, or mayhap in the time-worn upholstery of a chair from the Doge's Palace, such as has been handed down in a private collection.

The romance of silk gilds the history of the world, for it is a maker of history. Wherever the rich product of the loom appears both romance and history follow, and many of the brocades or other designs had their origin in events which shaped the lives of nations. China contributed such a wealth of tradition and fancy to the manufacture of silks that the elaborate brocade of the Chien Lung period shown among the American fabrics in the Museum holds especial interest. It depicts the symbolic "cycle of the lotus" design with the imperial phoenix, conventionalised, and other symbols of good omen mentioned in Buddhistical writings.

There is something very alluring as well as sad in the brocade copied from that in the boudoir of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette in the Petit Trianon. It has a soft pink background with scrolls and musical instruments in an equally delicate yellow. A delightful material for a similar wall-hanging shows a French design of the time of Louis XVI in old pink and white with a ribbon that catches up a bouquet of flowers in the symmetrical and gentle style of the period.

From Persia came the swan motif on a plum ground with silver cupids and a gold thread running through. One style was copied from the

robe of a Spanish grandee suggestive of castles in Spain and all the attendant romance. Another, an Italian brocade of the sixteenth century, probably of Milanese origin, shows the typical vase and flowers suggestive of the Italian Renaissance influence. An uncut velvet from Avignon is full of rich beauty.

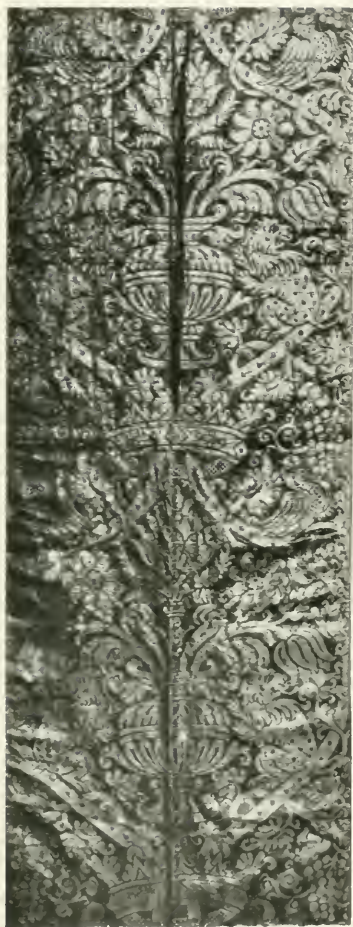
Then there are reproductions of famous Sicilian silks with their wealth of symbolic meaning from Byzantine as well as Saracen sources in which the jacinth, tulip, eglantine, pink and peach, the favourite flowers of the Mohammedan Persian patterns, figure so conspicuously. And lastly, there is a marvellous new creation of the Cheney looms in which the pineapple design figures prominently. The inspiration for the design came from a fragment of brocade brought "from an ancient château in sunny Provence," for although, as the manufacturers state, the pineapple design is Italian and some of the elaborations Hispano-Moresque, the combination is French and points directly to Provence.

In bringing back to life the many beautiful historical designs which have for the most part been preserved in Museum collections, the Cheney Brothers are not only exhibiting a fine patriotism in increasing American prestige in industrial fields, but they are conferring a benefit on the world as well in perpetuating the wealth of historic design to such a great extent lying fallow in our museums and private collections. The Cincinnati Museum itself is also deserving of the highest praise in the development of their textile department, and in their evident desire to give American products the benefit that they so richly deserve.

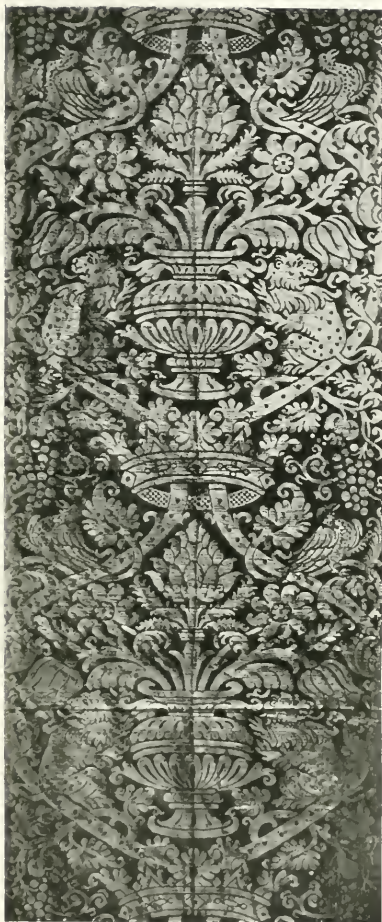
YALE

ANNOUNCEMENT is made at the Yale School of the Fine Arts that Assistant Professor Kingsley Porter, Lecturer on the History of Art, has been called to France by the French Government to act with the Commission des Monuments Historiques and is now on indefinite leave of absence from the University.

Assistant Professor Everett V. Meeks, head of the Department of Architecture in the Art School, has been appointed Assistant Director of Fine Arts to act in New York for the Army Overseas Educational Commission, acting in that capacity on those days of the week not spent in New Haven.



ANTIQUE ITALIAN BROCADE
SERVING AS MODEL



REPRODUCTION OF ANTIQUE ITALIAN BROCADE
OPPOSITE

C ONFESSIONS OF CARROLL BECKWITH

[A FIRST-PERSON article resulting from a conversation with Carroll Beckwith in 1910, by Harriet Washburn Stewart. The editor of THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO has seen letters from the lately deceased artist expressing entire approval of this "admirably and charmingly written" matter, also wishing it might be published after he had "gone on," when the public would be keener to know what had influenced his work.]

It is, indeed, a very real joy to have been born a painter. I can conceive of no other gift or heritage which carries with it so rich a measure of abiding satisfaction. And when one who has been touched, be it ever so lightly, by a live coal from the altar, takes his staff and scrip, and journeys away with light heart and eager spirit to explore the wonders of other lands, what wealth of development he gathers in those "wander years"—what inexhaustible inspiration to achievement!

The value of travel may not be measured by the curios the traveller brings back, nor by the strange stories of distant lands with which he may charm away the hours, nor even by the exact information which he may gather by the way. Rather the "wander years" open a new window in the chamber of life through which the world of beauty and of art is seen in wider prospect, and splendid cargoes of impressions are brought home which furnish inspiration for a lifetime.

In recalling the great examples of the various schools of art which have by their overmastering power influenced my own life-work, I find that I stand upon the threshold of an intimate revelation of myself. The vital influences which are sufficiently keen to find expression in the product of the man who has been dominated by them, are not to be carelessly cried aloud in the marketplace. The pictures whose silent messages have in a measure inspired my brush have not been those which catch the eye for the moment; my deepest, richest experiences in studying the masters have been marked by an instinctive avoidance of the famous paintings which are known to the world as those of general influence; nor are reproductions of these favourites of mine to be found upon the street corners. Indeed, not distinctive pictures,

but the individuality of distinctive painters, has left the strongest impression upon me, and no doubt more or less subconsciously determined the character of my own productions.

There is a picture in the *Stanze* which I still consider the finest example of all that gallery of glory contributed to art by Raphael. It is a mural decoration, *The Deliverance of Saint Peter*, and in splendour of design, in simplicity of composition, in perfection of drawn form, it is to my mind distinctly the greatest work of the master hand which created it. Next to it, and while still in the Vatican, there stands out sharply in the foreground of memory—I see it now in fancy—the ceiling of the *Sistine Chapel*, which has cast its magic spell upon me as it has upon thousands of others who have followed the profession of art through generations past, and as it will upon thousands yet to come.

These first are indelibly impressed upon my thought. Homage once rendered where it is due, my heart goes out to the work of the Venetian Renaissance. Tintoretto, Veronese, Tiepolo—since my boyhood student days, they have always been factors in my artistic growth. It has been my happiness to spend long, fruitful hours before their radiant canvases—in the Museum and the Ducal Palace at Venice. The walls of the Palazzo Labia, too, are glorified by Tiepolo's immortal *Antony and Cleopatra*, and there I copied, with what fidelity I might, its sumptuous elegance and marvellous detail. Tintoretto, although less often upon the smatterer's lips, has influenced me far more than Titian, with all his riot of colour and flesh. In the *Scuola San Rocco* there are movements of figures of such wonderful grandeur and poise that this one creation of Tintoretto's has, I think, never been equalled by any other painter.

His *Presentation of the Virgin* has always been to me a joy in art, the heroically moulded woman at the foot of the steps pointing out to the child beside her, the Madonna's luminous figure in the distance—in quality of colour and reflected light is comparable to few canvases in existence; she is the ideal of all that is splendid in Venetian art.

Like a precious jewel within its casket, the *Santa Barbara* of Palma Vecchio shines upon Venetian walls. How often have I made pilgrimages to the little Church of Santa Maria Formosa to sit, all unworthy, at her feet. When the afternoon sun filters through the window by the altar

Confessions of Carroll Beckwith

over which she hangs, she seems to live and breathe out her grand Venetian soul. Few artists of any school, perhaps none to me, have lent greater charm to their depictions of the Virgin than Bernardino Luini, and his name is always associated in my mind with the perfect type of the Holy Mother.

Velasquez and Van Dyck are the two men of later date whom I profoundly admire. I can never tire of the swing and poise of the seated figure in *The Spinners* in the Prado at Madrid. Only the brush of a Velasquez could evoke it! *The Lancers*, by the same master hand and in the same gallery; the young *Prince Balthazar* on horseback; more than one of the heads of *Philip IV.* (of which the Spanish master painted no less than sixty-two)—these are works that in colour effects as in technical achievement have won my lasting appreciation.

Many critics speak of Van Dyck as trivial and effeminate in his art. To me he was peculiarly gifted by God as no other artist has ever been. The marvellous output, the tremendous quantity of masterly works scattered throughout the museums of the world, have enchained my admiration for the man, as his conceptions—both in portraiture and in allegorical composition—have been one of the chief delights of my life. Were he known to America only by the *Stuart* of our Metropolitan Museum collection, that single work would have been enough to have crowned him with the laurels of an immortal. The same museum contains other paintings which are among my ideals of technical composition, notably Rembrandt's *Man with the Hat*, one of the gems of the Marquand collection, and Franz Hals' seated woman, smiling out at the spectator with the chain bracelets above her clasped hands.

The eighteenth century has left its inheritance for later generations of artists to mark, to wonder at, and to build upon. For myself, Gainsborough, Lawrence and Reynolds have spoken insistently to me by their marvels of accomplishment. Watteau's *Fête Champêtre* possesses all the alluring charm and grace which can be conceived of by the most vivid imagination. Certain of the Fragonards, also, not only in colour but in drawing, *en pâte*, are amazing examples of dexterity whose influence must be felt by any thoughtful artist. Baudry, in portraiture as in decoration, haunts the memory and impresses my own work. The generosity of Mr. William

K. Vanderbilt has made it possible for our New Theatre to possess for the ceiling of its *foyer* a very beautiful example in Baudry's happiest vein.

Among the modern Frenchmen, none has painted more ably nor impressed his distinctive individuality more forcibly upon my own manner than Carolus Duran, the master under whom I studied. His method of handling pigment I know has been excelled by no other modern artist—it was indeed *la belle peinture*. Nor must I forget that from Constable's canvases, more especially in the little landscape known as *The Cottage*, which hangs upon the walls of the Louvre, I have drawn many an hour of inspiration. Years ago, in my student days at the Beaux Arts, I made a careful water-colour copy of *The Cottage* which I still cherish among my choicest treasures. Constable's landscapes have meant much to me, and, wherever I have found them, it has always seemed as if the man himself spoke to me through his art.

As I reflect upon the surpassing genius which has expressed itself through the centuries by means of brush and colours, and as I review the keen sensations—sometimes of the deepest fascination, sometimes well nigh akin to repulsion—which it has awakened in me, my mind always reverts to the men themselves who have possessed for me an overpowering charm.

Let me review them briefly, this illustrious list: Phidias, Michelangelo, Tintoretto, Veronese, some of the Raphaels, Giorgione, Franz Hals, Van Dyck, Ingres, Delacroix, Couture, Baudry, a Fragonard or two, my own master, Carolus, and my wonderfully gifted schoolfellow, John Sargent. These are a few of the victors toward whom my heart expands in homage. I may be criticised for not including in this "Roll of Honour" many pictures and painters that loom large upon the artistic horizon, but I am speaking of the art which *I love*, the painting which has thrilled and inspired *me* to higher endeavour, and which has sent me to my studio with the joyous desire to paint well for the love of my divine mistress. So I have studied these men whom I name, not to build myself in slavish imitation upon them, but to drink deep from their fountains of beauty and perfect workmanship that I, too, may perhaps be permitted some day to join the ranks of those ideal painters who

each in his separate star,
Shall paint the thing as he sees it,
For the God of things as they are.



SPRING IN THE VALLEY OF ROUSSEAU, FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU

BY PIETER VAN VEEN

I N THE GALLERIES

No brain could conceive any programme of reparation and restitution that would commence to represent complete atonement on the part of Germany for her dastardly assaults upon humanity in the past four years. Amongst the many suggestions by writers and speakers who are busy mapping out the price the Hun must pay, one more might be added which has already been put forward, but not exactly in this manner. It is related to art.

Not content with destroying ancient monuments of transcendental beauty which can never be replaced, the uncouth German has employed all his leisure time when not fighting in laying foul hands upon everything removable, and, though not overlooking such trifles as widows' beads and bedsteads, has been more concerned with pictures and bronzes as likely to yield better profits when peaceful days shall once more have descended upon the "dear fatherland." Now that

the curtain has dropped upon the drama entitled "Der Tag" in a manner quite unforeseen by the military playwrights, and since the Allies are at this moment holding a picnic of their own in this same dear fatherland, why should not *all* works of art be requisitioned and restored to their respective countries? Thus Italy and France would welcome back not alone treasures robbed in this war but very many treasures dating from previous wars. Art objects belonging to neutral countries that avoided the perils of conflict might be divided amongst those who bore the brunt of battle. Stripping Germany of its art could hardly be deemed a great punishment, for it will take many generations to purge the people of that poison in their blood which must be consumed before art can enter into their lives.

So-called German art might be spared, especially as it is not wanted elsewhere, or could be relegated into souvenirs to be distributed amongst men and women in allied countries who have

APE.



In the Collection of A. F. Gallatin, Esq., New York

CARICATURE OF WHISTLER BY "APE"

kissed the Kaiser's portrait and aided his cause with discretion during these trying years.

As to paintings and marbles in private hands that could prove honorable ownership undue to this or previous wars, special arrangements could be made by which the German Government could be made responsible for compensation. But let Germany be stripped bare of her foreign art and let her, if she chooses, use efficiency to produce an art of her own undisturbed by outside influences.

Of sculptors from England who have stayed awhile over here, one of the most talented is Marie Apel, who has established herself in Washington Square. A pupil of Albert Toft, and with additional training in Munich to add to a considerable period of study in London, Marie Apel entered the American field of sculpture well equipped technically. One of her earliest pieces executed here was a small nude figure of the then "Astor baby," John Jacob Astor, Jr., whose father went down with the *Titanic*.

Shortly after America entered the war Marie Apel decided to augment her contributions to the cause, by doing portrait busts of men in the service for a nominal sum. Her generous offer was well received, and the results have been happily satisfying from all points of view. She has produced some admirable heads of soldiers, sailors and airmen. She is a veritable eclectic; indeed, she is one of the original number of the exhibiting group bearing the name "Eclectics," combining characteristics of various schools with a vein of modernistic feeling. Her head of the aviator William Beebe, scientist and author, is a good example of her ability to seize character quickly, to grasp salient traits of personality and present them simply. Marie Apel's feminine portraiture has distinct grace and charm—the head of Brunowa of the Russian dancers is a thoroughly beautiful bust, freely handled, piquant and characterful.

The full-sized bust of Felix de Thiele, reproduced in a recent number of the *STUDIO*, is a strong piece of characterisation. Marie Apel has done a number of charming portraits of children, including those of the son and daughter of Dr. Martin Collins, the two sons of Mrs. Ethel Clyde, and the infant daughter of Henry W. Geiger, the well-known composer, and several fountain and allegorical figures stand to her credit.



THE CHRISTINA NILSSON MEDAL: OBTVERSE

Through the courtesy of Mr. Julius de Lagerberg we have received the Christina Nilsson medal which was struck by Erik Lindberg, his father Adolf having unfortunately died. It is reproduced here and shows the Countess de Casa Miranda, known over the globe as Christina Nilsson, when she was considerably younger than she is today. The medal is well designed both in obverse and reverse. It is on view at the American Numismatic Society.

Intimate paintings by first-class American artists at the Macbeth Galleries formed a happy sequel to their Xmas exhibition held in the same spirit. Small in size but big in quality was the keynote of the pictures shown.



THE CHRISTINA NILSSON MEDAL: REVERSE



"INTERIOR: SUMMER MORNING"
FROM THE OIL PAINTING BY
L. CAMPBELL TAYLOR.

From the collection of the artist's family

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FEBRUARY, 1919

THE
HERESA F. BERNSTEIN
BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

THERE is an unfortunate tendency on the part of unnumbered artists to achieve a popular picture, and having discovered its rich commercial possibilities to paint variants of the theme at short intervals until the attraction, *i.e.* salability, declines and they are forced to tap a new vein. Owing to this nefarious practise the tag or label is gradually attached to

certain artists in such manner that they grow accustomed to the part assigned to them by the dealer or public, or both, and unconsciously acquiesce in the unwritten law which necessitates their exhibiting a certain stamp of picture, and woe betide them if they deviate one jot or tittle from prescribed standards. This is fettered art with a vengeance and we must expect to encounter it as long as the artist is a dependent factor in the making of a market.

There are, however, anarchs in art as in other



SUN, SAND AND SEA

BY THERESA F. BERNSTEIN

professions, for which may the Lord make us truly thankful. Just at present there are several artists who, whatever their private means may be, are entirely independent, and permit no considerations to step in and dictate to them what they shall paint and how they shall paint. Whether the academies bestow smiles or frowns, whether the public giggles or adulates, they paint because their particular Daimon guides their brain and hand. For some years we have watched with increasing interest the up-hill struggle of Theresa

a lonely furrow, painting her own quaint conceptions gathered from the life around her, meeting acceptance or rejection of her inspired work with perfect equanimity and an optimistic faith in the future. The juries that condemned her pictures or else skied them, which is only a minor form of condemnation, were not to blame, for, in spite of the talent revealed, there were obvious reasons for adverse criticism—poor draughtsmanship, constructive errors and a very low colour key in which the tones were often inclined to be muddy.



Winner of the Agar Prize, National Association Women Painters and Sculptors, exhibited National Arts Club
IN THE ELEVATED

BY THERESA F. BERNSTEIN

Bernstein, who from the start of her career practised a wayward and capricious art, with little likelihood of captivating crowds or pleasing more than a few observers who were able to discern the promise contained in her uncompromising offerings. Canvases tentatively offered to the scrutiny of juries a very few years ago were forthwith rejected, or occasionally found their way to the walls when there chanced to be a hole to be concealed, some unenviable corner, or a few feet of space to be decorated above a doorway. Nothing daunted, this ambitious girl—she is little more than a girl to-day—continued to plough

This was an excellent period of preparation, and steady improvement was discernible in many directions. Four years ago Mr. John Lane, happening to be in Chicago during an exhibition at the Art Institute, saw a small landscape brushed in with such assurance and virility, so entirely opposed to the suave and meaningless message of its neighbours, that he made immediate inquiry as to who the artist was and added it promptly to his collection in England. And Mr. Lane knows a good picture when he sees one. Out of uncertain beginnings is developing an artist to-day with an established position amongst



THE MUSIC LOVERS

BY THERESA F. BERNSTEIN



PROMENADE—A SKETCH

BY THERESA F. BERNSTEIN

her competitors, a woman painter who paints like a man and whose pictures have ceased to adorn altitudes in galleries to which the eye unwillingly strains.

Theresa Bernstein turns to crowds for her inspirations. The movement of a crowd, the swaying of dark masses of humanity against a blaze of light where the silhouette makes interesting pattern, is a favorite subject, but not for repetition, each picture is like the potter's design where the mould is broken and a new model invoked. Just as Rembrandt turned to the Judengasse in Amsterdam for his types, Theresa Bernstein haunts democratic parks, unfashionable chapels, the five-cent subway or any place where Demos betrays gesture of body. The aristocrat who reveals his passion by a mere flutter of the eyelid has little to offer the artist, who must perforce go to the people, for they express more with their bodies than with their faces.

When it comes to depicting a crowd there can be only two methods of approach, that by synthesis and that by impressionism. Miss Bernstein inclines to the former method, as many of the heads are characterized in a manner suggestive

of types. The impressionist cannot with a *coup d'œil* detect any faces or individual forms, but must seek universal pattern and movement of sufficiently convincing quality so as to suggest all the hidden elements of the scene. When therefore the artist, abandoning this general envelope of colour which signalizes a crowd, specializes in types, a synthetic principle is at once evolved, and the success of the picture then depends upon the interest aroused by the several types portrayed. Keen and searching analysis is their requisite, such as we see in a picture, for instance, by that great satirist, Guy Pène du Bois, who, however, avoids crowds and usually bestows his unquestionable talent upon two or mostly three personages. Horace, with his *odi profanum vulgus*, finds no reincarnation in Theresa Bernstein. She and the crowd are one. Military camps, golf courses, polo meets, theatre lobbies and Fifth Avenue processions bring grist to her mill.

To most artists, excepting George Luks in his splendid rendering of the Blue Devils marching along Fifth Avenue, the usual procedure is to make capital out of the build-



THE HARBOUR, GLOUCESTER, MASS.—A SKETCH

BY THERESA F. BERNSTEIN



THE POLISH CHURCH, EASTER MORNING
BY THERESA F. BERNSTEIN



A SUFFRAGE MEETING

BY THERESA F. BERNSTEIN

ings with their balconies, awnings and floating array of flags and standards. To Theresa Bernstein humanity is the leading actor; all else is chorus.

Incidentally Gloucester has attracted her brush and has been seen in a big and spirited way—contours of hill and harbour, dramatic lighting of sky and water, always the dark mass in contrast with a strongly lighted area. Picturesque bits such as rotting piers, quaint wharves, fishing boats and the like, make vain appeal. Whilst the 101 men and women laden with their implements of art are daily recording the things which have made Gloucester famous, Theresa Bernstein is strolling about idling for weeks with her thoughts, but when the moment arrives that sky and land present some irresistible problem in colour, sketching materials are quickly assembled and utilized. The result may lack subtlety and beauty of surface but there are certain elements that it will never be deficient in: virile conception, solidity, strong contrasts and

fundamental truths banishing anything superficial or trivial.

Theresa Bernstein is a true product of American precepts and ideals. Her art training in Philadelphia cost nothing, all expense being defrayed by prizes and scholarships, including a traveling scholarship of three years' duration, previously won by Lillian Genth, but discontinued owing to the founder's death.

Consequently further study in America took the place of European travel, and unlike most of the artists Theresa Bernstein has never had her visions impaired or improved by residence abroad.

She is a member of a small group that has banded together under the somewhat misleading title of Eclectics, to whose interesting shows at the Folsom Galleries her canvases contribute a gallant proportion of the success accompanying these exhibitions. If we are to have a real American art unmixed with foreign elements, Theresa Bernstein is qualified to contribute her quota.



FIG. 2—SIXTEENTH-CENTURY DALMATIQUE

ENRICO CARUSO COLLECTION

A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY CHASUBLE AND DALMATIQUE BY STELLA RUBINSTEIN

In the mediæval period the English embroideries, otherwise known as *opus anglicanum*, occupy a leading place in the inventories of the time. They attained, indeed, their highest perfection in England, gaining universal fame, and reaching in 1250 a golden age which extended until about 1350.

The articles here described, belonging to the Enrico Caruso Collection, though not of that period during which English embroideries attained such unprecedented accomplishment, yet were made at a time of revival of this art following a period of complete decay—a revival which showed both originality and individuality.

We see in the chasuble reproduced in Fig. 1

the essentially English way of decorating the ground material, so characteristic of English embroidery and appearing for the first time in the latter part of the fifteenth century. The English examples are easy to recognize and to distinguish from other contemporary embroideries. Their ground is generally of velvet strewn with six-winged seraphs standing upon wheels, with angels appearing from the clouds, with double-headed eagles, fleurs-de-lis and various floral devices surrounded by tendrils and rays which are dotted with spangles. These ornaments are all separately embroidered and then applied. The orphreys are usually of linen with a ground embroidered in gold on which standing figures of prophets and saints are worked in silk and represented under architectural canopies.

All of these characteristics are seen in the chasuble of the early sixteenth century,

which we are reproducing (Fig. 1). It is of dark blue velvet and decorated with applied ornaments consisting of conventionalized flowers, fleurs-de-lis and six winged seraphs* standing upon wheels.† Tendrils and rays surround these ornaments.

The orphreys show the Christ on the cross, and on either side are angels holding chalices to receive the blood dropping from the hands of the Christ. Above is seen the Holy Spirit in the

* The representation of the six winged seraphs is borrowed from Isaiah's vision "In the year that King Uriaah died I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne high and lifted up and His train filled the temple. Above it stood the seraphims: each one had six wings; with twain He covered his face and with twain He covered His feet and with twain He did fly."—See the Hexaglot Bible, edited by the Rev. Edward Riches de Levante, 1906, vol. IV, p. 15, chapter VI.

† The representation of the wheel in the contrary is evidently borrowed from Ezekiel's vision—see same volume, p. 343, chapter I.

form of a dove and below, under a canopy, is standing St. James the less, to whom was probably dedicated the Church for which this chasuble was made. The four major prophets—Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Daniel—are also standing under canopies. One of them is represented below St. James the less and the Crucifixion, the other three are on the front orphrey. Architectural details surround the personages.

The embroideries are executed in coloured silks and gold.

This chasuble belongs to a very large group showing the same workmanship and characteristics. Among the most important examples are: A cope in the collection of Lady O'Hagen, which shows the same seraphs standing upon wheels, the same fleurs-de-lis and conventional flowers surrounded by tendrils and rays dotted with spangles, but instead of the Crucifixion the Assumption of the Virgin is represented and on the hood the figure of St. Paul. On the orphreys are canopies with figures of apostles and prophets.*

Similar to our example, also, is a chasuble lent to the Burlington Fine Arts Exhibition by Mr. G. Troyte Chafyn-Grove which is of white cream damask embroidered with much the same devices.†

Published by the Burlington Fine Arts Club are several other chasubles belonging to the same group. One of them is of green velvet with embroideries executed on linen. It comes from the Church of SS. Peter and Paul in Brailles and was made from a portion of a cope.‡ Another is in red velvet with orphreys embroidered in gold and silver, and coloured silks upon linen; as in the Caruso chasuble the back shows the Crucifixion with angels holding up chalices and the Holy Spirit above the Cross, with standing figures under canopies.** Then, too, there are a cope and a chasuble from the Oscott College, Birmingham—the first in brownish red velvet with orphreys embroidered on linen, the second in rose coloured brocade.***

The South Kensington Museum in London contains several specimens of the same character.

* Reproduced in Burlington Fine Arts Club—Illustrated Catalogue of English Embroidery, 1905, pl. 10.

† Reproduced in Burlington Fine Arts Club—Illustrated Catalogue of English Embroidery, 1905, pl. XI.

‡ Burlington Fine Arts Club—Illustrated Catalogue of English Embroidery, 1905, pl. XV.

** Ibid. pl. XV.

*** Ibid. pl. XXI.

One is a frontal for an altar made out of a cope in "tawny-coloured velvet with ornaments embroidered on linen," the ground of which is powdered with radiating floral devices with the representation of the Assumption of the Virgin in the centre. Another is a cope of purple velvet with hood, orphreys and ornaments embroidered on linen showing the ground ornamented with six-winged seraphs standing upon wheels, with fleurs-de-lis, roses and other floral devices. In the centre is seen the Assumption of the Virgin and on the orphreys figures of apostles and prophets. Another example is a chasuble of tawny-coloured velvet strewn with figures of angels and floral devices, and on the orphreys figures of apostles and prophets. Still another is of purple-blue velvet strewn with floral devices and six-winged seraphs and with orphreys showing the Crucifixion and apostles under canopies. In the same collection there are two other chasubles of dark blue velvet showing a similar decoration and several other pieces of the same character.*

Outside of England similarly decorated copes and chasubles are scattered in museums and in private collections. Among them are three pieces in the Cluny Museum in Paris,† a cope in the Historical Museum in the Chambre of Commerce in Lyons,‡ a cope in the Brussels Museum,** one from the Spitzer Collection,*** one from the Soumée Collection called in the catalogue, Flemish, fifteenth century,**** one from the Farcy Collection,***** one from the Victor Gay Collection,***** etc., etc.

The dalmatique in the Caruso Collection, reproduced Fig. 2, belongs to a group of English embroideries of a quite different character. It is of the late sixteenth century and belongs to the Elizabethan period—a time when the Reformation practically put an end to ecclesiastical embroideries. However, embroideries intended for cos-

* See Catalogue of English Ecclesiastical Embroideries in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, 1916, pl. XXI-XXVI.

† De Farcy: *La Broderie du 11-16 centuries*, pl. 67.

‡ Cox: *L'art de décorer les tissus*, pl. 32.

** Isabelle Errera: *Collection des Broderies anciennes au Musée Royal de Bruxelles*, p. 20, No. 26.

*** Catalogue de la Collection Spitzer, 1893, vol. V, pl. VIII.

**** Catalogue de la Collection Soumée (vente 1904) vol. III, p. 15, No. 771.

***** De Farcy: *La Broderie du 11 siècle a nos jours* pl. 68.

***** De Farcy: *La Broderie du 11 siècles a nos jours*, pl. 69.

tume purposes were made in great quantities. Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots were themselves very distinguished needlewomen, and the wardrobe of Elizabeth alone is said to have included three thousand dresses, of which many were richly embroidered. Further information upon this subject may be found in *English Embroidery*, by A. F. Kendrick (pages 67-72). In the numerous portraits which come down to us representing the queen, she always wears richly embroidered gowns. Amongst the many portraits of her are those in the National Portrait Gallery, reproduced in the Catalogue by Lionel Cust (1901, volume 1, page 53); also two further portraits by Zuccherò in Hampton Court, reproduced in the Catalogue by Ernest Law (1898, pages 138 and 226). The favorite pattern at this time seems to be a design composed of scrolling stems bearing floral and fruit shapes, diversified often with birds, butterflies and insects. This decoration can be seen, not only on garments, gloves, hangings, curtains, etc., but also on bookbindings of the period.

The dalmatique in the Caruso Collection is a good example of embroidered vestments from the Elizabethan period. It is richly decorated and embroidered with roses, carnations, tulips and strawberries, diversified with various insects. Some of the decorations are worked in *petit point*, a class of embroidery requiring time and great patience, somehow resembling tapestry weaving, that was in great use in the Elizabethan period. Here again ref-



FIG. 1—SIXTEENTH-CENTURY CHASUBLE

ENRICO CARUSO COLLECTION

erence may be made to page 81 of *English Embroidery* cited above. Others are embroidered in silks of various colours, others in gold and silver. Many garments of the Elizabethan period, showing the same kind of embroideries, are extant. See Allan Cole, *Ornament in European Silks*, page 185, No. 155, and page 187 and Burlington Fine Arts Club, 1905, plate 30.

TWACHTMAN—AN APPRECIATION
BY DUNCAN PHILLIPS

THE art of John H. Twachtman is unique. His method of painting landscape was founded upon the method discovered by the objective Claude Monet, but, in his very personal perceptions of aesthetic subtleties, in his ardent rather than accurate analysis of the emotional elements of tone, and in his pursuit of the spiritual secrets of nature, it was Whistler he most resembled. Whistler, however, was the perfection of the "connoisseur," the fastidiously selective, daintily Epicurean devotee of abstract art. Twachtman was nothing of the kind. He was just an intensely sensitive and creative dreamer. His almost fragrant delicacies of imagination and his almost melancholy luxuries of mood were his own—to be made the most of. He held no "brief" for them. He might have painted differently if he had known how.

His *morbidezza* (and it is undeniable) was more European than American, yet the man was thoroughly American and in his paintings we find at times a typical New England reserve, only to discover later that his brush was imbued with the candour and elemental directness of our Far West. When he painted the splendour of gorgeous canyons and mighty cataracts, the greatness of nature seemed to pass into him and speak through him. This veneration for the grandeur of mountains and of waterfalls refreshed him for his more habitual *concentration* upon those obscure phases of abstract beauty born of unlikely elements which he and Whistler delighted to discover.

But Twachtman was unwilling to abandon the most celebrated beauties of his native land to makers of chromos and tinted photographs. He was deeply thrilled and repeatedly impelled to interpret reverently "scenes," and "views," which the wiser, more sophisticated Whistler studiously shunned. Of course he did not try to copy or to compete with the Rocky Mountains. How frail would his lovely art have seemed if he had tried! His attitude was like that of the Oriental painters, who worshiped Nature by means of art. Twachtman felt that his relation to the peaks and canyons was in proportion to that of the tiny philosophers who meditate half way up the ancient Chinese mountain landscapes on the littleness of man in the vast scale of created Forms. It was the para-

dox of this art of Twachtman's that it grew out of the so-called "impressionist" movement, which had stressed the evanescent appearances and physical aspects of the visible world, yet it matured into a lyricism which proclaimed its faith in the invisible and the eternal.

And so Twachtman rejoiced in nature with the many, while he communed with Nature alone. He was in sincere accord with the awe-struck tourists in the Canyon of the Yellowstone and he was equally absorbed in what those same tourists would have called "a God-forsaken spot." The solemn trance-like stillness of an ice-bound brook in a frozen valley yielded him a pleasure in the phosphorescent, ghostly tints which he visioned out of sunlit frost.

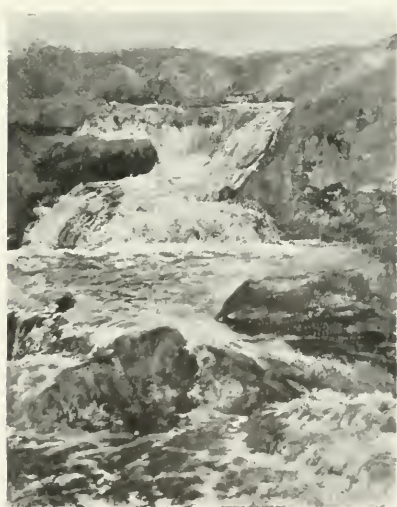
In his earlier period Twachtman's cold colours and refined drawing, but by no means remarkable brushwork, gave little indication of the original and distinctive style which he later developed. He had studied at Munich, but it had done him no harm. In Paris he saw the light! The influence of Monet and his higher key of colour and his truer scale of values, made Twachtman a convert to the "Luminist" technique. In his hands, however, the method underwent a change—truly into something rich and strange. For mystery came into it, the mingled "curiosity and desire for beauty" which Walter Pater knew to be the inseparable elements of romance in art. The French method became for the American poet-painter a language for lyrics of light, on the delicacy of spring buds, on the crystal transparency of sky-blue water, joyously flowing and leaping over rocks, on turquoise pools in opal sands, on sunlit orchards and glittering fields of snow.

With equal zest Twachtman sketched the soul of Niagara and of the Connecticut farm on which he lived. His methods varied with his subjects. Sometimes he loaded rich impasto, more often he used dry films of colour. His designs were by turns elaborate and austere. His art was alternately of the most delicate, far-sought "nuance" and of the most refreshing spontaneity—giving a sense of musical improvisation. Not as comprehensible nor as universal a painter as his friend Weir, lacking also Weir's wonderful beauty of surface and mastery of medium, Twachtman is destined nevertheless to rank among our most original painters and among our greatest artists.



THE RIVER

BY J. H. TWACHTMAN



HORSENECK FALLS

BY J. H. TWACHTMAN



FORTY-SECOND STREET

BY WILLIAM JEAN BEAULEY

WATER-COLOUR AND
WILLIAM JEAN BEAULEY
BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

AMONGST the few successful exhibitors of water-colours must be reckoned William Jean Beasley. No medium is less understood and consequently more prejudiced by its many hundred exponents in this country who seek representation at the different shows during the season. There are, it would appear, two weighty reasons which militate strongly against good results, namely, *straining the medium* or *following worn-out traditions*, and often these two causes are combined. Straining the medium

make their picture look like an oil, and if they succeed they fail. This is not paradoxical. An oil painting made to imitate a water-colour is valueless and vice versa. Carrying a subject beyond simple expression of a concrete statement is an example of strain. The late Mr. Hopkinson Smith wisely remarked that it took two persons to paint a water-colour, one to paint and the other to kill him when he has pursued his subject far enough. Covering every inch of the paper with colour is another common mistake, as that means working against the paper instead of with it, and the emphasizing of several facts instead of just one is still another common strain. Following worn-out traditions is a crime of many would-be artists who continue to paint pretty bits in a



ABOVE: ANTIQUES. BELOW: RECEPTION DAY, ACADEMY

BY WILLIAM JEAN BEULEY

Water-Colour and William Jean Beauley

pretty way, laying the same stress upon every part of the picture, upon the cow's tail and each pane of glass in a cottage window. Sleepy gondolas and Venetian palaces with attendant "barber-poles"; daisy-covered dells, dainty dol-

rarely says too much, uses three or four colours instead of twenty or thirty, and in each picture has a definite aim, using the simplest methods to conduce to that result, like the good *raconteur* who goes to the point of his tale without prolixity



OLD NEW YORK

BY WILLIAM JEAN BEAULEY

lies; interiors detailed in a decadent Dutch manner, Italian prettiness and old-style British sentimentality are integral features of half the pictures on view.

The examples of Beauley are striking evidences of what constitutes a good water-colour. He

or deviation, but with choice selection of simple words. Particularly interesting is the fact that his inspiration does not depend upon Europe which he knows well, but finds sustenance in plenty in and around New York. There is no more paintable city for those who can look at

Water-Colour and William Jean Bealey

it with unprejudiced eyes and disregard the fact that we have no castles, abbeys, moats, Roman bridges, and the thousand and one specialties which are so abundant in older civilizations.

selected for illustration in their catalogues. As *artiste pour faire tout* Bealey is equally at home with a lithograph, with designing a set of harness, or appropriate legs for a billiard table. It has



POLICE HEADQUARTERS

BY WILLIAM JEAN BEALEY

New York has beauties all its own with plenty to draw upon and no need of any apologist.

For many years Bealey has been a constant exhibitor at the principal art centres of America with large oil paintings that have found honourable positions on the line at the New York and Pennsylvania academies, besides being often

always been his creed that the fine arts function best when applied to articles of common use. His early training and practise as an architect have been of immeasurable service to him in seeing and understanding when art and life connect in the happiest manner. In the November, 1917, issue of this magazine an article

upon this very versatile craftsman was published but at that period he had paid scant homage to water-colour. This paper is intended to view him solely as a water-colourist and the writer, who has just been privileged to see some thirty specimens of recent work soon to be publicly exhibited, does not hesitate to predict a great future for him in this particular art.

Where so many fail, both in oils and water-colours, is due to the fact that they too often make a big subject small, instead of trying to make a small subject big—i.e., significant. It is that power to select the essential and infer the rest that gives importance to a theme, however commonplace, if the painter has vision. Bealey possesses in high degree the ability to eliminate all but the actual impression he wishes to impart. The language of his palette is expressed in sharp, crisp, commanding terms freed from all extravagances of diction and redundant phraseology. What could be more simple and complete than *The White Cloud*? In another sketch higher in tone than all the others he shows *Police Headquarters*. There is no topographical interest evinced but merely the desire to demonstrate in gay colour what might be expected to be dull and drab. Looking westward from 42nd Street, Bealey with a few deft brush strokes confronts us with the picturesque quality of the "L" Station with the Bush Terminal towering in the background. Another water-colour reproduced here is entitled *Receiving Day, Academy*. Instead of a well-dressed crowd mounting the steps of the Fine Arts Building, as the caption might lead one to suppose, he has depicted a two-horse dray from which a man is lowering a marble statue at a side door. The light on the statue against the sombre tones of horses and van is very ably done. Still another subject is a coal wagon in dark silhouette, unloading; the deep tones of horse and cart contrasting harmoniously with sunlight suggested by a few washes indicative of streets and sky. It is this gift of reticence and reserve that makes his pictures strong and full of character. In his landscapes, especially his moonlight sketches, a lyric sense of beauty and the mystery of nature make themselves felt, a desire to know what lies beyond. Bealey is one of a small band of artists at whose hands by degrees New Yorkers will begin to realize that they are the privileged inhabitants of a very beautiful city willing to expose its charms to all who view

her with sympathy and æsthetic intelligence. The collection is not, however, entirely confined to New York and environs. Noticeable is a bit of Melrose Abbey, whilst in another *A Bursting Shell* takes us across the ocean, but the picture reveals no locality or landmark. One is mainly interested in the tone and quality of the light on the houses. *The Window Box* is a figure piece, a vendor of flowers plying his trade;—*Chairs for Six* is a complicated subject in which the difficulties have been squarely met. Just an interior of a sunny room, with table and chairs treated in a decorative manner, reflected lights being interestingly dealt with.

To sum Bealey up in a few words, he understands his medium, works with great freedom in a big broad manner, is original and always entertaining. When treating architecture, which he knows so well, he is able to give the spirit of it and divest it of all semblance to the kind of thing known as an architect's drawing. A sense of humour lurks beneath his brush but is always controlled and consequently subtle and distinguished. A water-colour may be described as a series of intentional accidents, and Bealey knows exceedingly well how to profit by them; some have to be religiously preserved and others hastily converted, upon which procedure depends to a large extent the success of the sketch.

Bealey is a most successful exponent of "snap" and "sparkle," which are the very life-blood of a picture performed in this most elusive of media. Advice which we once tendered in this magazine may be repeated here: The water-colourist needs presence of mind and absence of body. The use of body colour, though perfectly legitimate and desirable, will never achieve, in our judgment, the same charm as where the paper itself sponsors the highlights, and we maintain that at exhibitions the sheep should be sodered from the goats, the painters in gouache and those in pure wash should occupy different walls. William Jean Bealey may be seen to advantage in both camps.

It is announced that Yale Art School has succeeded in procuring the services of Mr. William Lawrence Bottomley of New York to lecture once a week on the History of Renaissance Architecture. As Mr. Bottomley is of the better known and most successful young architects in New York, his coming will be awaited with unusual interest.

AN OLD MASTER
BY JULIE C. GAUTHIER

Editor's Note.—The following article is published with no intention of supporting the facts and theories of the writer, nor to assist in finding a customer, the picture not being for sale. The reason for the article appearing is to make public the romance of this copper plate that once concealed a stove pipe cavity, and to show the tremendous enthusiasm of an owner who instead of rushing to the nearest millionaire or auction room has spent years of research and study in a noble effort to authenticate her discovery.

The subject here represented is painted in oil upon a hand-beaten plate of copper ten by thirteen and a half inches, and is an unusual phase of the Annunciation. The Virgin sits in the near foreground upon the portico of a dwelling, the interior of which forms a dark background to the figure. Dressed in full flowing draperies she is in the act of sewing on the layette, meanwhile reading from the *Book of Hours* upon which is plainly printed in brush letters "Ecce Virgo Cōcipiet," which may have been intended to give the title to the picture. The book rests on a rack on the top of a bookcase, and a vase of flowers is beside it. A curtain in the doorway is drawn back, disclosing a couch with a brown cover, white pillow and very dark baldachino hung from the ceiling.

Upon the balustrade is a basket of white clothes, and two white doves are at the Virgin's feet. Steps from the portico descend to a walk which leads up the side of the picture towards a gateway; beyond this are two castles upon the top of mountains; and above, occupying about one-quarter of the picture, is a beautiful blue sky with cumulus clouds in which is a group of five small figures. The angel of the Annunciation, holding a lily, kneels in profile at the feet of the Father Almighty and looks in His face as He points to Mary with His right hand; in His left He holds a blue ball which symbolizes the world. Three angels are in the attitude of adoration of the Virgin.

Turning the picture so that its right edge becomes the lower, one reads this inscription, faintly done in dark brown brush letters upon the less dark couch drapery: "1526—M—A—Corregio" and also what appears to be two small, entwined hearts. Upon the riser of the platform

upon which Mary sits is written in fine script "Roy Francois."

The colour, composition and technique are masterly; the sentiment of the face and figure of Mary is that of calm contentment and happiness. The entire figure is painted with the utmost care, one colour being laid over another in scumbles and glazes; in the case of the dark blue over-garment the shadows were put on with thick opaque colour and glazed over with transparent darks. In other parts of the picture, particularly in the gate and throughout the clouds and group in the sky, transparent pigment was painted on thinly for the purpose of giving distance and lending richness by allowing the warm tones of the copper to show through. Other parts, like the fingers of the small angels, the doves, flowers, etc., show direct brush work, unretouched, apparently done with the brush without previous drawing.

The present condition of the painting shows the colours clear and rich; but it evidently received rough treatment at one time, for the paint is nearly worn off in places by having been scrubbed with a heavy cloth or brush. A small spot of paint has scaled off just under the Virgin's ear, and some fly-specks have eaten their way through the paint. After many cleanings it was again allowed to get soiled and then a very fine varnish was spread on—certainly over two hundred years ago—that has preserved it in excellent condition since. An analysis of the couple of drops which ran down the back of the picture would probably establish the age of the varnish.

The picture was discovered in Canada in the old home of a distant relative of the writer, in a small town on the Lower St. Lawrence, in the summer of 1907. It was not prized, but was hung near the ceiling; and the only reason it had not been thrown away was that it served to cover a stove-pipe hole.

Asked concerning the picture, my relative's husband's old foster father said he could not remember how it came into his possession, but was certain it had not come through his own people. After a sleepless night, due to my importunities, the old gentleman recalled that when he was a lad of twenty he opened a shop as tin-smith and brazier; that his first piece of work was a brass snuff-box which he presented to an old friend, the "rich woman of the village" who, as a widow of fifty-six, had just married a hand-

some young fellow of twenty-two. The gift was acknowledged, and the lady said that in return she would give him a piece of remarkably fine copper, that he might make himself another box. Some time later she went to his shop with the "copper"; with a nail he made a couple of scratches upon it, and noted its superior quality. When the lady had gone he turned the copper over and saw "some pretty colours;" also noticing a halo he supposed it to be a representation of Christ, so putting a little fire-gilt beading around it, he carried it to his home and never again thought of it until questioned by me sixty odd years later.

As the "rich widow" died twenty years after her second marriage without issue, her husband inherited her property. A daughter of a second marriage succeeded to the inheritance. This woman, when asked about heirlooms, said that when she was a child she often played with a sheet of copper nearly a foot long, upon which was a very dark picture. Also that there was a very beautiful transparency of the *Ecce Homo* painted upon glass. These two paintings she had given away a dozen years before to an artist who had boarded with her. She then showed me an old cake basket of Sheffield, from which the silver had mostly disappeared, a very heavy silver soup ladle, also of English make and a few pieces of flat tableware with old harp and thistle hall-marks, and other personal property left by a brother-in-law, a priest. His lineage was then traced back four generations to the first couple who went from France into Canada in 1660.

During research in France I was able to trace the family back to the middle of the fourteenth century, when the head of the family left Italy for France, where his descendants became celebrated as financiers. The member with whom we are concerned was appointed *Tresorier generale des Finances de France* from 1524 to 1532. His titles and possessions descended to his eldest son, and then to this one's eldest son, who became ambassador at the court of James I of England from 1611 to 1615, and possibly another term to 1620. The ambassador died without issue in 1632, and his widow in 1649; the heirs were the children of the brother and sisters.

The inscription, "1526—M—A—Corregio" is barely visible. "1526" undoubtedly is the date when the work was done. Corregio, who was born in 1494 and died in 1534, commenced the

great dome of the Cathedral in Parma in 1526. "M" probably stands for Mantua, twenty-five English miles from Parma, and the home of the Marquis of Gonzaga, who married Isabella d'Este, generally conceded to have been the greatest woman of the Italian Renaissance. She was the friend and patroness of the artists and men of letters of her time, and was a good and true woman but of inordinate ambition. She succeeded in having her eldest son crowned Duke of Mantua in 1530 by Charles V, and another son made a cardinal. Ariosto wrote odes to her, and Leonardo da Vinci, Luini, Lorenzo Costa, Titian and others painted her portrait.

Upon the recommendation of her friend, Veronica Gambara, wife of Ghiberto, lord of Corregio, she sent for the painter Corregio, who was then a boy of fourteen, to come to see the works of Mantegna; this artist with Giulio Romano, Primaticcio, Costa and others had decorated the great Corte Reale and the summer Palazzo del Te at Mantua for the family of Gonzaga. Isabella became the patroness of Corregio, and history says that "She and her son ordered him to paint many pictures which were given to kings and popes." It is likely, then, that she ordered him to paint the picture in Mantua, although during that entire year Isabella was in Rome. Her son Federico remained in Mantua.

"A", double A, is probably the artist's monogram. His name was Antonio Allegri, but he was called "Corregio" after the village where he was born. A contemporary of his, Andrea d'Angelo, signed his initials in much the same manner. "Corregio" is written with a brush into some very dark pigment which was glazed over a less dark colour and still wet; for on the downward stroke of the capital letter the hair of the brush separated, loading the colour to either side and leaving the under colour to show between. This precludes any possibility of the inscription being of a later date than the picture. Moreover, although only one of his acknowledged paintings (the *Madonna of St. Francis*) is signed and dated, there are many documents—receipts, contracts, etc.—which bear his signature, and these agree perfectly with the lettering on this painting. In some instances he wrote "Regio" above a poorly drawn heart to signify "Cor" or heart. Sometimes he signed a heart with a crown upon it, as a rebus for "Cor Regio" or "Royal Heart." The two hearts might point to



AN ANNUNCIATION
ATTRIBUTED TO CORREGGIO

love or friendship; and more than likely it was done for Isabella d'Este, or one of her family.

The entire group of letters and figures was purposely written in an obscure place and cannot be seen unless the picture is turned on its side. This agrees with the known modesty of the artist. He may have been requested to sign the picture because it was to be a gift to a king, or he may have done it of his own accord because he was especially proud of the production. The name "Roy Francois" is finely written with a quill or pen. This was probably inscribed by the king's secretary when the picture came into his possession.

There are many ways whereby the picture could have gone from the hands of the Gonzagas or the d'Estes to those of the French king. Francis I was a great admirer of Isabella's, and once asked Claude, his queen, to pattern after her and other Italian ladies in matters of dress and carriage. When in Milan in 1516 Francis asked Isabella to send him a doll dressed like herself, which he wished to give to the ladies of the French court as a model of style. He then invited her son Frederick, who was sixteen years of age, to return to France with him. During his three years' stay at the French court Frederick wrote to his mother for money, and also asked her to send gifts for the people who had been kind to him. There is a letter in which the queen sends thanks to Isabella for a dainty lace cap received, and it is said that the French queen warmly appreciated the gift of a dozen pairs of gloves sent her as a Christmas present. In June of 1510 the Ambassador Jacobus d'Atri wrote to Isabella d'Este to thank her in the name of the Queen of France for the painting of a Holy Family by Lorenzo Costa. The queen said that the Madonna resembled Isabella, Joseph, her husband the Marquis, and the Holy Child their son Frederick.

Francis I spent some time in the palace at Mantua during the campaign in Italy against Charles V, for Isabella—called the greatest diplomat of the greatest diplomatic age—managed to remain friendly with all parties, during those troublous times of war and intrigue. He was taken prisoner at Pavia in 1525 and was released in January, 1526. In August of 1527 Lautrec entered Italy and renewed the alliance of France with the Pope, the Duke of Ferrara and other rulers, and a marriage was arranged

between Ercole d'Este, nephew of Isabella and son of Alphonse, Duke of Ferrara, and Rénée de France, the daughter of Louis XII and sister-in-law of Francis I. This marriage, which took place in 1528, was of international importance as Rénée had some rights to the French throne which she relinquished to the king in consideration of many chateaux and lands.

When the wedding party arrived in Italy the Duke of Ferrara—whose wife, Lucretia Borgia, had died in 1520—requested his sister Isabella to take charge of the festivities. She received the cortège at Modena, where the gaieties lasted for a couple of weeks, and then were continued in the ducal palace at Ferrara. It is likely that the picture was sent to France at this time by an ambassador of either Isabella or the Duke of Ferrara. It is known that gifts were exchanged, and as Francis was a lover and patron of the fine arts, what is more likely than that a painting by a great master should have been given him? It is said that "Isabella commissioned Corregio to paint pictures which she gave to the King of France, Charles V of Italy and the Pope." In 1531 the Duke of Mantua (son of Isabella), at the request of Francis I, sent Primaticcio, the painter, to the court of France. When Cellini left Paris in 1537 to return to Rome he was taken prisoner, accused of appropriating diamonds belonging to the Pope during the sacking of Rome in 1527; he was liberated through the intercession of the Cardinal of Ferrara, son of the Duke Alphonse and nephew of Isabella. This cardinal was installed in the archbishopric of Lyon with quantities "*de riches benefices*" through the intimacy and good graces of Francis I.

These are some of the many points in history showing the relations between Isabella d'Este's family and Francis I, King of France.

History states that Francis was very extravagant, hence it is not at all unreasonable to think that he may have given away or sold a picture to his treasurer general.

The ancestors of the family in Canada who owned the picture were during three generations great financiers, and the one who probably acquired the picture from the king held three positions in succession, the highest of which was Treasurer General of the Finances of France, from 1524 to 1532.

The Calendar of State Papers. Domestic. 1611 to 1618. Published, London 1858, page 164, has

this note: "Memorandum of the quantities of plate given to certain foreign ambassadors (chiefly French) from 21 Eliz. to 10 Jac I, and of that received by Sir George Carew when ambassador in France." This would account for the English, Scotch and Irish silver which found its way into Canada.

The poigon or mark stamped into the copper on the reverse side of the picture is probably the artist's monogram. The letters are so clear cut and well made for that period as to suggest the work of Benvenuto Cellini, especially as they bear a marked resemblance to the peculiarities of the same letters on the Bembi medals, and those of Pope Clement VII done by the artist.

Benvenuto was patronized by the d'Estes and Gonzagas at this time. At Isabella's palace at Mantua in 1527 he made several medals, and in 1528 he made a reliquary. Previous to this, Ippolito d'Este, Cardinal of Ferrara and nephew of Isabella, obtained a pardon from the Pope for Benvenuto, who had escaped from imprisonment in the Castello at Rome; the Cardinal also induced him to go to France, where he acquired great fame by his work for Francis I.

It was Isabella's custom to order the canvases for her portraits and other paintings, and to give minute directions concerning the compositions. She may very well have given the order to Benvenuto to cut the die, and prepare the plate for Corregio, who spent much time in her castle at about this time, going from there to Parma to work upon the dome of the Cathedral, his greatest work.

Corregio was an original genius, and he was never known to repeat himself, nor even to put a figure twice in the same position; hence it is not to be wondered at that there is no other picture just like this; but there is similarity in the details of drawing and colour to much that he has done. In the first place, the handling is that of a master familiar with the drawing of the human figure rather than that of linear perspective. That is evidenced by the drawing of the building, where the lines are scratched into the copper; in some instances the painting does not correspond to these lines, showing that as the artist worked he modified the composition; this, with the fact that many of the less important parts are done in direct, unretouched strokes, indicates that this picture is necessarily an original; for no copyist—no matter how skilful—could have copied another's work with such telling strokes, nor would

he have changed the drawing of the perspective. The figure of Mary has been painted over, perhaps many times, with much care, but the work does not appear laboured.

From the book on Corregio by Corrado Ricci, Director of Art in Italy, and formerly Director of the Parma Gallery: "The use of the brush was marvelously delicate. His tones were obtained by building up successive layers of colour or glazes which enabled him to correct his drawing as he painted. His aversion to everything which tended to make his colour dense and opaque was so strong that he preferred to leave the traces of correction perfectly apparent. . . . A painter before all things, it is evident that he not only corrected with his brush but that he made free use of it in drawing innumerable details in his pictures; especially the extremities are rendered entirely by gradations of colour, and show no definite outline."

Authorities agree that the best of Corregio's Madonnas are reminiscent of the da Vinci heads. This one is so, with the sweetness and contentment of the best of the Raphael Madonnas. This was observed by the great master who is in charge of the Museum at Parma. Looking intently at the photograph he exclaimed many times "C'est beau! Molte bella! This," pointing to the head, "is Raphaellesque; the rest very Corregesque." Giovanni Morelli, a critic, who died in 1891, said that nothing was painted on copper prior to the seventeenth century. But this, like many other things said by him, cannot be taken seriously, since Vasari, himself an artist of the Renaissance, in writing of the artists of that period, said, "Piombo (1485-1537) painted upon sheets of copper and slate, and I am told that it is possible to paint upon silver, tin and other metals." Several paintings upon copper by Piombo, Bronzino and others exist in the galleries abroad.

Corregio was especially fond of two colours—a soft straw yellow, and different tones of a peculiar blue. The picture contains these colours: the yellow in the lower gown of the angel Gabriel, and the blues in the sky and mountains, and the over-draperies of the Lord and of Mary. The rose colour of the gown is also seen in several pictures, but with a lesser scale of values. The mountains and lower sky are much like the glimpse of landscape in the *Danae* in the Villa Borghese in Rome.

The heavy blue drapery about the knees of the main figure in colour and form is like that of the *Adoring Virgin* in the Uffizi in Florence; the yellow-browns which occur in the picture are also duplicated in the two pictures mentioned, and in a number of others. The swing of the drapery about and from the figure gives much the same effect as in the Madonnas in the *Repose in Egypt*, which is in the Uffizi gallery, and the *Madonna della Scodella* in Parma.

The face is evidently that of the model used in the best of Corregio's Madonnas, but it shows more real sentiment and character. The Father Almighty resembles the St. Joseph in the *Repose in Egypt*, and the same model was evidently used for one or more of the apostles in the churches in Parma and for St. Gerome.

To sum up, I believe the foregoing statements establish the fact that the painting of the *Annunciation*, called *Ecce Virgo Concipiet*, was painted in Mantua in 1526 by Antonio Allegri (called Corregio) for Isabella d'Este, and presented by her or some one of her family to Francis I, King of France, probably in 1528, and given or sold by him to his treasurer general whose descendants went to Canada in 1660 with their treasures, and that it there remained practically unknown, at least for the last century.

RESOLUTION

THE following resolution has been drafted by Mr. Duncan Phillips and sent to the President of the United States by Mr. Albert Eugene Gallatin, formerly chairman of the recently defunct Committee on Arts and Decoration for the City of New York:

Whereas, A victorious end of our war with Germany and Austria now seems assured through the triumph of our Allied armies in the field, so that the Allied Governments may now, with a solemn sense of obligation to humanity, prepare for the tremendous task of making peace secure; and

Whereas, The dispensation of justice as well as the maintenance of order among nations large and small has been proclaimed as our essential purpose and is to be the basis for our creation of a new code of international law; and

Whereas, Germany and Austria, apparently humble suppliants, may soon be granted peace before their lands have suffered, as other nations

have been made to suffer, through the unrestrained and officially sanctioned violence of German and Austrian soldiers; and

Whereas, These savage practices of our enemies the Huns should not be permitted to pass unpunished, lest it be said of us in reproach that we have done less than our duty in thus allowing the criminals among nations to escape the penalty of their crimes; and

Whereas, The wanton destruction in Belgium, Italy and France of works of art embodying men's loftiest dreams and aspirations can never be repaid in money, since the loss is fundamentally spiritual; but,

Whereas, We believe that at least partial reparation might be made by Germany's and Austria's surrender of such works of art now held on German and Austrian territory, as the vandals, by their own acts, must be judged incapable of appreciating, and unworthy of continuing to have and to hold; be it therefore

Resolved, That we do herewith petition our people's representatives, the President of the United States, and others who may be vested by him with authority, to suggest to the representatives of the Allied nations when they assemble in council and consider upon what terms Germany and Austria may obtain peace, that an Inter-Allied Commission of Artists be empowered to select such works of art as will be demanded from the German and Austrian Governments, not in revenge, but in justice, as part of our war indemnity, and as partial reparation for those beautiful cathedrals and other monuments which the forces of evil in Germany and Austria have deliberately caused to be desecrated and destroyed.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS

The annual and sketch exhibitions of this organization will be held at 215 West 57th Street from February 15th to March 2nd, when the following prizes will be awarded: The National Arts Club Prize given by Mr. John G. Agar for the best work of art in the exhibition; the Helen Foster Barnett prize for sculpture, and the sketch exhibition prize given by the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors. Also the National Association medals for landscape and sculpture.



Exhibited at the New York Winter Academy, 1918

THE KILTIE, No. 1,030,029
BY EBEN F. COMINS



FAMILLE VERTE VASE AND PAIR OF GINGER JARS, KANG HSI PERIOD

A TREATISE ON CHINESE
PORCELAIN
BY RALPH M. CHAIT

THE production of pottery or earthen vessels being prehistoric and universal, it is useless to try to get any precise information as to its origin. It is alluded to in many parts of Scripture; in fact, the potter's art is as old as the world and God was the first potter. Adam was made of clay.

Large quantities of vessels of baked earth invested with a thin lustrous green glaze have been found in Egyptian tombs with the mummies, and have undoubtedly lain there for many centuries. The earliest use of pottery was doubtless that of the ordinary drinking vessel, but there was also a religious employment assigned to them, which has been the means of preserving them for the inspection of later generations. With the dead were frequently deposited pottery vases of all shapes and designs, and became recognized as a decoration for the interior of the tomb.

Fictile ware has proven extremely valuable from an historic point of view, because, while other substances are liable to decay, pottery and porcelain remain almost unalterable, and have thus been the means of discovery to later ages of many points relating to religion, manners and customs of the ancients which must otherwise have remained obscured.

The potter's art was unknown in Europe until about ten centuries ago. The Chinese produced a pottery as early as 300 years before the Christian era (Han Dynasty 202 B.C. to 220 A.D.), of a brownish red paste, invested with a thin lustrous green glaze, and ornamented with monster head handles in relief, bearing rings. Also with bands filled with archaic dragons in forms such as vases, stoves, tripods, dishes, hill-censors and draw-wells. All these were produced in the Han dynasty.

As all branches of art advanced so the potter's art became more and more developed until a fine, hard translucent and white ware was invented and manufactured under the name of porcelain,

a word according to some authorities derived from the Italian word *porcellana*, a univalve shell having a high arched back like that of the hog; according to others, from the Portuguese word *porcellana*, a drinking cup.

Porcelain first became known in Europe in the early part of the seventeenth century, yet it was known in China in the sixth century, some say even before the Christian era. There are no existing specimens. We are only able to trace to that time by existing documentary evidence. However, it was not until the sixth or seventh century that fine material was employed and some degree of perfection was attained. Still taking the later date, the porcelain of China has a high antiquity and must have been made at least a thousand years before any European porcelain. The Chinese were so exclusively the manufacturers that when it was introduced into Europe it became known as China.

Porcelain is distinguished from other kinds of ware by its hardness, translucency and whiteness; it cannot be scratched by any metal, not even steel in its unglazed or biscuit state, as it is called. Porcelain is composed of kaolin and petunse. Kaolin is a decomposed rock found in the mountainous regions of China and named after the mountain Kaoling, and is itself infusible; to make possible the manufacture of porcelain it is mixed with petunse, which is also decomposed rock, but fusible. When kaolin and petunse have been hammered into powder they are thoroughly cleansed. This is accomplished by placing the powdered mass into a vessel filled with water and left there for about twenty-four hours, then sifted through various sieves and formed into bricks to make it portable. When the bricks are dry they are shipped to the various potteries, where they are again dissolved.

The Chinese mix these two powdered rocks, which are nothing but silica, felspar and granite, with due proportion of water, and get what is called clay. When this is baked a hard, white, translucent and vibrant body results. The method the Chinese use in the manufacture of porcelain may be explained briefly, in spite of the fact that many lengthy works on Chinese porcelain have

been published; but this is meant as a short treatise for the amateur and ordinary collector.

After the kaolin and petunse have been ground into a powdered state the mass is mixed with a necessary amount of water, thoroughly cleansed and kneaded, and when plastic is ready to be used by the potter who receives it on the lathe and turns the desired object. The foot during this process remains in the solid so as to allow the potter more freedom in the handling of the object, or sometimes a handle is made or attached to the bottom; that is, if the piece in question is to be dipped in a single colour, or, in other words, where a specimen is to be decorated with a monochrome glaze. When the vase, dish or bowl has been formed from the wet clay it is then put in



FAMILLE VERTE GOD OF MIRTH
KANG HSI PERIOD

the kiln for a temporary baking, or, properly speaking, for a drying; after the water has entirely evaporated the pieces are removed. Now that the piece is dry, the finishing touches are applied. When the shape is completed it is sent to another workman, who attaches the handles and impresses the marks, etc. It is then sent to the decorators, who paint and apply their glazes. If the object in question is to be decorated in three or five colours, it sometimes takes as long as six months to finish it: the reason

being that the enamels used in the decoration are not all able to stand the temperature of the kiln, as the degree of heat needed which will bring out the best quality of one will ruin that of the other; consequently these enamels are applied one after the other and in a different temperature, simply by placing the piece in the lower or higher part of the kiln. There is also what is termed as the muffle kiln, where the very delicate colours which cannot stand the heat of the greater kiln are placed and it is mostly used for the last applied colours of *Famille Rose*.

By the time a piece is completed it has been in the kiln from six to ten times, each time subjected to a lesser degree of heat. Pierre D'Entrecolles states in his letters that some of the pieces of porcelain pass through the hands of seventy workmen before completion. All this is saved in the monochrome glazes, which generally need only one firing, such as *celadon*, but sometimes these

have to be refired. The method used in firing is as follows:

When the piece of porcelain is ready for the kiln it is placed in a seggar, which is made of coarse clay, which allows the heat to penetrate through it and which also protects the piece from flying dust. After the kiln has been filled with these seggars containing the porcelains the entrance is bricked up and a steady heat is kept under it continuously for twenty-four hours.

The Sung dynasty, 960-1259 A.D., is famous for its potteries in the first half of the period and for the first real production of porcelain in the second half. To this dynasty we are also indebted for their beautiful and very rare pale blue glazed bowls, clair-de-lune vases and religious vessels with aubergine and deep purple splashes; the remarkable white vases of Ting Yao and celadon glazes, which have not been surpassed by any of their later productions.



PAIR OF FAMILLE VERTE KYLINS AND A FAMILLE NOIR QUADRANGULAR VASE, KANG HSI PERIOD

After that they allow the same amount of time to elapse for the kiln to cool off. When it is again opened and the baked porcelain removed, if they do not need another firing, they are ready for emperor, prince, mandarin or merchant.

The peculiarity in Chinese porcelain is the remarkable rarity of finding two vases alike. Although a great part of their production is in imitation of the ancient, yet so characteristic is the Chinese artist that enough of his individuality is brought out to make it appear a different piece.

CXXII

To the great Ming dynasty, 1368-1644, or as the Chinese call it, Ta Ming, belongs the introduction of underglazed blue and coloured enamels (Famille Verte, used in the Wan Li period, 1513-1629) and likewise for their celadon. This period is also known as the blue-and-white period and most remarkable of all is the invention of the eggshell china in the Yung Lo period, 1403-1474. This wonderful ware is as thin as paper, as hard as stone, translucent and almost transparent, and decorated with incised dragons so fine they can only

be seen when the vessel is filled with water or held up to the light. Is there anything more exquisite, more dainty? And civilized Europeans during this time were drinking out of wooden tankards.

To the Kang Hsi period, 1662-1722, we are indebted for the perfection of the potter's art. The paste had reached its zenith, the blue was improved, which had failed at the end of the earlier period. In their drawing they attained perfection, presenting a style of their own. It is in this period that the famous Viceroy Lang Ting Tso, one of the most cultured and learned men in China, invented the famous sang-de-bœuf, or ox-blood red, and the apple-green glazes, which have no superior for brilliancy, richness and depth of colour, adorned with a crackle as small as fish roe and as large as a crab's claw, and which was named after him, Lang Yao.

Also in this period peach bloom was introduced and it is the celebrated imperial factory at Cheng Te Chen which produced these inimitable peach-bloom amphoras, in which have not been surpassed and probably never will be. Also the exquisite *clair-de-lune*, coral-red, powder-blue and many other monochrome glazes which have gained world renown for their elegance of tone. I do not dwell so much on the history of the potter's art, because, as I have stated earlier, more comprehensive and lengthier works than this have already done that. So I fall back upon my brief notes. It was also during this period that the five-colour decorative porcelain, *Famille Verte*, as it is called, attained its highest mark. The paste could not be better, the drawings delicate and artistic, the enamels and glazes magnificent. The black hawthorn, the most distinguished production of the Chinese potter, with three and five colour decoration upon a black ground coated with a green glaze; is there anything more suggestive? One only has to examine the Altman Collection at the Metropolitan Museum in New York to realise what a poetic and artistic nation the Chinese nation was. It was in this period that Europe was first able to acquire Chinese porcelain through the Portuguese traders, and later through the various West India companies. The Europeans also later sent their own designs, which the Chinese copied on their ware.

The Yung Ching period, 1723-1735, and the Chien Lung period may be conjoined, as Emperor Yung Ching only reigned the short term of thirteen years, and there was not much change

wrought in his period. But nevertheless they excelled and invented many commendable colours. This period was particularly active in the manufacture of imitations of the Ming vases, and was quite successful in its production, so much so that at present there are many collections which have the Yung Ching imitations labeled as Ming. It was in this period when we heard first of the famous rose colour, which is derived from gold, and the wonderful ruby red, which reaches its highest mark in the latter period. Monochromes reached their zenith, and it was this period that introduced the *Famille rose* enamels and the *flame* and *soufle* glazes.

The Chien Lung period, 1736 to 1795, is the distinguished period of the Chinese ceramic art. It was after this period that the manufacture of porcelain began to decline. This celebrated Emperor reigned peacefully for sixty years, and was one of the most enlightened and cultured emperors that China had ever been ruled by. He himself was a poet and an artist, and when he died the epoch of the manufacture of fine porcelain ceased. There was a short-lived revival in the *Tau-Kwan* period, but it did not arouse any interest. To this period belong the famous *rose-back* plates. Some say that they are of the Yung Ching period, but if so, these plates are not so fine as those of this period; by that I mean the first half of the Chien Lung period. These gems with their egg-shell bodies are embellished with five and seven borders and medallions containing scenes in the most delicate drawing and the finest of enamel. No wonder that the collectors pay such fabulous prices for them and the remarkable ruby-back saucers with similar adorned cups. No surprise obtains that the Chinese use powdered rubies and gems to produce their glazes; there is nothing too good if one can produce such elegant and magnificent colours. Is it surprising that the connoisseur goes into ecstasy over these glorious god-like gems, the production of man?

The earliest celebrity among national collections of porcelain is that of the Chinese palace at Dresden. This was founded by King Frederick August I, who purchased the building and enriched it with a quantity of Chinese porcelain obtained from Holland, and whose love of porcelain carried him so far that he exchanged his finest regiment of dragoons with Frederick William of Prussia for a score of large vases.

The Chinese having discovered the commercial

value of their porcelain both in their own and other countries began to imitate the antique, for there was a great demand for them, and consequently much of their artistic individuality, which gave so much charm to their fine porcelain, was lost.

The amateur and collector may assure themselves that date-marks found in porcelain are no proof of their being genuine, and should the piece be genuine, the fact that it has a mark is no guarantee of its artistic merits and desirability.

Marks are by no means the only way to judge a piece of antique Chinese porcelain whether it be genuine or not; of course, they depict the styles and characters of their times and are only essential when the porcelain is genuine.

The amateur should remember that knowledge gained from books will be of little assistance to him in the training of his eye to colour and form, which is the most important part in the judging of antique porcelain.

To acquire the training one must keep on comparing quality and colours of the best and next best. The difference is so slight that the untrained eye is not able to tell them apart. Much may be learned by constant examination of distinguished collections at the museums and exhibitions.

In conclusion I just wish to say something about buying at auction. It is always advisable to see and examine the articles one wishes to purchase, particularly so when it is in the line of Chinese porcelain. No matter how reliable an auctioneer may be, he may overlook or sometimes forget to mention that a piece is repaired, and outside of that the buyers will be surprised when taking out a piece to examine the difference in it when it is in his hand, or when it is in a showcase which is very brilliantly lighted by electricity. As there is also a certain amount of embarrassment attached when returning a purchase made at an auction, it is advisable that this rule be carried out. I also give for the benefit of the amateur a list of Chinese dynasties and periods in which the manufacture of pottery and porcelain was prominent, all others eliminated.

Han Dynasty	—B.C.	202- 220—A.D.
Wei	"	A.D. 221- 265
Chin	"	266- 419
Sui	"	581- 617
Tung	"	618- 606
Chow	"	954- 950

Sung Dynasty	—A.D.	960-1259
Yuan	"	1260-1349
Ming	"	1368-1643
Yong Lo period		1403-1424
Cheng Hua	"	1465-1487
Ching Te	"	1506-1521
Wan Li	"	1573-1620
Ching Dynasty		
Kang-Hsi period	—A.D.	—1602-1722
Yung Ching	"	1723-1735
Chien Lung	"	1736-1795
Chai Ching	"	1796-1820
Tau Kwan	"	1820-1856

IN THE GALLERIES

THE Cincinnati Art Club pays the following tribute to an illustrious artist who has so recently passed away:

"Death has again invaded our membership, and taken from among us Mr. Frank Duveneck, who, at the time of his death, was an honorary member of our club. He died on January 3, 1919, at the Good Samaritan Hospital, Cincinnati, Ohio.

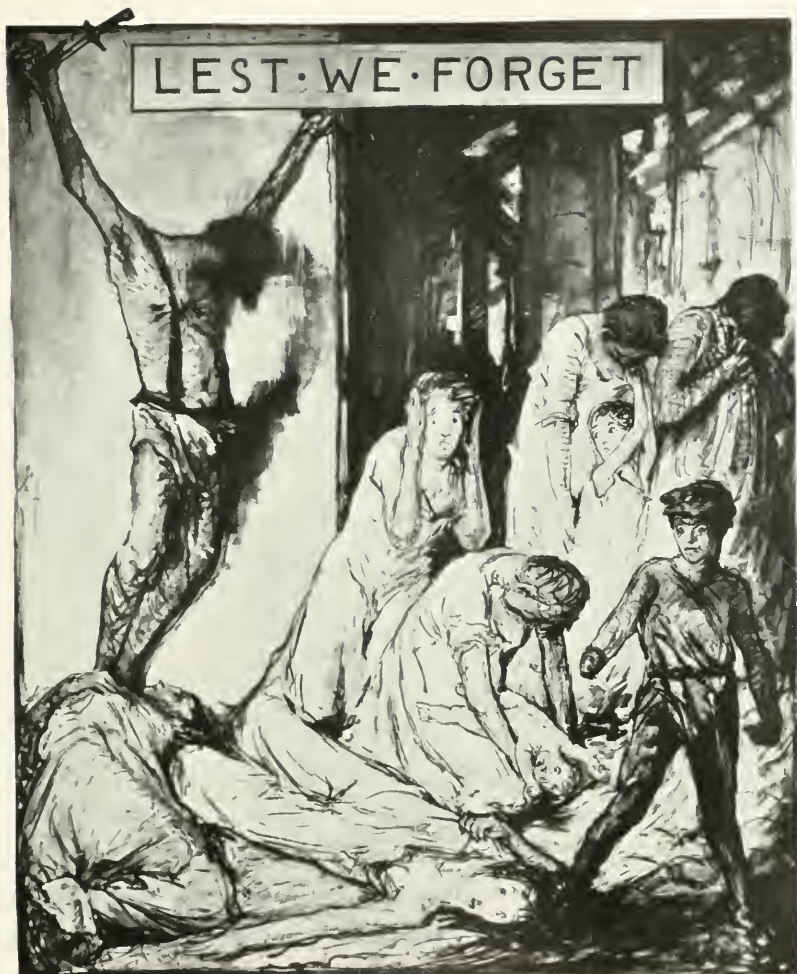
"In his passing, our club loses one of its strongest supporters. His loss to this club, to this community, and all of the organizations in which he was active, and to all within reach of his influence, is irreparable.

"It is a well-known fact that among all who knew him there was a feeling of sincere affection, as well as abiding esteem for this great artist and man.

"Frank Duveneck was of the best type of what we term 'a father to all interested in art.' He knew hard work in his early days, and it did not narrow him; he knew sorrow, but it did not embitter him; his judgment always of the best, he was gifted with wonderful vision.

"He had marvelous power, which was easily transmitted to those with whom he came in contact, but his thoughts were not grooved in a channel, and his interests always universal. There will be many who shall miss the steady strength which flowed from him, the sincere kindness so unflinchingly shown, the wise counsel so freely given.

"In the infinitely greater sorrow of his family and those closely allied with him in his work, in his far reaching benevolences, in his labours for art, we ask to extend our condolences, and to lay our tribute upon the bier of this fine man, who has been called to his reward."



WAR POSTER BY EBEN F. COMINS
USED IN THE FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN DRIVE
AND LATER BY CANADA IN THEIR VICTORY
LOAN DRIVE



PORTRAIT OF SAN LORENZO GUISTINIAN

ATTRIBUTED TO GENTILE BELLINI

A rare old painting, the portrait of San Lorenzo Guistinian, the first patriarch and famous benefactor of Venice, has been presented to the American Red Cross in token of the gratitude of Venice for the work of the American Red Cross in Italy. The picture is attributed to Gentile Bellini. It is in the pure style of the period, somewhat sombre and severe, and full of dignity. The lines are delicate and soft, and at the same time sustained and strong. The portrait is an excellent work of art, worthy of admiration for the great pictorial value as well as for its subject and associations. The donor is Sebastiano Candrian, a well-known Venetian antiquarian. His picture was deposited during the war in the care of the Municipality and was consigned to the American Red Cross delegate at Venice by Count

Grimani, Mayor of Venice. It is now on exhibition in the ante-room of the Red Cross office in Venice and will be transported to America, where it will be hung in whatever place the National Organization may decide to place it. The gift includes a fine old frame and an easel on which the picture stands. The desire of the giver is that this portrait of another earlier benefactor of Venice may remain in America as an expression of the gratitude of Italy for what America has done for her during the Great War.

In regarding the work of Eugene Higgins at the Knoedler Galleries it is necessary to divest the mind of all thoughts of the bright side of life and to descend with him into the sewers, amongst rats, corpses, paupers, prostitutes and inebriates. He is a chronicler of the lowest depths to which humanity can succumb, no deeper degradation could be imagined. The artist's voice savours of the sepulchre. Some of his most cheerful subjects are fishing

out live corpses from the Seine; cut-throats and priestesses of Venus Vulgiva consorting beneath mouldy archways, boxes of human bones going on a cart to the cemetery, etc., etc. But in spite of the horrors and sorrows that he depicts in a low key, commensurate with the subject, one is attracted by the quality of his paint, the bigness of his vision, the massing of his groups into monumental structure and the beauty of his blues and reds so reservedly applied.

Quite apart from painter-like quality the canvases of S. T. Woolf are interesting in that he went to France for his work and has depicted phases of the war with first-hand knowledge and directness that place his achievement apart from studio-made war pictures that so many artists have dreamed at home. Of course pictures can



INTELLIGENCE SECTION, A. E. F., MENIL LA TOUR

BY S. T. WOOLF

be made away from the scene of action, with wonderful grasp of the *mise-en-scène*, but though they may be works of art they must of necessity lack something in spontaneity and truth which the man present reveals to us. No artist witnessed the Crucifixion, yet, had that been the case, posterity might have possessed still more striking pictures of the event. To use the happy expression of Mr. Albert E. Gallatin, who wrote a foreword to Woolf's recent exhibition at the Milch Galleries, the artist after being gassed and wounded by shrapnel found his talents developed and was "saturated with his subject."

The Whitney Studio, which continues with Force-ful enthusiasm to give luxurious hospitality to the exhibiting artists, has had some excellent shows in the past month, including one-man shows by Allan Tucker, Gifford Beal and Randall Davey. In the case of Beal, more interesting still than his water-colours, are some very convincing pen-and-ink sketches. Randall Davey has many well considered problems in

pen, wash and pastel, and the most direct and unconventional bull-fight in oils ever displayed. The action is brisk and effective and the tonal quality of the sketch thoroughly good.

The Macbeth Galleries have followed up an unusually good exhibition of paintings by foremost American artists with a two-man show. Paul Dougherty and Charles H. Davis are so eminent in the domain of marine and landscape respectively that their united display is a worthy sequel to the Twachtman exhibition which preceded them.

The new Folsom Galleries at 500 Fifth Avenue are exceedingly handsome and appropriate. Their opening with nine distinguished American artists has set a high standard for future operations by reason of the fine quality of the works selected. Examples by Walter Griffin, Jonas Lie, Albert Groll, Willard L. Metcalf, Ben Foster, Gardner Symons, showed these men at their best. An early Dearth, *Springtime Moonrise*, added to the visitors' enjoyment.

In the Galleries

At the Knoedler Galleries on Fifth Avenue, Harris Brown upholds British portraiture ably in the presentments of Mr. Charles H. Sabin, Miss Miller-Graham, Colonel Bishop and Mrs. Slater, Jr., of Washington. Harris Brown's portraits are great feats of draughtsmanship, rich colouring, excellent pose and a character expressed in hands out of the ordinary. He is intensely interested not only in the actual hand, but in obtaining some attractive poses of the hands, making a beautiful picture in themselves.

Kingore's Gallery, one of the most attractive galleries in the city, is just now in the hands of Boris Anisfeld, who displays there his stage settings for *La Reine Fiamette*, the latest Metropolitan Opera production. Anisfeld is far ahead of Bakst in colour and imagination.

The Montross Galleries have shows of very varying interest. At present Gari Melchers holds the stage, so nobody can cavil. His *Drummer*, *First Royal Scots* has tremendous force. Very attractive canvases are his *Watermelon*, *The Hermit* and *Corn Shucking*.

The Bourgeois Galleries have instituted an exhibition of sculpture where the usual type of exhibit has been banned and only pieces of peculiar individuality and originality have been admitted—small pieces of sculpture of a personal character have made the exhibition a thing to be remembered. Why no Nadelmans?

The Allied Artists for the sixth time have opened to the public. Their exhibition at the Academy is mainly interesting for the fact that it has been splendidly hung and presents an uncrowded appearance. It does not conflict with the Academy, nor does it strive to do so. Plenty of good pictures are in evidence, nothing startling except perhaps Eliot Clark's *Sea Tragedy*, which recalls Turner in its dramatic intensity and colouring, and a portrait by Fromkes, who divides his talents between beautiful sitters, stuffed owls and distinguished patina. His old-ivory notes against black are particularly engaging. Good portraits by Ledyard Towle of a child, Oscar Fehrer, Orlando Rouland, and Lawrence Nelson are in evidence.

The Daniel Gallery has been displaying the interesting work of Samuel Halpert, who, though a modern in the truest sense of the word, does not offend delicate senses by painting canvases devoid of subject. His colour and pattern are quite seductive, especially the *Interior with a Figure*.

The Tenth Annual Exhibition of American Paintings now on at the Museum of Art, Fort Worth, Texas, contains canvases by Marion Boyd Allen, Adolphe Borie, Hugh Breckenridge, Henry Bush-Brown, Mary Butler, John F. Carlson, C. C. Cooper, Emma L. Cooper, Paul Cornoyer, E. I. Couse, Arthur Crisp, Catherine Critcher, C. C. Curran, E. Dufner, Gertrude Fiske, J. F. Folinsbee, C. P. Gruppe, Philip Hale, Birge Harrison, H. Bolton Jones, Paul King, Leon Kroll, Louis Kronberg, Hayley Lever, Philip Little, Ernest L. Major, Luis Mora, Leonard Ochtman, Ivan G. Olinsky, Jane Peterson, C. Rosen, C. Rungius, C. F. Ryder, L. G. Seyffert, E. C. Tarbell, and others.



PORTRAIT OF
MRS. G. L. NELSON

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE
NELSON

THE STUDIO

THE RECENT WORK OF MR. H. HUGHES-STANTON, A.R.A. BY ALEXANDER J. FINBERG.

A LITTLE more than ten years ago THE STUDIO published an excellently written article by Miss Hepworth Dixon, dealing with the life and work of Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton. At that time the young artist's career was full of promise. To-day that promise has been abundantly fulfilled. During the last ten years the artist's powers have steadily matured. His work has gained in ease and variety, and his reputation is now firmly established as one of the foremost of living English landscape-painters.

The purchase by the Trustees of the Chantrey

Fund of *A Pasturage among the Dunes—Pas-de-Calais, France*, from the New Gallery, in 1908, was the first official recognition Mr. Hughes-Stanton received in this country. He got a gold medal at the Paris Salon the same year, and a second-class Gold Medal at Barcelona in 1910. In 1911 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours; he was made an A.R.A. in 1913; and in 1914 the French Government bought their third picture from him for the Luxembourg Museum. In 1915 he was made a full member of the Water Colour Society, and the same year he was awarded a first-class gold medal at the San Francisco Exhibition. There is scarcely a public gallery in England which has not bought or wished to buy one of his landscapes. The full



"SUNLIGHT THROUGH THE TREES, PAS-DE-CALAIS"

BY H. HUGHES-STANTON, A.R.A.



"THE WYE BELOW CHEPSTOW"
BY H. HUGHES-STANTON, A.R.A.

(Bristol Municipal Art Gallery)



"SAINT-JEAN, AVIGNON"
BY H. HUGHES-STANTON, A.R.A.

The Recent Work of Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton, A.R.A.

list of those galleries which have succeeded in acquiring works of his is too long for me to give, but it includes the municipal galleries at Manchester, Bradford, Bristol, Newcastle, Oldham and Brighton; the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool; as well as the Aberdeen Gallery and the Welsh National Gallery. In the Dominions the Sydney, Adelaide, Auckland, and Wellington National Galleries have bought examples of his work. It may be urged that these honours prove nothing—that public galleries often buy works by indifferent artists, and that official recognition often goes astray. Such objections, however, can carry little weight with those who have seen the works which have earned these honours for Mr. Hughes-Stanton. To those who have watched the steady succession of masterpieces with which he has enriched the recent exhibitions of the Royal Academy, whose hearts have been touched by the sincerity and moved by the lofty appeal, the dignity and imaginative power

of pictures like *Hurt Hill, Haslemere*; *Winter, Hampshire*; and *Welsh Hills near Barmouth*, it is matter for rejoicing to find that real merit is sometimes recognized at once, even in England and the Colonies, and that it is not always that we wait till after a great artist is dead before we appreciate his works.

For so young an artist as Hughes-Stanton to have fairly earned such widespread recognition proves that his work possesses a very happy combination of many different qualities. He is not the idol of any particular set or clique. He is not merely what is called "a painter's painter" any more than he is a merely popular painter. His work appeals to all men of sense and imagination, to the general public and to artists of all kinds. He seems to have resolved, by some peculiar personal felicity, the difficult art of pleasing everybody—a feat more difficult of accomplishment nowadays, when so many different and apparently contradictory ideals



"WINTER, HAMPSHIRE"

(In the possession of Sir Gilbert Wills, Bart., M.P.)

BY H. HUGHES-STANTON, A.R.A.



"HURT HILL, HASLEMERE"
BY H. HUGHES-STANTON, A.R.A.



"FORT ST. ANDRÉ, AVIGNON"
BY H. HUGHES-STANTON, A.R.A.

are struggling for mastery, than at any previous time in the history of painting.

The chief characteristic of his work is its eminent sanity and nice balance of qualities. His style is broad without being empty or loose, his colour is rich and harmonious without being forced or untrue to Nature. The spacing and general arrangement of his pictures are carefully thought out, yet the science is seldom apparent, and never obtrusive. In pictures like *Poole Harbour* (in the Luxembourg), *Welsh Hills near Barmouth* (in this year's Royal Academy), and the great snow scene in last year's Academy, he indulges his love of massive and stately design, while preserving all the accidental charm and truthful look of a sketch done direct from Nature.

This happy combination in Hughes-Stanton's work of science and natural ease, of learning and instinct, labour and spontaneity, is too perfect to be the result of anything but a purely personal gift. The artist must be doing something which is absolutely true to his own nature and inclinations. He must be expressing himself

freely and frankly, for if he were not there would inevitably be more signs of effort, and the presence of jarring notes would destroy the harmony between desire and achievement.

This absence of jarring and conflicting elements in his work no doubt accounts for that air of serenity which forms one of the most potent charms of all he does. And those who are privileged to know the artist in private life cannot help realizing how complete and sincere his work is as an expression of his own nature. His friends know him as a collector of pictures and fine books, as one who takes a keen interest in naval history and in everything that has to do with the history of his beloved art, especially in England. Those who know him as a lover of knowledge and all forms of beauty, and who admire his cultivated and well-balanced mind, may perhaps be pardoned for thinking that the man is even greater than his work.

As a young man his friends and acquaintances seem to have realized that he was a born painter, and their confidence in his powers induced them



"WINTER SUNRISE"

(In the possession of A. Percy Eccles, Esq.)

BY H. HUGHES-STANTON, A.R.A.



"WELSH HILLS NEAR BARMOUTH"

BY H. HUGHES-STANTON, A.R.A.

to smooth his path and help him over the difficulties of his early career. I remember talking to him once about those years which nearly all young artists have to go through when they get their pictures rejected year after year by the jury of the Royal Academy. Even Hughes-Stanton had been through this bitter experience, I found to my surprise, so I asked him how he had managed to preserve his faith in himself and keep his courage up through it all. He replied that there had always been some kind friend to pat him on the back and say, "Never mind, my boy, the time will come——" And once, as he told me, an old gentleman who met him looking rather depressed after one of these annual rebuffs, actually offered to give him fifty pounds for the rejected picture without even wanting to see it. I wish I could give the name of this kindly and discerning patron.

It is evident, I think, that Hughes-Stanton's work is an expression of his own personality. Working thus from within, i.e. expressing only

those thoughts and feelings which pressed for utterance, he has been saved from much of that restless experimentation in divergent directions in which so many artists of the day have wasted their time and their powers. I happen to have been reading the other day of the answer which Turner once made to the question as to what was the chief difficulty in an artist's career. Turner's reply was, "My first difficulty was *to know what I wanted.*" Well, it seems to me that Mr. Hughes-Stanton has always known what he wanted. He has never tried to express anything but his own thoughts and feelings. He has been true to himself since first he began to paint with the brushes and materials borrowed surreptitiously from his father's studio. Time has only freed him from that diffidence and shy self-consciousness which accompany all first appearances in public, and his steady years of labour have brought ease and mastery to the beautiful work which now seems to come so simply and naturally from his accomplished hand.



"AUTUMN EVENING, HINDHEAD."
FROM THE OIL PAINTING BY
H. HUGHES-STANTON, A.R.A.

SIX ETCHINGS

BY

LESTER G. HORNBY

The half-dozen etchings here reproduced form part of a set executed by the artist during a sketching vacation in the Departments of the Loire and the Marne some little time before the outbreak of war. The early phases of his work as an etcher were reviewed by Mr. E. A. Taylor in the second of his articles on "American Etchers in Paris," which appeared in our issue of January 1912

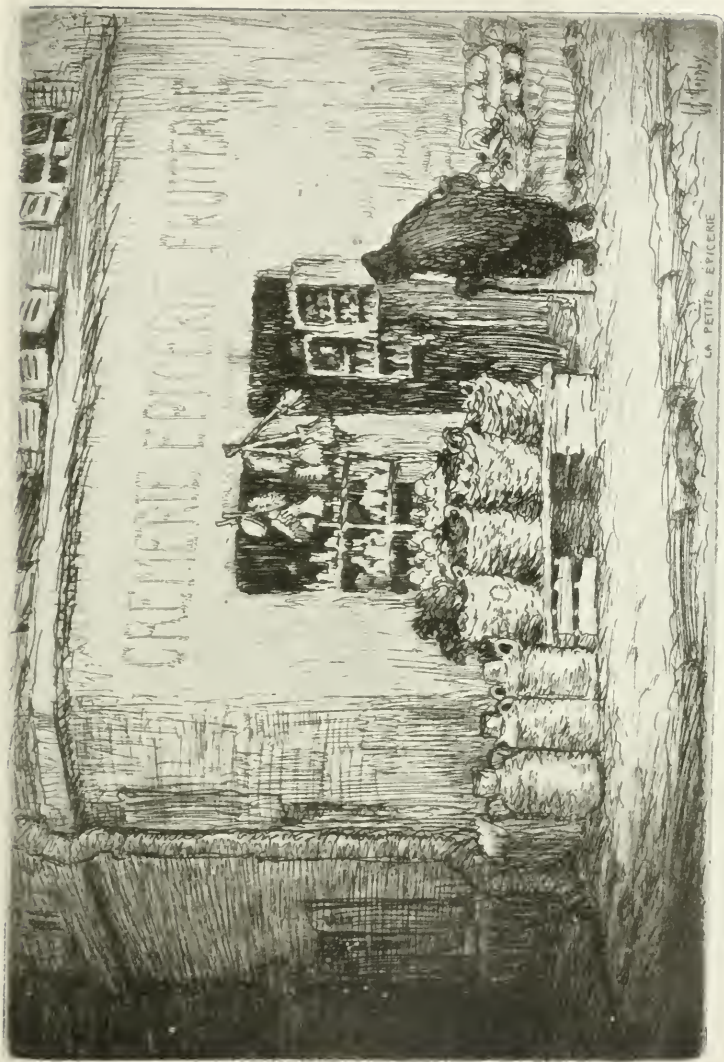


"MOULIN NO. 4" (LOIRE)

BY LESTER G. HORNBY



"SANNOIS: MOULIN NO. 3"
BY LESTER G. HORNBY

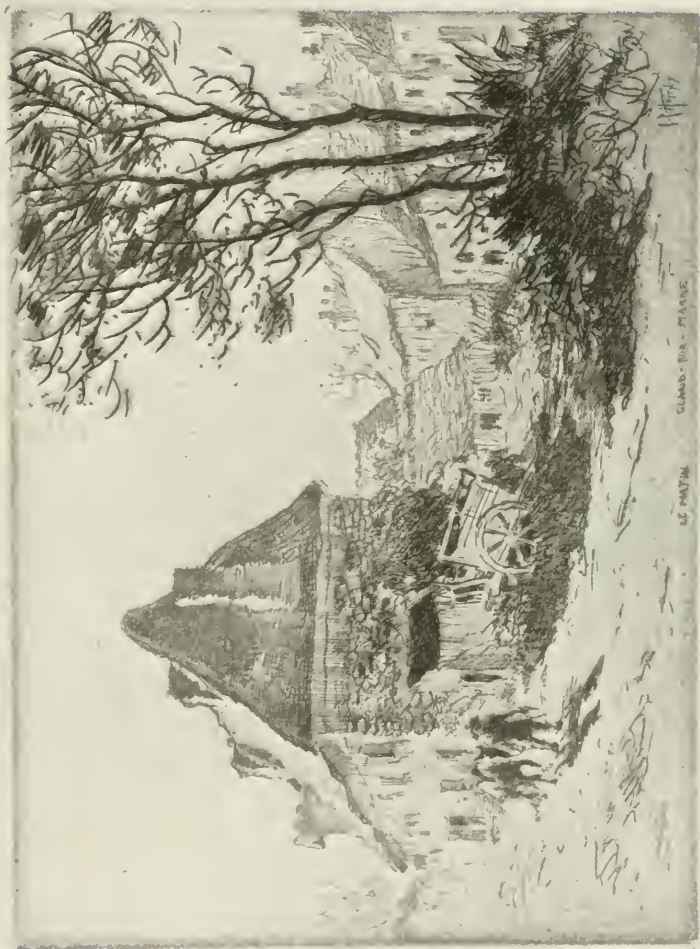


"LA PETITE ÉPICERIE."
BY LESTER G. HORNBY



W. F. F. F.

"CIEL PLUVIEUX, SOILLY, MARNE"
BY LESTER G. HORNBY



43. 1877.

CLANDON - FIVE - FIVE

LE MATIN

"MATIN, GLAND-SUR-MARNE"
BY LESTER G. HORNBY



"CIEL ET CHAMPS, NO. 7"
BY LESTER G. HORNBY

The Flower Paintings of Herbert Davis Richter, R.O.I.

THE FLOWER PAINTINGS OF
HERBERT DAVIS RICHTER, R.O.I.

IT would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that the love of flowers is a common characteristic of the whole of humanity.

There is hardly any civilized people which does not regard the flower garden as one of the legitimate pleasures of life, and there is hardly any man, whatever may be the place he occupies in the community, who is not sensible in some degree of the charm which flowers possess and of the sentiment which they inspire. Some nations—like the Japanese—have developed the love of flowers into an aesthetic tradition which has a strong influence upon the character and quality of their art, and which guides in a definite way the practice of their artists. Even savage races often use flowers for decorative purposes and for personal adornment, with considerable appreciation of their beauty and colour value.

So it is scarcely surprising that flower painting should have been a recognized branch of art practice in almost all schools, and in almost all

periods. Artists naturally are ready to respond to the stimulus of colour in flowers, and they perceive fully that there are in them subtleties of form and varieties of surface texture which demand the most studious observation, and need for proper realization a large measure of technical skill. The problems presented require, if they are to be rightly solved, wholly serious consideration; they cannot be lightly handled nor can they be treated as simple exercises in executive method. Flower painting is a difficult form of art and the man who would excel in it must have the qualifications of a master—less than mastery will not suffice to enable the artist to deal with the complexities of his subjects or to do adequate justice to his material.

There are two particular ways in which flower painting can be practised, the realistic and the decorative. The realistic painter approaches his subjects with the artist's eye, no doubt, but with something of the botanist's mind. He concerns himself intimately with characteristics of growth and details of structure, he expends minute care upon the expression of complicated



"HYDRANGEAS"

OIL PAINTING BY H. DAVIS RICHTER, R.O.I.

The Flower Paintings of Herbert Davis Richter, R.O.I.

facts and he dwells with precision upon the many little things which make up the complete object he has chosen for study. This was generally the attitude of the Dutch masters of flower painting, whose realism could scarcely be surpassed; and it was adopted, too, by more recent masters like that consummate craftsman Fantin-Latour, who rivalled the finest of the Dutchmen in perfection of accomplishment and more than equalled them in grace of style and delicacy of feeling.

The decorative painter is less occupied with the smaller botanical realities. His aim is rather to generalize his material and to take advantage of the opportunities it offers him to secure brilliant and stimulating colour effects. Naturally he does not ignore the specific character of the flowers he paints and he does not omit to study their forms and the manner of their growth, because all these are essential details which count for much in the construction of his scheme of design; but for his purposes it is sufficient to be sure of the main facts and to get them into the right decorative relation. What he wants chiefly is the inspiration of colour, the stimulus which flowers give pre-eminently to the man who feels strongly the colour emotion. Their infinite variety of hue and tint, their range from the most delicate colour tones to the most sumptuous and gorgeous, their exquisiteness of combination and gradation are to him a constant incitement to renewed effort; his enthusiasm can never flag while he has them before him to key up his senses, and his colour perception can never become dull or unresponsive so long as his love of flowers remains to him.

It is this decorative sense that marks defi-

nately the whole of Mr. Davis Richter's work as a flower-painter. Trained in his youth as a designer and decorator, it was natural that when he developed a little later into a painter of pictures he should incline more towards the decorative treatment of flower subjects than towards the botanical minuteness of the Dutch masters. A lover of flowers, he was more attracted by their riotous glory of colour when grown in profusion than by the subtle beauties of structure which can be discovered by close examination of the single blossom. In the flower masses he saw nature in her gayest dress, revelling in the joy of life and rejoicing in the loveliness of the world over which she rules, and only by the sympathetic rendering of these masses did he feel that he could convey the full impression of her luxuriance and prodigal generosity. It was a strong sentiment that moved him, but the sentiment was right



"PEONIES AND A CHINESE FIGURE"

BY H. DAVIS RICHTER, R.O.I.



THE BUBBLE MIRROR
FROM THE OIL PAINTING BY
H. DAVIS RICHTER, R.O.I.



"ANEMONES"

OIL PAINTING BY H. DAVIS RICHTER, R.O.I.

because in it his temperament was unaffectedly expressed.

Certainly, this sentiment gives value and significance to his work, and accounts clearly for most of its qualities. In his pictures the thing that is evident first and last is that they have been painted in a sort of frenzy of colour worship, but a frenzy disciplined and controlled by a well-trained taste. That deliberate and scientific calculation which spoils so much pictorial effort—sometimes it leads to laboious elaboration, at others to empty and unmeaning simplification—never appears as a defect in his painting; he thinks deeply, and he sees acutely, but his thoughts are guided by honest enthusiasm and his sight is quickened by a colour appreciation which never goes astray. The one great danger which always confronts the man who attempts to realize Nature's riot and profusion of colour—the danger of becoming rank or vulgarly showy—he avoids with admirable dis-

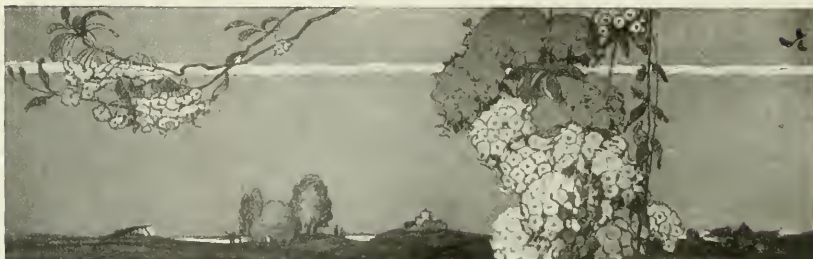
cretion. The richness and strength of his arrangements only accentuate the harmony he has designed, they do not carry him into any injudicious exaggeration of the beauties which he is striving to make other people see as he himself has seen them. With all its freedom and with all its sumptuousness, his work is thoroughly restrained and fully in accordance with sane tradition.

And it owes, too, something of its success to the executive method he has adopted. To labour his handling or to aim at



"ROSES"

OIL PAINTING BY H. DAVIS RICHTER, R.O.I.



DESIGN FOR DECORATIVE FRIEZE (PASTEL)

BY H. DAVIS RICHTER, R.O.I.

needless minuteness of finish would be to rob his canvases of that air of spontaneity which counts for so much in their effect. His frank, direct technique, his cleanliness of colour tone, his habit of placing touch beside touch freshly and without fumbling them into shape, all help to enhance the spirit of his subjects. There is no kind of art in which a straightforward method is more appropriate than in flower painting, because there is no kind of art in which tentative or uncertain brushwork has a more disastrous result. But probably this is one of the useful lessons which Mr. Davis Richter learned during his training as a decorator, that to see largely and to record clearly and with conviction can be regarded as the fundamentals of design.

His training certainly had the advantage of comprehensiveness. Born at Brighton in 1874, he was educated at Bath and practised there from 1895 to 1906 as an architect and designer with much success. His desire to become a painter arose out of the conviction that his work would gain in unity and quality if he could himself execute the decorations he designed; and to fit himself for actual accomplishment in this direction he became a student under J. M. Swan and Mr. Brangwyn, from whom unquestionably he received just the sort of guidance he required.

At any rate he has learned his lesson well, and he knows how to apply it in all branches of his work. He is just as correctly inspired by Nature in his pure decorations as he is in his easel pictures, and he is just as truly a decorator in his pictures as he is in his designs. But then the principles on which he relies in the whole of his art are sound at their foundation and have been followed out with intelligence through all the various steps of his practice. Therefore he is always ready to solve in the right way any problem that is presented to him, and he need never be in doubt concerning the manner in which he ought to approach the difficulties of his profession.

W. K. WEST.



"PEONIES"

OIL PAINTING BY H. DAVIS RICHTER, R.O.I.



"PHLOX AND A BEAM OF
LIGHT," FROM THE PASTEL BY
H. DAVIS RICHTER, R.O.I.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—By special permission of His Majesty we reproduce here the congratulatory address presented to the King and Queen on the occasion of their silver wedding by the Royal British Colonial Society of Artists, of which His Majesty is Patron and the Queen an Honorary Member. The lettering is an admirable example of Mr. Graily Hewitt's accomplished penmanship, which besides being decoratively attractive has the virtue of legibility so often lacking in documents of this kind. The decoration of the box or casket containing the address was designed by Mr. Anning Bell, A.R.A., and executed partly by him, but chiefly by one of his former students at the Glasgow School of Art, Miss Lydia Miller, who is now on the teaching staff of the school.

The Royal British Colonial Society of Artists was founded in 1887 as the Royal Anglo-Australian Society of Artists, with the object of organizing art exhibitions in Australia. In course of time the scope of its operations was enlarged so as to include all the British dominions beyond the seas, and in 1909 a Royal Charter recognizing this enlarged sphere was granted. We would suggest that when the conditions as to transportation again approximate to the normal of pre-war days, the Society should consider the possibility of organizing a representative exhibition in this country of the work of overseas artists, about which the majority of people here know very little indeed at first hand.

Messrs. Brown and Phillips begin their autumn programme at the Leicester Galleries with an exhibition of landscapes in water-colour by Mr. E. Barnard Lintott, this being the first occasion on which this artist has had a special display of his work. The drawings brought together at the Leicester Galleries show Mr. Lintott to be an artist with a very delicate vision, and his equally sensitive handling of his medium is especially evidenced in his rendering of atmospheric subtleties. Some of the drawings in the collection are souvenirs of a recent unique interval in the artist's career, when he acted as one of the secretaries of the

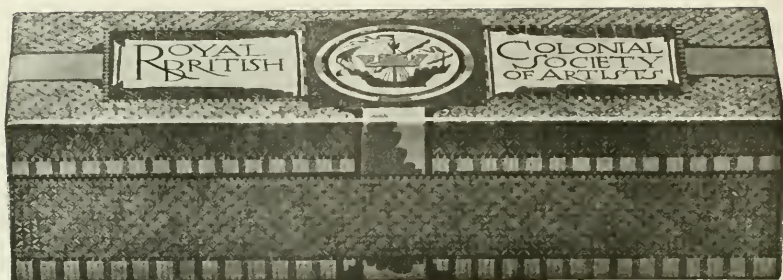


TO HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY
KING GEORGE V. PATRON OF
THE ROYAL BRITISH COLONIAL
SOCIETY OF ARTISTS. AND TO HER
GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN MARY.
HONORARY MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY.
on the occasion of Their Majesties' Silver Wedding
the loyal and Dutiful Address of the Members
and Associates of the Society.

May it please Your Majesties graciously to accept the sincere congratulations of the Members and Associates and their hope that after the present period of stress Your Majesties' reign may be long continued in peace & happiness further, they ask leave respectfully to express their admiration of the heroic achievements of Your Majesty's Naval, Military and Air Forces, and of the splendid services rendered by the Women of the Empire, and, finally, their assured belief in the ultimate triumph of the cause which Your Majesties and the People of Your Empire have at heart.

Signed with our Common Seal this
day of
MAY 1911

ADDRESS TO THEIR MAJESTIES FROM THE ROYAL BRITISH COLONIAL
SOCIETY OF ARTISTS. WRITTEN BY GRAILY HEWITT



CASKET CONTAINING ADDRESS TO THEIR MAJESTIES FROM THE ROYAL BRITISH COLONIAL SOCIETY OF ARTISTS. DESIGNED BY R. ANNING BELL, A.R.A., AND EXECUTED CHIEFLY BY MISS LYDIA MILLER

British Embassy in Petrograd under Sir George Buchanan during the stormy period preceding the Ambassador's departure.

The galleries at the British Museum which have been reopened for a few hours daily are those on the ground floor containing Greek and Roman sculpture, illuminated MSS., and books. In the sculpture galleries there is a collection of medals of various countries and periods, including a case of medals relating to the present war. Most of the examples in this case are described as of German "manufacture"—a term entirely appropriate as not implying the presence of any artistic qualities, which indeed are conspicuous by their absence. The medals commemorating the sinking of the "Lusitania" and other U-boat villainies, the one glorifying an imaginary Zeppelin bombardment of the Tower Bridge, and most of the others are, from an artistic point of view, on a level with another notorious German production—the much-quoted "Hymn of Hate."

We feel sure that all art-lovers in this country learned with deep sorrow of the death from starvation of the distinguished Russian painter, Ilya Repine. The deceased artist, whose work has on many occasions been referred to in these pages in our correspondence from Russia, had attained the venerable age of eighty, and this sad termination of a brilliant career is one among the many dire tragedies of the Russian revolution.

DUBLIN.—It is seldom that two galleries in the same city are simultaneously enriched by important bequests of pictures. By the tragic death of the late Sir Hugh Lane, the Dublin Municipal Gallery was deprived of its founder and benefactor, and the National Gallery of Ireland of a Director who, during his



"THE STRAW HAT"

BY WILLIAM MARIS

(Dublin Municipal Gallery, Lane Bequest)



"THE ESTUARY, PORCHESTER"

(Municipal Gallery, Dublin, Lane Bequest)

BY P. WILSON STEER



"AT THE SEASIDE"

(Dublin Municipal Gallery, Lane Bequest)

BY EUGÈNE BOUDIN



"IN THE OMNIBUS"

BY HONORÉ DAUMIER

(Dublin Municipal Gallery, Lane Bequest)

short term of office, had presented a number of valuable works to the Collection. These two institutions have now further benefited under the will of this most generous of Irishmen, the former by the addition of about one hundred pictures, water-colours, and drawings, the latter by the bequest of some forty works by old masters, and a capital sum representing a yearly endowment of over £1000 per annum.

Amongst the more noteworthy of the Lane Bequest pictures in the Municipal Gallery are Burne-Jones's *Sleeping Princess* from the Briar Rose series; Millais' early work *The Return of the Dove to the Ark*, a variant of the Oxford picture; a sea-piece by Boudin; an interesting *Portrait of a Young Man* by Ingres; and important works by Mr. Sargent (including his fine portrait of Sir Hugh Lane), Mr. Steer, Mr. John, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Muirhead, and other contemporary painters. The two new pictures by Mr. Steer, *The Severn Valley* and *The Estuary, Porchester*, are amongst his finest achievements, masterly in handling and full of the sheer beauty and poetic feeling which he succeeds so wonderfully in conveying through his brush, while the group of four water-colour studies by him are also singularly attractive in their delicate and elusive charm. Three

portraits and a large decorative group in a landscape by Mr. John are distinguished by the vitality and breadth of treatment which characterize this painter's best work; and a fine group of works by the late Nathaniel Hone, Ireland's greatest landscape painter, is a welcome addition to the series of seascapes and landscapes by him already in the Gallery. The collection has also been strengthened by the

acquisition of a number of water-colours and drawings from the Lane Bequest, which include examples of such men as Daumier, Puvion de Chavannes, Corot, Bonvin, Segantini, and William Maris, as well as of some of the foremost draughtsmen of the present generation.



PORTRAIT

BY AUGUSTUS JOHN

(Dublin Municipal Gallery, Lane Bequest)



"AUTUMN FRUITS"

(Salon Parés, Barcelona)

BY J. DE MARTÍ GARCÉS

At the National Gallery, the pictures presented during the donor's lifetime, as well as those now added, are temporarily hung in three of the smaller rooms. The works of the Italian and Spanish schools, which are hung together, include two interesting early Florentine Cassone panels by an unknown hand, compositions of many figures, representing the battle of Anghiari and the taking of Pisa respectively; Titian's great portrait of Baldassare Castiglione; El Greco's *St. Francis in Ecstasy*; a masterly portrait of a Spanish girl by Goya; and a fine male portrait by Bernardo Strozzi, *Il Cappuccino Genovese*, a Genoese painter who flourished in the early years of the seventeenth century.

One room is devoted to pictures of the British schools, and here the great masters of eighteenth-century portrait painting—Gainsborough, Hogarth, Romney, Reynolds, Lawrence—are all represented by important works. Amongst

these is the portrait of Mrs. Edward White by Romney, which, when first purchased by Sir Hugh Lane, appeared to be a portrait of the school of Lawrence. When cleaned, however, the handiwork of Romney appeared, and on the removal of the whole of the later paint, Romney's portrait was found underneath it, unhurt. There is also an attractive *Portrait of a Mandarin* by George Chinnery, an early nineteenth-century Irish painter who spent nearly fifty years in the East, and whose brilliant pictures of Chinese life and scenery are only now receiving the recognition they deserve. Amongst the French and Flemish pictures may be mentioned two delightful Chardins, *The Young Governess* and a still-life piece; four classical subject pictures by Poussin; a cool and charming landscape by Claude; a magnificent Rembrandt portrait of a young woman, which was formerly in the Demidoff collection, and a particularly fine example of the art of the Dutch landscape painter, Jan van Goyen. E. D.

BARCELONA.—The past art season here has been an exceptionally fruitful one, the exhibitions, collective and individual, having been very numerous. To give some idea of the extent to which art is indulged in Barcelona, it is sufficient to mention that we have nearly a dozen art salons where, from week to week, exhibitions follow one another, in addition to which the galleries of our Municipal Palace of Art are dedicated to manifestations on a larger scale. Our city has always been an art centre of importance, and the abnormal circumstances which continue to prevail throughout Europe have, without doubt, operated still further in its favour from this point of view, as a considerable



"PATIO" (COURT)

(*Salon Parés, Barcelona*)

BY J. DE MARTÍ GARCÉS

number of our own artists who had settled in foreign countries have returned home. Then, as a result of our position as a neutral in the great conflict, money in abundance has flowed into Spain, and especially into Catalonia, and the art market is now very flourishing.

The National Art Exhibition held during the spring months in the Municipal Palace of Art was a great success, and demonstrated the progress which our art has made in all its diverse manifestations. The leading artists of Spain participated, and in so far as concerns the younger generation of workers, the exhibition yielded evidence of the beneficial influence which has resulted from their study of the works of French artists forming the exhibition of French art held in the same galleries in 1917. The second Salon of Humorous Art was also a notable event. Some eighty artists took part in it, and their work testified to the high level

to which caricature has attained in Spain, at the same time furnishing evidence of the manifest influence of the French and English humorists on many of the exhibitors.

Among the numerous individual exhibitions offered to the public, one that has left a pleasant impression was that of the well-known painter J. de Martí Garcés, an artist who enjoys a deservedly high reputation in our country, for his works are the offspring of a genuine artistic temperament and a profound study of Nature. They are of particular interest not only as regards the motives which the artist essays to interpret—almost invariably luxurious interiors bathed in tenuous light—but equally on account of the agreeable colour of his pictures and because the human figures which make their appearance in his compositions harmonize in a most felicitous manner with the surroundings amid which they are placed. J. G. M.

MODERN MINIATURES

IT may seem a little curious to suggest that there is some sort of connexion between war and the art of miniature painting—the two things have apparently nothing to do with one another. And yet in its earlier stages the art did owe something to war and was helped in its development by military influences. When the old-time warrior went to remote countries, to fight in campaigns the duration of

which could not be foreseen, and to live a life of uncertain and indefinite adventure, it was natural that he should desire to carry with him the likenesses of those who were dearest to him at home. He had sentiment enough to wish to sigh over his lady's portrait when he was separated from her by many leagues of sea and land, and he was sufficiently a lover of romance to believe that by gazing upon her features he would be inspired to do the deeds which would make him worthy of her. The miniature painter, the artist by whose skill the image of the remote fair one

could be presented in its most engaging form, was to the knight and noble of the Middle Ages a wizard who claimed respect and encouragement, and he played a part of no little importance in the social life of those times.

To-day the miniature has not such an undisputed possession of the field. The photograph is a very serious competitor to the miniature painter, and the fighting man is more likely to take with him overseas photographs of the people who are most in his thoughts than painted portraits such as his ancestors carried with them into battle. By the products of the camera he is inspired, and by the photograph he hides in his pocket-book his sense of romance is kept alive—he has all the old-time spirit

even if the means by which it is stimulated are those of the modern world.

But even in the modern world the photograph has not ousted the miniature, and the war, if it has made the photographers busy, has done much for the miniature painters too. There has been of late an increased demand for what are really family portraits in little; portraits of men who are risking, or have lost, their lives in the war have been produced in considerable numbers during the last two or three years,

and among miniatures of this type there have been some notable achievements. Good work has been done, too, in what can be called the ordinary domestic class of miniature which comes only indirectly under the war influence, the class of portraiture in which the competition of the photograph is felt most definitely. Even in this direction the war seems to have had appreciable results, and to have given to the artists wider opportunities.

It is interesting to see how the art of miniature painting has responded to this increase of opportunity,

and to note how the artists are using the greater chances which the war has brought them. On the whole, there is not much change in the character of the work which is being done, or in the qualities good and bad by which the modern miniature has been distinguished for some years past. It is still possible to divide miniature painters into two sections, one—which is far the larger of the two—in which the photographic influence is supreme, and the other in which the earlier traditions of the art are maintained and brought intelligently up to date. In both sections there are artists of distinction, and in both things are being produced which have undoubtedly claims to consideration; but there are no signs of any new movement which might lead in the future



'MISS KATHARINE VINCENT.' BY JOHN
STEWART CLARK



"THE LATE CAPTAIN H. REEVES, R.F.C."
BY HILDA COOK

to unexpected consequences or to a departure from the accepted customs of the art.

The persistence of the photographic convention is undeniably a matter for regret. It is due to a misapprehension on the part of the public of the purpose of the miniature, and to a misunderstanding of what should be its best characteristics—a misunderstanding which affects prejudicially the quality of all modern portraiture, large and small. In the great portraits of the past the presentation of an exact and detailed likeness, of a likeness which possibly would realize only one of the many possible aspects of the sitter, was not the chief aim of the painter. He sought for a likeness certainly, but he desired to make what was really a truer portrait by searching into the character of his subject, and by giving a balanced and judicious summary of a complete temperament; and for this summing-up a setting was provided which was not only decoratively appropriate, but also helpful to the general scheme of the picture as a record of a personality. Commonplace realism was the last thing at which he aimed; he had his convention, no doubt, but the object of it was to gain a note of

distinction and a due degree of decorative dignity.

Unfortunately, the photograph has taught the public to look in modern portraiture for just the things which these past portrait painters were most anxious to avoid. Because the majority of photographers have no real artistic perception, and no efficient training in æsthetic subtleties, they have not succeeded in developing the higher possibilities of their own art, but they have had a very undesirable success in lowering the popular taste and in damaging, as an inevitable consequence, the art of the painters of portraits. The public, demoralized by the prolific activities of the misused camera, which bestows upon the sitter either the wooden studio face or an expression of momentary surprise, measures pictorial art by the photographic standard, and ranks highest among modern portraits those which have in the most ample degree the obvious realism of the photograph.

And of all forms of painting the miniature is the one which might be expected to suffer most from such a decline in the taste of the people. It served the same purpose as the photograph



"MRS. OSCAR COLES"

BY ALICE LANGFORD SPEAIGHT



HELEN, BY
J. VICTOR
BURNAND



THE IDE, BY
L. LANVETER
BRISLEY.



"A KISS"

BY ALICE M. COOK

long before photography came into existence ; it has become largely subservient to photography since the photograph wormed itself into the affections of the public. That the miniature now is so often an example of a half-bred art and presents, as half-breeds so often do, the worst characteristics of both parents, is scarcely surprising ; it has fallen under an influence which was, it can be admitted, very difficult to resist, and by this influence it has been dragged down. Its decline is, perhaps, emphasized by the skill which is displayed by some of the painters of miniatures of the photographic type, by the technical ability with which artists who follow the photographic convention turn the miniature into something it ought not to be, and by the executive merit which is to be found in many of the things that to meet the popular demand depart most definitely from the true tradition of miniature painting.

But because in one direction the good manners of the art have been corrupted by evil communications all the more honour must be given to those artists who in another are striving to maintain the purity of the true tradition. There are miniature painters to-day who are as sincerely anxious to work in the right manner as were any of their greater predecessors. These painters make a serious study of the necessary limitations of their art and show thoroughly their respect for its principles, and their work has, in consequence, a far higher value than that of the less conscientious artists who turn the miniature into something it ought not to be. They realize that something

more than the mere, matter-of-fact likeness is required, and that all the essentials of an effective portrait can be secured with, in addition, the qualities of design and decorative arrangement by which the rightly handled miniature is distinguished.

The miniatures here reproduced have, with two or three exceptions, all figured at recent exhibitions, principally the Royal Academy. They have been selected for the purpose of showing both how the correct tradition can be applied under modern conditions, and how even the present-day demand for what may be called an intimate likeness can be satisfied without any sacrifice of the finer characteristics of the art. For instance, Miss E. C. Brisley's *Girl in Grey* is entirely acceptable as a well-planned pattern, and has a forcible directness of statement that is particularly convincing ; and Mr. J. V. Burnand's *College Don* can be frankly commended for its appropriate atmosphere of scholarly restraint, and for its excellence as a piece of considered decoration. Again, *The Lavender Gown*, a characteristic example of the work of Miss Hepburn-Edmunds, who exhibited it by special invitation at the Ghent Exhibition



"COMTESSE ISABELLE DE LALAING." BY NELLIE
HEPBURN-EDMUNDS



"WINIFRED: A PORTRAIT STUDY." BY N. HEPBURN-EDMUNDS

of 1913, *Miss Katharine Vincent*, by Mr. J. S. Clark, and *The Jade*, by Miss J. L. Brisley, are fortunate illustrations of the interpretation of established principles by artists who have a shrewd perception of present-day necessities. In these examples, and the others which are reproduced, it can be clearly seen that there is no necessity to impose the snapshot manner upon the miniature for the sake of securing a definitely characteristic likeness; all that makes for greatness in a portrait can be aimed at, and yet that portrait can be in its result as vividly personal as even the most photographically educated member of the public could desire. This is the point that the miniature painters of to-day have to keep in mind, and so long as they do keep it in mind they will escape the taint of the photographic convention.

There is, it may be suggested, the more urgent need for serious consideration of this matter, because the modern portrait painter cannot, even with the best intentions, avoid the photograph entirely. Indeed, he comes into contact with it rather frequently and has to take its peculiarities into account on a good many occasions. For instance, the material available for a posthumous portrait is, as a

rule, wholly photographic; the artist has to depend for his knowledge of the subject upon the family photograph album, and is oppressed while he is working by the consciousness that the success of his achievement will be measured by the degree of its assimilation to the contents of that overshadowing book. That under such conditions he should give way to the temptation to please his clients by following their wishes, and should be disposed to use a little too readily what they think he ought to use, is quite understandable. Again, when his sitter is a child, a photograph will help him to arrive at a satisfactory result despite the restlessness of his subject; and here too, the inclination to depend upon something fixed and definite becomes difficult to resist—it is a very conscientious artist indeed who will always refuse to take the line of least resistance. But, all the same, it is the duty of the miniature painter to cultivate a conscience, and to remember that the traditions of his art require that he shall be a decorator as well as a producer of recognizable likenesses. Observation he must have, and a shrewd judgment of character, but he must develop in addition a real power of design and must make the decorative side of his work at least as important as its imitative quality.

A. L. BALDREY



"PEGGY"

BY N. HEPBURN-EDMUNDS



THE LAVENDER GOWN.
BY NELLIE HEPBURN-
EDMUNDS.

LEAVES FROM THE
WEST OF ENGLAND SKETCH-BOOK
OF
A. E. NEWCOMBE



"New Bridge, River Dart, Devon"

Pencil drawing by A. E. Newcombe



"Land's End and Longships Lighthouse"
Pencil drawing by A. E. Newcombe



"Totnes, Devon"
Pencil drawing by A. E. Newcombe



"Keevil, near Trowbridge, Wilts"
Pencil drawing by A. E. Newcombe



"Old House at Potterne, Wilts"
Pencil drawing by A. E. Newcombe



"Charlton, Wilts"

Pencil drawing by A. E. Newcombe



"On the Cornish Coast"
Pencil drawing by A. E. Newman



"Fowey, Cornwall"
Pencil drawing by A. E. Newcombe

THE FIFTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS

FIRST impressions at this year's Institute show one the high standard of interest in every gallery, the all but complete absence of war pictures, the excellent arrangement and hanging, and the prominent position assumed by some of the younger men.

In point of scale, Sir John Lavery's huge canvas entitled *The Studio of the Painter* takes the breath away; it is cleverly composed, richly toned, and interesting, like most of the artist's big pictures, on account of its portraiture. The same artist's portrait of *Miss Asquith* is a charming piece of characterization, while his study for the shipbuilding panel in the City Banqueting Hall recalls a wonderfully successful scheme of mural decoration.

The work of the hanging committee was greatly helped this year by a number of specially interesting works that seem to have been designed for the centre positions they occupy in each gallery. There is the Raeburn *Macnab*, around which the *cognoscenti* gather; *The*

Acroplane, by Mr. A. R. W. Allan, a picture on a generous scale, revealing vigour and intuition rarely associated with the work of a young artist; *On His Holidays*, by Mr. Sargent, a realistic piscatorial environment for the portrait of a youth; a striking portrait of *James Buchanan, Esq.*, by Mr. J. J. Shannon; *The Atlantic Surf*, by McTaggart, a typical example of the later manner of the master, suggesting unmistakably the motion and the music of the sea; *Remembrance*, by Mr. Charles Sims, not so captivating to the artist's many Scottish admirers as some previous contributions; *Earl Spencer*, by Sir William Orpen, remarkable in technique and characterization; and *Mrs. Mitchell*, by Mr. Ambrose McEvoy, an individualistic style in portraiture that demands attention.

In yet another gallery, *The Sea Pool*, a sumptuously toned moonlight study by Mr. Julius Olsson dignifies a whole side wall; while directly opposite there hangs the *Portrait of a Young Girl*, by Mr. George Henry, a masterly presentment of grace and youthfulness. Mr. Henry is a tonal harmonist, imbued with Japanese susceptibility, independent of



"ON A WEST HIGHLAND BEACH"

WATER-COLOUR BY W. RUSSELL FLINT, R.W.S.



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL"
BY GEORGE HENRY, A.R.A.

The Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts

extrinsic aids such as striking background. He takes a simple, subtle colour-scheme—black and white with suggestion of delicate pink and lilac—and presents a piece of artistry to which one has to return again and again.

Other striking portraits are sent in by Mr. E. A. Walton, Mr. John Bowie, Mr. W. Somerville Shanks, Mr. David Alison, Mr. Henry W. Kerr, Mr. Robert Hope, Mr. Andrew Law, Mr. William Findlay, and Mr. J. B. Anderson, but this section suffers by the unusual absence of contributions from Sir James Guthrie and Mr. Fiddes Watt.

Landscape painting is well represented by two masterly works in tempera by Sir David Murray, *Patterdale*, a sweeping prospect in the lovely Lake District, and *Loch Tummel*, in the artist's own unsurpassable country; *Rye from the Marshes*, with fine sense of distance, by Mr. James Paterson, whose two charming still-life

studies bespeak the versatility of the artist. *The Mill among the Dunes*, by Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton, would attract in any company, by reason of its well-defined foreground and great sweeping sky; while for subtle sensitiveness and decorative feeling *Ebb Tide, Benderloch*, by Mr. J. Campbell Mitchell, at once arrests attention. There are three striking representative works by Mr. W. A. Gibson, a richly phrased moorland subject, a French tree study, and a Dutch canal with windmill, each in the unmistakable manner of this acknowledged master of technique. Mr. George Houston sends a typical Ayrshire landscape and an Iona study from his two favourite sketching-grounds, and Mr. Alexander Roche contributes an English summer theme, atmospherically and harmoniously pleasing, which has been purchased for the permanent collection by Glasgow Corporation.



"THE MILL"

OIL PAINTING BY J. WHITELAW HAMILTON, A.R.S.A.

The Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts

In figure subjects Mr. H. J. Dobson's *The Expected Penny* claims attention; Mr. David Foggie's *The Little Dancer* is a well-drawn study; Mr. William Findlay's representation of *Tank Julien* in a local square in a winter blizzard with closely grouped figures is a clever handling of a supremely difficult subject. A landscape with figures that cannot be missed is *Strawberries and Cream*, by Mr. Gemmell Hutchison; while *Getting Ready*, by his son, the late Mr. George J. Hutchison, who has made the supreme sacrifice for his country, inspires regret that art should suffer such deprivation at the hand of war.

Surely the doyen of Glasgow artists is Mr. Robert W. Allan; forty years ago and ever since he has contributed to the Institute's annual exhibitions, and this year his two seascapes and a charming autumnal study

show all the vigour and outlook of youth! Mr. Patrick Downie's suggestive *Summer Time, Firth of Clyde*, is the result of a lifetime of study in natural phenomena. The glamour of the east coast and the lovely Coldstream district have caught Mr. J. Whitelaw Hamilton in their grip. In the latter neighbourhood he sketched *The Mill*, a fine composition, tonally pleasing, with clever light effect on masonry and green patch in the foreground.

There are three purely decorative studies that inspire regret that the art of mural painting is in such small demand, particularly at a time like the present—*Mary in the House of Elizabeth*, by Mr. R. Anning Bell, supreme in draughtsmanship and colouring; *Vanity*, by Mr. D. Forrester Wilson, one of the life masters at the Glasgow School of Art, a work of rare imagination and decorative charm; and



"VANITY"

OIL PAINTING BY D. FORRESTER WILSON



"THE AEROPLANE"
OIL PAINTING
BY A. R. W. ALLAN



"THE COMING OF BRIDE"
TEMPERA PAINTING
BY J. DUNCAN, A.R.S.A.

The Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts

The Coming of Bride, by Mr. John Duncan, a tempera painting of rare transparency which has been acquired by the Glasgow Corporation.

The water-colour section is this year enriched by a characteristic Arthur Melville, *A Cock Fight*; two powerful drawings by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, *The Platelayers* and *The Alcantara at Toledo*; a robust contribution by Professor Moira, *Canadian Lumbermen, Devonshire*; characteristically charming work from Miss Katherine Cameron, Mr. A. K. Brown, and Mr. Ewan Geddes, and interesting work by Mr. Frederic Whiting, Mr. van Anrooy, Mr. W. T. Wood, Mr. Barnard Lintott, Mr. Louis Haghe, Mr. G. A. Boden, Mr. W. Y. MacGregor, and Mr. W. Russell Flint. Particularly pleasing is the last-named artist's *On a West Highland Beach*, here reproduced. In the black-and-white section, unfortunately crowded into a long corridor, there is a fine etching of *The Colosseum*, by Mr. W. Walcot; arresting work by Mr. G. W. Lambert and Mr. Andrew Allan; and three etchings by Mr. Fred A. Farrell, of

special interest being the one entitled *Sun on the Ruins, Ypres*.

The sculpture section, though limited, is interesting by reason of the work of Rodin, Mr. T. Mewburn Crook, Mr. T. Rosandic, Mr. F. Derwent Wood, Mr. Pittendrigh Macgillivray, Mr. A. Broadbent, Mr. Newbury A. Trent, Mr. Gilbert Bayes, and Mr. Kellock Brown. J. TAYLOR.

The prominent position which the Royal Glasgow Institute holds to-day is in no small measure due to the devotion and energy of that distinguished Scottish academician, Mr. A. K. Brown. He first exhibited at the Institute in 1870, and he is the only survivor of the founders of the Scottish Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours. The testimonial, in the form of an address and a cheque for £650, which was presented to him last month, was a well-merited tribute not only to his great services to art in Glasgow, but also to the high personal esteem in which he is held in that city.



"SUMMER TIME, FIRTH OF CLYDE"

OIL PAINTING BY PATRICK DOWNIE R.S.W.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—An important step towards the promotion of Industrial Art in Great Britain has been taken by the Royal Society of Arts, at whose instance an Industrial Art Committee has been formed, comprising representatives of the Arts and Crafts Society, the Design and Industries Association, and other bodies. This committee has drawn up a scheme, the principal objects of which are to encourage and co-ordinate movements towards the development of Industrial Art, with a view to maintaining for the trade of the British Empire its position in the markets of the world; and especially to stimulate closer mutual understanding and confidence between producers, distributors, educational authorities, societies with similar aims, and individuals interested in these aims; also to co-operate with Government Departments and other bodies in promoting exhibitions, and in particular with the scheme promoted under the joint auspices of the Boards of Trade and Education for a British Institute of Industrial Art. The principal feature of this Government scheme is a permanent exhibition in London of modern British works, selected as reaching a high standard of artistic craftsmanship and manufacture. The necessity of the steps now being taken has repeatedly been urged in the pages of this magazine; and it is gratifying to us, as it must be to all who have at heart the interests of our industrial art with its splendid traditions, that there is now a good prospect of these steps leading to practical results of a far-reaching kind.

The water-colour, *Morning on the Shuswap*, of which we are privileged to give a reproduction in colours through the courtesy of Captain Audley Harvey, figured in a most

interesting collection of works by Mr. Charles J. Collings exhibited in the early part of this year at the Carroll Gallery, George Street, Hanover Square. It was at this gallery in June 1912 that Mr. Carroll first introduced to the British art public those exquisite revelations of Nature's charms which the artist had recorded amid the solitudes of the Canadian Rockies, and after the lapse of six years it was a real pleasure to partake once more of the feast of sumptuous colour garnered by him in this remote region, far from the haunts of men.

Mr. W. H. J. Boot, whose death was announced early in September, was for nearly twenty years Vice-President of the Royal Society of British Artists. For many years he was occupied in illustrating books for the house of Cassell, and later he held for a long time the position of Art Editor of the "Strand Magazine." The deceased painter was born at Nottingham in 1848 and studied art at the Derby School of Art. Mr. Frederick William Hayes, A.R.C.A., who also died in the early days of September, was born in the same year as Mr. Boot. He was a native of Liverpool, and was one of the founders and for some years Honorary Secretary of the Liverpool Water-Colour Society. Like Mr. Boot, he was in years gone by a regular exhibitor at the



"A WINTER'S EVENING"

BY F. CAYLEY ROBINSON

(Dublin Municipal Gallery—see p. 61)



MORNING ON THE SHUSWAP
FROM THE WATER COLOUR BY
CHARLES JOHN COLLINGS.

Royal Academy, and he was also a writer of historical novels and author of a comedy which was produced by the Kendals at the St. James's Theatre. Mr. Robert Ross, an Additional Trustee of the National Gallery and for many years Art Critic of the "Morning Post," died suddenly on October 5 in his fiftieth year. Mr. Ross, who was literary executor of the late Oscar Wilde, was the recipient not long ago of an influentially signed testimonial expressing recognition of his services to art and literature, and a sum of money accompanying the testimonial was at his special request devoted to the foundation of a "Robert Ross" Scholarship at the Slade School of Art, University College.

DUBLIN.—In addition to the Lane Bequest pictures, mentioned in my notes last month, recent additions to the Municipal Gallery collection include several works presented by artists and others as a memorial to the late Sir Hugh Lane. Pictures and drawings have already been contributed by the late Nathaniel Hone, R.H.A., Mr. Ernest Jackson, Mr. Jack Yeats, R.H.A., Mr. John Keating, Miss Rose Barton, R.W.S., Professor William Rothenstein, and others; and portraits of Sir Edward Carson, M.P., and the late John Redmond, M.P., both by Sir John Lavery, have been presented by Lieut.-Colonel Sir Hutcheson Poe, C.B. Two interesting loans of pictures and one of sculpture have also been received. Lieut. Cecil French has lent an attractive small collection of pictures and drawings by Mr. Charles Shannon, A.R.A., Mr. F. Cayley Robinson, and Mr. William Shackleton, which includes Mr. Cayley Robinson's beautiful interior, *A Winter's Evening*, reproduced on p. 58; Mr. J. B. S. MacIlwaine, R.H.A., has lent several interesting pictures and drawings by the late Walter Osborne, R.H.A., and others; and the Board of the National Gallery of Ireland a valuable collection of bronzes by Rodin, Maillol, Dalou, Stevens, and Barye. E. D.

MILAN.—The Seventh Exhibition of the Society of Lombard Water-Colour Painters held this summer in the rooms of the Galleria Pesaro at Milan marked an advance on the success of previous exhibitions of this Society, whose impulse to art in Northern Italy has been from the first recognized in the pages of THE STUDIO. Among the exhibitors, besides some new-comers of interest, were many whose work appeared in previous years. Amisani (*Nel Giardino*), Sartorelli (*Casa di Pescatori*), Carlo Agazzi (*Madonnina*), are among these, as well as Luigi Rossi. Mario Bettinelli's work here is to be noticed: one of his paintings exhibited on this occasion—*Pausa*—will find a place in the Gallery of the Castello Sforzesco.



"OTHER TIMES"

WATER-COLOUR BY PAOLO SALA

Società degli Acquarellisti, Milan)

Among the Milanese artists represented, Leonardo Bazzaro (*Baite del Motterone*), Emilio Borso with a fine series of landscapes, and Renzo Weiss with five exhibits, among which are to be noted his *Luna Immobile* and *Baite in Val d'Aosta*—came forward well in this exhibition; and as in previous years the President, Comm. Paola Sala, shone forth with that fresh spontaneous inspiration which is his own in his *Marina*, and again in the *Cavalli Bianchi*—while putting more detailed composition into his *Altri Tempi*, one of those medieval scenes in which his fancy delights, and in his finely composed group of refugees with the title *Profughi*. From without Milan this year came the Tuscan Plinio Nomellini; from Rome Onorato Carlandi with one of the finest water-colours in this exhibition; and from Venice such accomplished painters as Miti-Zanetti, Emma Giardi, and Zanetti Zilla.

The Società degli Acquerellisti Lombardi has now, in a splendid series of seven exhibitions, established its position, not alone in Milan, but throughout Italy. Could it not—we are tempted to suggest—go yet farther and, perhaps at first by forming a definitely Italian as well as a foreign section, become the starting-point of a representative and brilliant society, which should place Italian water-colour in the forefront of modern art?

S. B.

REVIEWS.

La Légende de Thyl Ulenspiegel. 55 bois gravés originaux par PAUL-AUGUSTE MASUI-CASTRIQUE. (London: Kemp and Co., 203 Victoria Street, S.W.)—Charles Decoster's "Legend of Thyl Ulenspiegel" is the finest exposition in literature of Belgian character, and, as such, may challenge comparison with "Tom Jones" or "Don Quixote." Originally a mischievous lad of rustic legend, Thyl is transformed into a hero of the Netherlands revolt against Alva and the Inquisition.

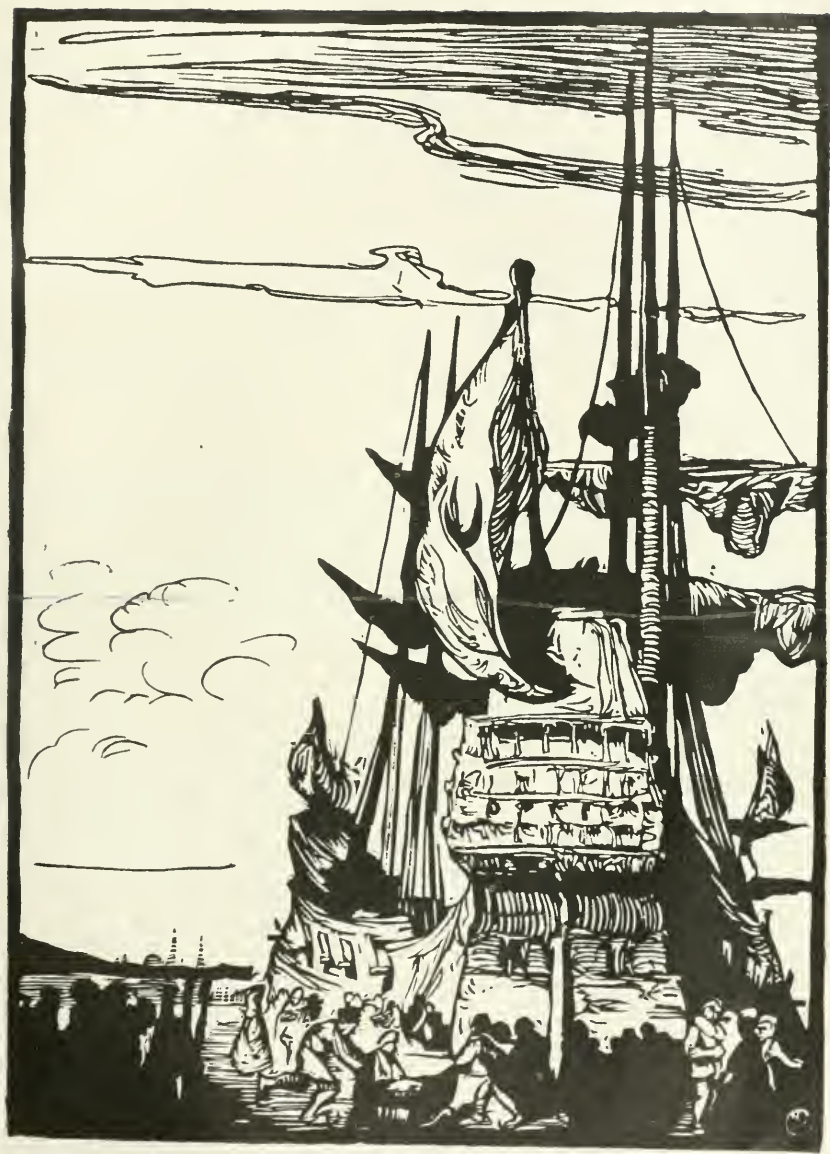
His career, as full of incident as a Dumas romance, reflects sixteenth-century Flanders in its gaiety, obstinacy, and cunning; monks, spies, fanatics, beggars, witches, fighters; Count Egmont and William the Silent—all are portrayed. Five centuries later the descendants of Ulenspiegel exhibit the same gallantry and passion for freedom in repelling an equally ferocious invader. This reflection lies behind the stark and striking woodcuts of Lieutenant Masui-Castrique. In his illustrations are reflected little of the gaiety or radiant optimism of the book, but its fiercer realities are embodied in a series of grim designs, in which symbolic figures or structures suggest persistent tragedy. Thus an *Auto-da-fé* (14) is pictured by outstretched episcopal hands, from which are suspended



"REFUGEES"

WATER-COLOUR BY PAOLO SALA

(Società degli Acquerellisti, Milan)



"THE SHIPS OF THE 'GUEUX' ANCHORED IN A SEA OF ICE"
WOODCUT ILLUSTRATION TO DECOSTER'S "THYL ULEN-
SPIEGEL" BY P. A. MASUI-CASTRIQUE

marionette-skeletons in a dance of death round soaring flames. Though sombre fancies predominate, there is a great beauty of line in the head of *La Belle Giline*, the spy-courtesan of Courtrai (No.34), in the boldly drawn *Notre Dame of Antwerp* (34), and notably in the seapieces, one of which is here reproduced.

Canadian Wonder Tales. By CYRUS MACMILLAN. With illustrations in colour by GEORGE SHERINGHAM. (London: John Lane, The Bodley Head.) 15s. net.—The "Wonder Tales" included in this sumptuously illustrated volume form part of a large collection gathered in various parts of Canada, and most of them among the haunts of the Indians, by Capt. Macmillan of McGill University, who is now serving with his University contingent in France. They were collected by him for the purpose of scientific study, but that fact does not in the least detract from their suitability for boys and girls, who will find them very fascinating as well as a pleasant variation from the collections of Grimm and other European writers; and they will also have an opportunity of appreciating good art in the beautiful illustrations of Mr. Sheringham, who, if he has not had the advantage of immediate contact with the environment in which these folk-tales have been current, has undoubtedly imbibed their spirit.

Manuscript Writing and Lettering. A Handbook for Schools and Colleges. By AN EDUCATIONAL EXPERT. (London: John Hogg.) 5s. net.—The object of this handbook is to show "the historical development and practical application to modern handwriting of several manuscript styles derived from Ancient Roman Letters" and we cordially commend it to teachers as a valuable aid in the movement which has, for some time past, aimed to effect a much-needed improvement in penmanship. The author makes out a strong case for the adoption of styles derived from the old Roman mode of writing, and their superiority to the "current hands," based on the engraved copybook models with which we are all familiar. The reformed styles he advocates are not only far more agreeable in appearance, but their practical advantage in the matter of legibility is incalculable. If some statistician were to estimate the loss of time and temper caused by obscure handwriting, to say nothing of the severe eye-strain inflicted on those who have

to read much of it, most people would agree that the need for improvement is very urgent.

A History of Everyday Things in England. Written and illustrated by MARJORIE and C. H. B. QUENNEL. Part I (1066-1499). (London: B. T. Batsford, Ltd.) 8s. 6d. net.—The fault of most histories of England is that they leave us very much in the dark as to the mode of life of our forefathers; they tell us a lot about the doings of our rulers and next to nothing about the social and domestic institutions of the population at large—their habitations, their garments, their sports, and so on. The aim of the author of this entertaining and instructive volume is to rectify this defect by describing and illustrating various aspects of the life led by our ancestors, and though primarily intended for boys and girls of school age, in whom they desire to arouse an interest in the work accomplished by the craftsmen of old, so that they may themselves, in the years to come, be better fitted to help in solving the problems of reconstruction which the Great War will leave behind it when it is all over, the book is one from which grown-ups also may extract much useful knowledge.

Practical Wood-Carving. By ELEANOR ROWE. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Part I, Elementary. (London: B. T. Batsford, Ltd.) 4s. net.—The first part of this new edition of Miss Rowe's popular manual embodies her earlier publication "Hints on Wood-Carving," which has proved a boon to many thousands of beginners. The course of instruction followed in the manual is much the same as that pursued at the South Kensington School of Art Wood-Carving, of which she was manager for twenty years, and is admirably clear as well as abundantly illustrated.

Flower-Name Fancies. Written and designed by GUY PIERRE FAUCONNET. English Rhymes by HAMPDEN GORDON. (London: John Lane, The Bodley Head.) 5s. net.—M. Fauconnet's clever pen drawings, some thirty in number, illustrate in a quaint and original manner the French and English nicknames of some of the familiar flowers of the garden, the meadow, and the wayside—heartsease and columbine, buttercup and daisy, snapdragon and foxglove, with many others. Quaint also are the French verses he has written to accompany the drawings, and the English verses supplied by Mr. Gordon contain many witty turns

THE PAINTINGS OF REGINALD FRAMPTON, R.O.I. BY AYMER VALLANCE.

IF it be true, as true it assuredly is, that all art worth the name must be based upon tradition, it follows that it is needful, for the due appreciation of an artist's work, to ascertain from what sources in the past he derives his inspiration, and to what extent.

Mr. Reginald Frampton began his artistic career as a designer of painted glass windows, but though work of this kind as well as mural decorations still forms a considerable part of his practice, the present purpose is to treat only of his panel paintings, by which perhaps he is better known. Notwithstanding his very strong feeling for form and line, he has never taken

up black-and-white work. His decided preference is for colour. At the outset he devoted himself to a great extent to landscape painting, but was led to aim higher than the reproduction of mere inanimate nature after a lengthy stay in France and Italy, and after seeing the magnificent exhibition of the collected works of Sir Edward Burne-Jones. That wonderful display struck Reginald Frampton with the force of a very revelation, opening his eyes to the supreme possibilities of the human form in decoration; and from thenceforward, though some of his most recent work comprises decorative landscape (in which branch indeed he excels), all his larger and more important compositions have been figure subjects.

Mr. Frampton considers himself to have been influenced both by primitive Italian painting



"ISABELLA"

EGG TEMPERA PAINTING BY REGINALD FRAMPTON, R.O.I.

The Paintings of Reginald Frampton, R.O.I.

and the English Pre-Raphaelite School, and also by the productions of Puvis de Chavannes. But there is, happily, no trace in his work of the sexless wraiths of Angelico on the one hand, nor of the coarse physical type with its thick wrists and ankles, ponderous feet and hands, affected by de Chavannes, the very "French Burne-Jones," on the other.

A notable feature of much of the artist's painting is the almost total absence of high lights and cast shadows. Such a mode of treatment, in the hands of a less capable draughtsman, might well produce a painful impression of feebleness or lack of definition. Not so, however, in the case of Mr. Frampton. With him, indeed, this diffused illumination is a matter of deliberate purpose. He adopts a subdued tone from a sense of decorative fitness, his aim being to ensure the flat effect and the subordination proper to mural backgrounds, as distinct from the meretricious illusion of prominent relief and receding distances, which disqualifies the average easel-picture from a place in any broad architectonic scheme. Mr. Frampton's compositions, on the contrary, are instinct with a restful and dignified serenity, no less satisfying than transcendental.

As typical of this phase of his work may be mentioned a large panel depicting a scene from the legend of St. Brendan. The incident is one with which all readers of Matthew Arnold's poems must be familiar—to wit, St. Brendan encountering Judas Iscariot on the iceberg. The quality of this picture recalls a forgotten *chef-d'œuvre* of Spencer Stanhope's, viz. *The Waters of Lethe*. The twilight atmosphere is the same in both cases, but there is this difference, that Mr. Frampton surpasses the deceased artist in technical mastery of

line and drawing. Mr. Frampton's *St. Brendan* was exhibited at the final exhibition of the New Gallery, and was awarded *mention honorable* at the Paris Salon; and might have been acquired permanently for the Dublin Gallery had not those in the position of authority to select unfortunately ignored its very existence.

Another work of the artist's, slightly more brilliant in colour-scheme than the last-named, portrays the Holy Grail being conveyed overseas to Smyrna by Sir Galahad and his companions in a boat. This, too, was exhibited at the Paris Salon.

With the *Voyage of the Holy Grail* may be compared another sea subject, in which the infant Perseus, in the lap of his mother, Danaë, is depicted afloat in the coffer. Behind Danaë's head is a wind-blown cloak of red, while the coffer itself is half hidden by mauve draperies. The rest of the composition is in soft tertiary tones.



"ECHO"

OIL PAINTING BY REGINALD FRAMPTON, R.O.I.



OUR LADY OF PROMISE
FROM THE OIL PAINTING BY
E. REGINALD FRAMPTON, R.O.I.



"Or in a clear-wall'd city on the sea,
 Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair
 Wound with white roses, slept St. Cecily;
 An angel looked at her!"

Tennyson's "Palace of Art"

"ST. CECILIA." WATER-COLOUR
 BY REGINALD FRAMPTON, R.O.I.

The Paintings of Reginald Frampton, R.O.I.

One of the special features of these and other subjects in which the sea is introduced is Mr. Frampton's characteristic handling of waves—a handling all his own. His nature-studies have led him to take a peculiar delight in the sea, and particularly in emphasizing the crisp crest and the curled volute forms of waves in rough weather, as contrasted with the treacherous oily swell of sea-water in comparative calm.

An allegorical work, *Navigation*, a female figure with ships, orrery in hand, seated on a billow-beaten rock, is a very charming rendering of the subject, and one which exemplifies the above-described treatment of wave-forms.

Our Lady of Promise is a variant of an earlier work entitled *Our Lady of the Gothic Tower*. In both paintings the Madonna, with her Child, is seated in front of a lofty belfry-tower. The broken classic columns hard by are meant to symbolize the decay and ruin of the old paganism, and the flourishing character of Christianity and its aspiring architecture. A slender tree beside the tower conveys the same message of vigorous growth. The tower in the earlier work is an original combination of Gothic details devised and arranged by the artist himself. In the case of the later work, *Our Lady of Promise*, here illustrated, the tower is a fairly literal rendering of the south-west tower of Rouen Cathedral, universally known as the *Tour de Beurre*. The popular explanation of this title, as given, for instance, by Baedeker, is that the beautiful and ornate tower was "erected with the money paid for indulgences to eat butter during Lent." Another account, however, is that the tower was built with the proceeds of market dues on the sale

of butter. If this be so, it finds a parallel in the case of a yet more famous building, the Cathedral of Reims. An accidental fire, on July 24, 1481, consumed the outer or span roof of the church over the vaulting, together with the five towers with spires then standing. The flames, spreading to the interior, damaged the building so much that the Archbishop and Chapter were obliged to appeal for funds to the country at large. The then reigning sovereign, Louis XI, helped only with unfulfilled promises. But his successor, Charles VIII, having seen for himself, when he went to Reims to be crowned, how sorely the great church was in need, as his own contribution towards the requisite repairs made over for a term of years a portion of the royal revenue levied on the sale of salt throughout his dominion. Dues on salt and dues on butter, then, have proved equally serviceable in



"Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he, laughing, said to me . . ."

Blake's "Songs of Innocence"

WATER-COLOUR BY
REGINALD FRAMPTON, R.O.I.

(In the possession of the Rev. J. W. Brocklebank)



L'ENFANCE DE JEANNE D'ARC.
FROM THE OIL PAINTING BY
E. REGINALD FRAMPTON, R.O.I

The Paintings of Reginald Frampton, R.O.I.



"FLORA ALPINA." EGG TEMPERA PAINTING BY REGINALD FRAMPTON, R.O.I.



["THE CHILDHOOD OF PERSEUS"

WATER-COLOUR BY REGINALD FRAMPTON, R.O.I.



"THE ANNUNCIATION." OIL PAINTING
BY REGINALD FRAMPTON, R.O.I.

(In the possession of John Noble, Esq.)

providing the wherewithal for building purposes. In allusion to the above the artist, indulging his fancy, has placed garlands of buttercups in the hands of the *putti* who hover overhead.

Another inspiring theme is the childhood of Jeanne d'Arc, Mr. Frampton's version of which has been exhibited in turn at the New Gallery, at Brussels, and at the Paris Salon. One small point, however, seems to have been overlooked by him, viz., that, as Andrew Lang has shown from historical evidence, Jeanne had *dark* hair.

In the *Isabella*, the idea which the artist intends to convey is that Isabella, having exalted her devotion to her murdered Lorenzo into a very religion, does not hesitate to set the pot of basil, containing his head, in the most sacred of all places, the very midst of the altar.

The portrait of Mr. John Noble's little boy, Johneen, is not only delightful in itself but is also perhaps less what one might call derivative than anything that Mr. Frampton has produced. Its genesis was as follows. It happened that Mr. and Mrs. Noble, being on a diplomatic visit to Japan and China, bought this costume in the latter country, and finding on their return to England that it exactly fitted their small boy, decided that he should be painted in it. This costume suggested to the artist the idea of carrying out the whole scheme in the same spirit, both in design and colour. "Johneen" is seated on the floor in front of a dark greenish screen on which is "powdered" the Chinese emblem of *Longevity* and *Happiness*. On either side, forming the wings of the screen, are embroidered panels, showing a Chinese landscape with children at play. The artist also designed, and had carved, a special frame for this portrait, Chinese in character, and showing the same emblem. Mrs. Frampton was responsible for the gilding and colour decoration thereon.

In conclusion, a word must be said as to Mr. Frampton's present technique, elaborated through years of experiment. In picture panels he occasionally uses a tempera background, though he does not actually employ an egg medium. Neither again does he use tube pigments with oil, but powder colours with beeswax, with a spirit vehicle, preferably of petroleum, with copal or shellac. His method is to paint the whole composition in monochrome to begin with, the ultimate colours being applied but lightly, and more in the nature of glazes than anything else. Moreover, he prefers to employ his pigments unblended and not in any continuous expanse, but rather in a series of minute strokes, say of blue, for example, with pure rose-pink touches inserted between the blue when a mauve effect is desired—a process barely distinguishable from that of the ultra-modern Pointillistes. Thus strangely do extremes meet, and the old order, changing, gives place to the new.



"A MADONNA OF BRITANNY"

WATER-COLOUR BY REGINALD FRAMPTON, R.O.I.
(Bradford City Art Gallery)

SOME CANADIAN PAINTERS OF THE SNOW. BY NEWTON MAC TAVISH.

IT is a singular fact that with a few brilliant exceptions Canadian painters have not essayed the difficult task of painting the snow. Many of them have made furtive attempts, but only a few have persevered consistently and seriously. There may be a direct cause for this apparent neglect of a great opportunity. For thirty-five years—which is the lifetime of the Royal Canadian Academy—our young painters have been going abroad for a few years of study. They have been going mostly to France and Holland. Foreign influence, no doubt, there has been, and indeed we used to hear repeatedly the inane observation that Canadian artists painted Canada through foreign eyes. Few of them, if any, studied in northern climes abroad, and perhaps that explains why we seldom saw a painting that displayed the shimmering qualities of the snow.

It may be said, quite truthfully, that for decades in Canada snow was something that we

should never boast about. In its advertising propaganda abroad the Government kept the winter season in the background, taking it for granted that most persons abroad already looked to Canada as to a country icebound during more than half of every year. The railways, which for almost a quarter of a century have done much to advertise Canada, were extremely careful not to have anything about winter written or illustrated in any of the great quantities of literature that were distributed constantly by their agents in many parts of the world. The influence was felt in the Press of the country, so that it was only on rare occasions that one ever saw the picture of a snow landscape reproduced in a Canadian publication. Christmas numbers of magazines and periodicals would appear from year to year with all the illustrations showing scenes of summer sunshine, fields of golden grain or perhaps fishermen coming in with the harvest of the sea. But the snow—never! To permit a picture of a stretch of country delightfully mantled with snow was regarded as unpatriotic, untactful, and unwise.



"STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ (QUEBEC)"



"SPRUCE-TREES"
BY LAWREN HARRIS

Some Canadian Painters of the Snow

In a few studios, however, one could find a painter or two who chose to depict winter scenes, but they were only exceptions.

Two of these exceptions were in the studios of Maurice Cullen, in Montreal, and James Wilson Morrice, in Paris. Cullen ignored the popular or commercial opinion. He painted the snow intelligently, lovingly, determinedly. Morrice, although a native of Montreal, and a close observer of the winter landscape in the Province of Quebec, was no doubt quite unaware that there was any popular or official feeling against introducing the snow to strangers. Both these painters revealed beauties of the snow, its dignity, even its repose. But while they were doing this, another young Canadian, living in New York, was working along the same line. Ernest Lawson, who is now looked upon as an outstanding figure among American painters, found his winter subjects mostly along the Hudson. As subjects, merely, they differ from many of Morrice's or Cullen's, inasmuch as the snow is soggy and the air does not reveal that frosty crispness that is oftentimes encountered farther northward.

Another artist, Suzor Coté, somewhat younger,

came back from his studies at Paris, and in the village of his birth in the Province of Quebec began to paint the snow with a fine feeling for light and brilliancy. His painting, *A Street in Athabasca*, is a good example of his work. He uses paint liberally, and by building up, as it were, presents an interesting study in technique.

It is a notable fact that these four Canadian painters—Morrice, Cullen, Lawson, and Coté—the outstanding exponents of the snow, should come together later on as fellow-members of the Canadian Art Club. This club was organized about ten years ago. At that time Morrice was the only member who had any claim to rank as a painter of the snow. For years he had been painting Quebec winter landscapes, but his work was but rarely seen outside London and Paris.

The next winter painter to come into this club was Cullen. Cullen paints mostly in oil, but he uses also the pastel with excellent results. His painting, *The Ice Harvest*, which hangs in the National Gallery at Ottawa and has already been reproduced in *THE STUDIO* (September 1914), is one of the best things he has done. In his methods or choice of subjects he is not so whimsical as Morrice, and if for no other reason



"THE BEND IN THE RIVER"

BY MAURICE CULLEN



"SNOWBOUND BOATS"
BY ERNEST LAWSON

(National Gallery of Canada)



"A STREET IN ATHABASCA"

(National Gallery of Canada)

BY SUZOR COTÉ

the work of one is a good foil for the other's. While Morrice's is broad but not painty, and beautiful in tone and composition, Cullen's is distinguished by its sheer fidelity, its easy-flowing pigment and intelligent draughtsmanship.

Lawren Harris is one of the leaders in what has been termed, rather loosely, the Algonquin School. He is young, phenomenally optimistic, and a prodigious worker. When he gets going at full blast he can use up more paint than any of them, and he can use it well. And while the tendency of the others, particularly of Morrice and Cullen, is towards greys and blues, Harris attacks more brilliant, even the prismatic colours. His tendency, also, is more towards the decorative, and indeed one would infer that he regards all painting as an essay in decoration. His subjects are found mostly in Northern Ontario, where the spruce-tree abounds, and as the spruce has decorative lines, so-called, it conforms naturally to Harris's desires in line and composition.

These five painters, but particularly Morrice and Cullen, may be regarded as the pioneer

painters of the Canadian winter. Others from time to time, as, for instance, Blair Bruce in *The Walker of the Snow*, and William Cruikshank in *Breaking the Road*, have painted winter scenes with considerable effectiveness, and even as early an artist as Kreighoff, who painted about the middle of last century, selected winter subjects for a small portion of his work.

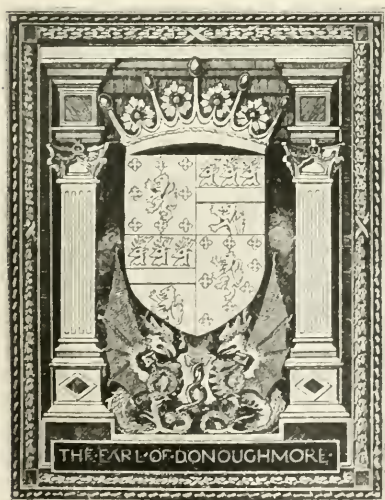
Perhaps one cause for the long neglect of the winter may be found in the fact that in many parts of Canada winter conditions are very unstable. There may be snow to-day or rain to-morrow. It may be freezing one day and thawing the next. The face of things changes more elusively than the face of the sea, and it requires a keen perception and a retentive mind to render the character of winter with truthfulness as well as artistic feeling. In the Province of Quebec, where Morrice, Cullen, and Coté have worked, weather conditions are less changeable. There one may look upon a landscape to-day and hope to look again to-morrow on something similar. But it may be a hope deferred—deferred, indeed, from one winter to another.

HERALDIC BOOK-PLATES.

THE heraldic book-plate has passed through many vicissitudes since it first came into vogue. It was soon after the invention of printing from movable types that labels of this kind began to be used for the purpose of marking the ownership of books, and from Albert Dürer and his contemporaries emanated many of the best examples produced in those days. Subsequent ages witnessed a marked deterioration in the artistic quality of the plates composed of heraldic emblems, and indeed it is only in comparatively recent times that any conspicuous improvement in this respect has taken place. To realize how great this improvement is, it is only necessary to compare certain typical examples of armorial book-plates produced about the close of the seventeenth century, as, for instance, of those of the great collector Ralph Sheldon and the celebrated Samuel Pepys, both of which are reproduced in the late Mr. G. W. Eves's excellent handbook on "*Decorative Heraldry*," with the series of plates now reproduced, all designed by men now living, who, while paying far greater regard to the proper representation of heraldic symbols, have

at the same time succeeded in producing designs of real artistic significance.

The question of the artistic treatment of heraldic motives is of no little interest at the present time, for apart from the large accession to the ranks of those entitled to bear arms consequent on the bestowal of honours and titles for distinguished service to the State on the battlefield or otherwise, many occasions are forthcoming from time to time in which the use of armorial devices in works of a commemorative character is called for. Unfortunately the number of artists who have devoted themselves to the serious study of heraldry and the almost unlimited possibilities it offers for decorative treatment is comparatively small, and for the most part the work of portraying coats-of-arms is relegated to trade designers, with results that leave much to be desired from the point of view alike of aesthetic excellence and of heraldic truth. Success in this department of practice can only come where the artist has taken the trouble to make himself familiar with the rules of heraldry, for as Gerard Leigh said in his "*Accedens of Armorie*," published in 1562, "*Armes are not to be done by euerie painter: sometime, although he be cunning in his arte, yet in doing of armes he may commit errour.*"





DESIGNED BY J. F. BADELEY, R.E.



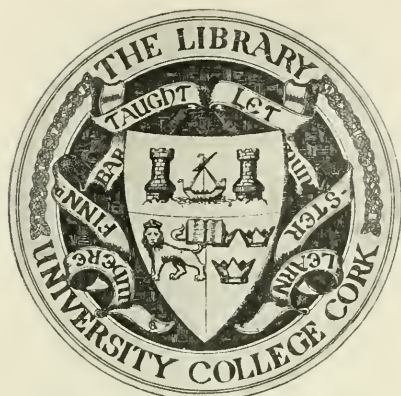
DESIGNED BY ALF. J. DOWNEY



DESIGNED BY COLONEL HUGH R. WALLACE, OF CLONCAIRD



DESIGNED BY GRAHAM JOHNSTON, HIS MAJESTY'S HERALD PAINTER TO THE LYON COURT, EDINBURGH



LIBRARY BOOK-PLATE. DESIGNED BY ROBERT GIBBINGS

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—At last the great conflict of nations has come to an end. Right has triumphed over Might, and with the passing of the dark thunder-clouds that for more than four years have oppressed humanity Justice from her throne on high reveals her countenance to mankind.



BOOK-PLATE FOR LORD ARTHUR BUTLER
DESIGNED BY J. F. BADELEY, R.E.

How wonderful, how miraculous indeed, has been the course of events during the past few months! So wonderful that in our joy we have most of us almost forgotten the terribly anxious days of March, when, more perhaps than at any time since the beginning of the stupendous struggle, fortune seemed to be against us, and our very existence as a nation was threatened. But we do not forget, and indeed we should not deserve to survive as a nation if we did forget, the heroic sacrifices made



BOOK-PLATE FOR THE COUNTESS OF MORAY
DESIGNED BY GRAHAM JOHNSTON

by countless thousands of our own countrymen and the soldiers of our Allies, whose immortal deeds have frustrated the sinister designs of a merciless enemy. Nor shall we ever forget the incalculable debt we owe to our American kindred whose magnanimous participation in the struggle on the side of freedom and right has, beyond all doubt, not only accelerated, but made possible the triumphant termination of the conflict. And now that with the advent of Peace the subject of memorials will occupy public attention, some means will, it is to be hoped, be devised whereby our gratitude to the great Republic of the Western Hemisphere may be worthily recorded for all time.



PORTRAIT OF MISS VIVIAN ST. GEORGE
BY EDMUND DULAC

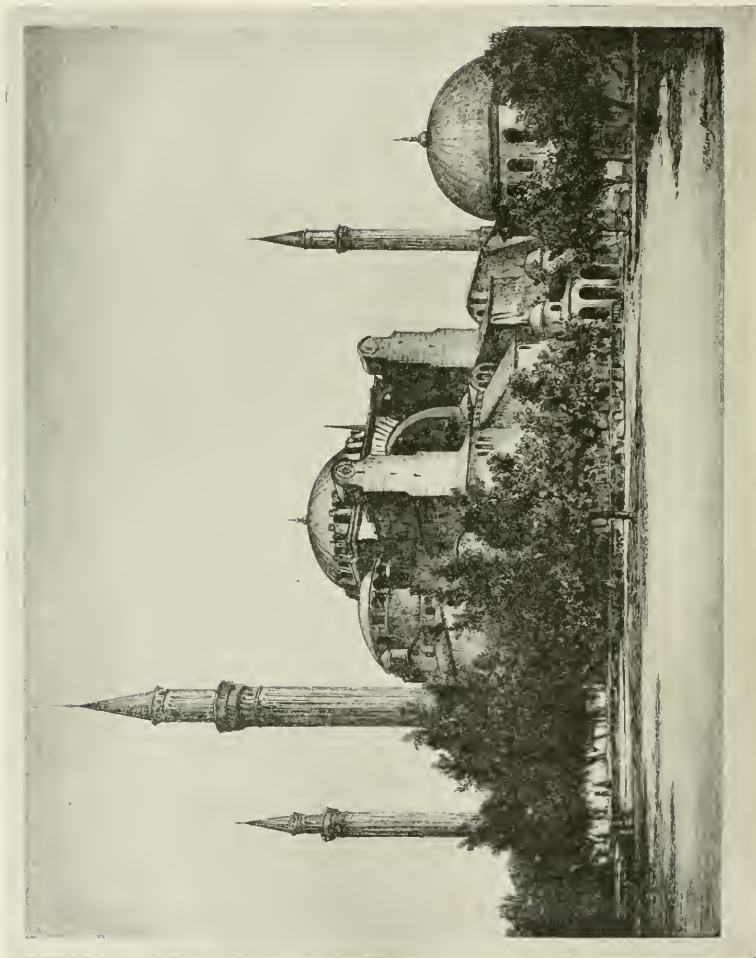
All things considered, art does not appear to have suffered from the long-drawn-out war to anything like the extent anticipated at the outset. It has been a matter of surprise, indeed, that many other artists besides the portrait painters, who have for the most part flourished exceedingly during these troubled times, should have done as well as they have. At the last Royal Academy, where the custom of labelling sold pictures was resumed after a long interval, the number of works sold was quite remarkable, and so, also, at the exhibitions of the Old Water-Colour Society, the proportion of works sold has been if not greater certainly fully equal to what it used to be in the years before the war. We believe, too, that the records of other societies and also of the private galleries tell much the same tale. It has to be borne in mind, of course, that the number of artists who have pursued their practice has been greatly diminished by national requirements, and that besides the many who have joined the forces, not a few have been engaged in other kinds of national service. But what of the future? It is possible that during the transition from war conditions to a firmly established peace the economic situation may react on the artistic production of the country; but on the other hand it may turn out that one of the results of the war has been the elimination of a considerable number of practitioners who will in the future pursue other occupations for which they are better qualified. For artists who take their vocation seriously we feel confident that the future outlook does not in the least justify pessimism.

We referred briefly last month to the scheme inaugurated by the Royal Society of Arts for the promotion of Industrial Art in this country, and to a kindred scheme promoted jointly by the Board of Trade and Board of Education, a leading feature of which is the institution of a permanent exhibition in London for the display of specimens of the best contemporary craftsmanship. A meeting in furtherance of the combined schemes was held at the Society's headquarters in the Adelphi on October 28, when the chair was taken by Mr. Hayes Fisher, President of the Board of Education, and speeches in support were made by him and others, including Lord Leverhulme, Sir Frank Warner, Mr. Gordon Selfridge, Mr.

F. V. Burridge of the L.C.C. Central School of Arts and Crafts, and Mr. W. R. Colton, A.R.A. A resolution commending the scheme and approving the issue of a joint appeal for funds to realize the objects aimed at was passed with one dissentient. As remarked when referring to the matter last month, we have for many years repeatedly advocated in these columns the claims of industrial art to public recognition, and in particular have urged the need for closer co-operation between artists, manufacturers, and distributors, and such facilities for making the public acquainted with the work being done by the artist-craftsmen of to-day as those which the proposed permanent exhibition is to afford. While, however, we welcome the movement thus set on foot, and are gratified to find that members of the Government recognize the vital importance of art in relation to industry, we are of opinion that the most potent means of attaining the objects aimed at will be the development on sound practical lines of the art schools of the country, and particularly those in which the applied arts are cultivated. Among other measures, the National Competition which has been in abeyance since 1914 ought to be reinstated as soon as possible, and not only reinstated, but given a far more prominent place than it used to have.

Mr. Edmund Dulac's delightful *Portrait of Miss Vivian St. George*, which we are privileged to reproduce in colour, was on view at the summer exhibition of the International Society. In this work, which is executed in water-colour with the addition of gold more particularly in the foreground, Mr. Dulac has achieved not merely a successful essay in portraiture—for we understand that it is accepted as a very good likeness of the little child—but a very attractive piece of decoration, and the attractiveness of the picture itself is augmented by the felicitous way in which it has been framed.

At a general assembly of the Royal Society of British Artists held on October 22, Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, R.A., was elected President of the Society in succession to Mr. Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A., who has held the office since the death of Sir Alfred East, R.A., in 1913. Mr. Solomon holds the rank of Lieut.-Colonel in the Army and has been in charge of an important branch of military service. As an artist he established



"ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE"
ETCHING BY W. ALISON MARTIN



STREET IN RACQUINGHEM, PAS-DE-CALAIS

a reputation thirty years ago with his *Cassandra* and *Samson and Delilah*, but in late years he has devoted himself almost exclusively to portraiture. The Suffolk Street galleries of the Society over which Mr. Solomon has been called to preside have been commandeered by the Government, and the winter exhibition of the works of members and associates of the Society is being held at Burlington House, where four rooms have been placed at their disposal by the Council of the Royal Academy. The works exhibited are certainly seen to much better advantage than in Suffolk Street, but as a whole the character of the display presents no marked deviation from those we have been accustomed to see in the Society's own quarters.

Sir John Lavery has presented to the nation some fifty pictures of naval subjects painted by him since the outbreak of war. These are being shown at the Grosvenor Gallery, and are, it is understood, to find a permanent home in the Imperial War Museum.

LIVERPOOL.—We give on the opposite page a reproduction of an etching of the famous church of *St. Sophia, Constantinople*, by Mr. W. Alison Martin, a leading member of the artist colony at Liverpool, to whose work as a painter reference has been made from time to time in these pages, chiefly in connexion with the autumn exhibitions at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. As a painter he has excelled in figure subjects, but this etching and others executed in recent years show that he is equally at home with the needle and acid and is no less capable of interpreting the beauties of architecture.

PARIS.—From numberless photographs and sketches published in countless periodicals the world at large has gained some idea of the appalling devastation which a large part of France situated eastward of Paris has suffered through the war, and of the immensity of the work of reconstruction that has now to be prosecuted without



HOUSE AT WALLON-CAPPEL (NORD)



HOUSES AT RANCOURT (MEUSE)

delay. The task is a stupendous one, for the area involved comprises no less than thirteen departments, and among them what were the most prosperous industrial regions of France, contributing a large proportion of the national revenue. Throughout this territory tens of thousands of dwelling-houses have disappeared completely; of hundreds of villages and towns there is scarcely a trace left, while others are so battered as to be hardly recognizable.

Vast as it is, however, this problem of reconstruction has by no means dismayed the architects and others upon whom the structural rehabilitation of the devastated area will devolve. Long before the tide of battle turned definitely in favour of the free nations, and the hordes of the modern Attila began to yield to the strategic genius of Marshal Foch, the preliminary steps were taken towards solving the problem of rehabilitation. As far back as 1915 the Société des Architectes diplômés par le Gouvernement, responding whole-heartedly to an appeal made by Monsieur L. Revault, Deputy for the Meuse, set to work, and through a committee appointed for the purpose began to make arrangements for competitions among the architects of France with

a view to securing the most suitable designs of rural habitations to replace those destroyed through the operations of war. As a preliminary to the opening of these competitions the Society, with the approval and co-operation of the Under-Secretary of State for Fine Arts, decided to organize an exhibition of documents relative to the architecture of the invaded territory.

This exhibition, held in the galleries of MM. Goupil et Cie early in 1917, created widespread interest. It consisted of a large number of drawings, paintings, and prints, admirably arranged to show the various kinds of dwelling inhabited by the peasant, the artisan, and the small farmer in the regions extending from Flanders to the Vosges. The collection demonstrated in a most striking manner the existence of certain peculiarities differentiating the domestic architecture of one province from that of another. These peculiarities were touched upon at some length in a very interesting address delivered by Monsieur Paul Léon, chief of the architectural department of the Sous-Secrétariat, who, taking one district after another, described how the atmospheric and other conditions, physical and economic, in each have re-



HOUSES AT CHIMINON (MARNE)

DRAWING BY ANDRÉ VENTRE



HOUSES AT MAGNIÈRES (MEURTHE-ET-MOSELLE). DRAWING BY ANDRÉ VENTRE

acted on and determined the general character of the habitations located therein. Thus in the low-lying region adjacent to the sea where high winds, heavily charged with moisture, prevail, and the soil, consisting of sand above and clay at a short distance below, is continually waterlogged, the houses are mostly of one story as the foundation is too unstable for a tall superstructure, and the roofs, tiled or thatched, have a big slope, extending on the windward side to near the ground. Proceeding inland, through Picardy, the Champagne, the Argonne, down to the Vosges, the correlation of architecture and natural environment in these regions also was described by M. Léon, whose address, reprinted at length with those delivered by M. Joseph Reinach and M. Revault, is worthy of attentive study as an exposition of the genesis of local types of architecture.

Now the fundamental principle emphasized by these eminent speakers and by M. Jacques Hermant, the President of the Société des Architectes diplômés, who presided at the three conferences, is that the plans for rehabilitation of the devastated territory must take account of these local conditions and idiosyncrasies. At the same time it was contended with equal emphasis that the observance of this principle did not involve and ought not to

involve any attempt in the direction of a literal reproduction of the habitations and places that have been destroyed, but that, on the contrary, the opportunity should be seized of rectifying all shortcomings and inconveniences, both as regards planning and situation, which made many of the old houses unequal to the requirements of modern life. The great danger to be guarded against is that the urgent desire of so many exiles to resume the peaceful lives they led before the advent of the invader may tempt them to yield to the allurements of big manufacturing concerns of dubious nationality, who will offer to supply them with some "standard" type of house which can be erected quickly at much less cost than a building constructed according to local traditions and methods, and the danger is all the greater because of the scarcity of local materials and of labour as the result of the war. But great as it is, there appears to be a firm resolve that it must be sternly resisted, and that it would be nothing short of a disaster if the old local varieties of domestic architecture were to be replaced by some more or less uniform "model" throughout the long tract of territory which has so long borne the brunt of warfare.



HOUSES AT GIRECOURT (VOSGES)

DRAWING BY ANDRÉ VENTRE

value to that indescribable something which time alone can give to a *cha-no-yu* utensil—a bowl, for instance—we abhor dirt and soil.

Among the paintings offered, Mokuan's *Kwannon*, a small *kakemono*, fetched the highest price in the whole sale, 31,000 yen. Profound is the calm repose, the serene dignity, and noble simplicity revealed in this black monochrome drawing of the Goddess of Mercy. Shokei's *Landscape*, another small *kakemono*, sold for 5000 yen, showed the grandeur and sublimity of Nature and human efforts to attain it. A most effective use has been made of the unpainted part, the blank space—one of the most valuable qualities of our paintings which our



"JIZO-SON" (HELPER OF THE AFFLICTED)
CARVED WOOD FIGURE

(Mr. Takahashi's sale, 6880 yen)

TOKYO.—One of the most interesting art sales of recent times took place not long ago when the collection of Takahashi-Yoshio, a connoisseur and a student of *cha-no-yu* art, was dispersed at the Tokyo Fine Art Club and realized 350,000 yen. Though other sales of late have yielded more in money, few of them have been more interesting than that of Mr. Takahashi from the standpoint of "a man with tea," who is susceptible to the serio-comic interests of personal drama, who appreciates the subtle beauty in the inconsistencies of life. The collection consisted mainly of paintings, calligraphs, and lacquer and porcelain ware used in connexion with the *cha-no-yu* rite. Each object displayed showed marks of the tender care with which it had been handled and fondled. It may be interesting to observe that while we attach an inestimable



LANDSCAPE BY SHOKEI
(Mr. Takahashi's sale, 5000 yen)



TWO-PANELLED SCREEN PAINTED BY OGATA-KORIN

(Sold at Mr. Takahashi's sale for 20,000 yen)

contemporary artists seem to overlook in their art. Exquisitely beautiful was a two-panelled screen painted by Ogata-Korin, which, though in a dilapidated condition, brought 20,000 yen.

The chief interest of the sale, however, centred in the numerous *cha-no-yu* utensils it contained. These included several exquisite pottery *cha-ire* small caddies for pulverized tea—some bearing names expressive of their peculiar qualities, such as “Shira-tsuyu” (White Dew), “Shira-nami” (White Waves) and so forth. The best among them was a Tamba *cha-ire*, a *meibutsu* or celebrated piece with a brownish ground partly covered with a greenish glaze giving the ware an iridescent lustre. This perfectly shaped *cha-ire* was sold for 9300 yen. Each of the *cha-ire* had one or more bags of brocade and a wooden box to keep it in, some of them double boxes, so great is the care taken of these treasures. The custom of preserving them in this way started centuries ago, and it is owing to this great respect for the artistic productions of our ancestors that our people have succeeded in preserving so many ancient wares, extremely fragile though most of them are. We carefully wrap the valuable utensils in silk, pack them in

a box of *sugi* (a species of cedar) or Paulownia wood, and stow them away in the go-down to be taken out and used on special occasions. The host is extremely careful in choosing these utensils from a wide variety that he may possess, taking into account the season, the taste, and temperament of his guest, and to keep them in harmony with other objects in use. Perhaps no other country in the world has developed a greater number and variety of household utensils than Japan, though our homes are known for the absence and simplicity of the furniture and ornaments. No family can uphold its prestige and dignity without these accessories. People who have amassed enormous wealth during the present war have been zealously acquiring these utensils and works of art, and our

ancient families have thus been led to disperse a large part of their possessions.

The Takahashi sale contained a large variety of *chawan* (tea-bowls), some of which were exquisitely beautiful, and also numerous excellent examples of the iron kettles (*kama*) which occupy a place of eminence among *cha-no-yu* utensils. These kettles have an extra piece of iron stuck inside at the bottom, so that the kettle may sing when the water becomes heated—a music of the wind among pine-branches. And among many other items of interest included in the sale there was an old wood figure of Jizo-son (sold for 6880 yen), which is said to have belonged to the Kofukuji, an historic Buddhist temple at Nara. It is an exceptionally fine image of Jizo-son, the compassionate helper of those who are in trouble, and popularly known as the guardian of children. It holds a *hoju* (jewel) in the left hand and a *shakujo* (staff) in the right—the jewel representing the upward-struggling human soul, which Jizo keeps awake by the noise made by the staff with iron ringlets. With its serene countenance and perfect pose, the image is etherealized by the grace of form and noble lines of the flowing robe.

HARADA-JIRO.

REVIEWS.

The English Home from Charles I to George IV : Its Architecture, Decoration, and Garden Design. By J. ALFRED GOTCH, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A. (London : B. T. Batsford.) 30s. net.—This volume forms a sequel to "Early Renaissance Architecture in England," and, as the author states in his preface, takes up the story of the English House at the point reached in his former volume, and carries it to the beginning of the nineteenth century. These two books thus present the history of Domestic Architecture in England from the time when houses were becoming homes instead of fortresses, until a period well within the recollection of our grandfathers. Mr. Gotch's authoritative and comprehensive survey of the subject cannot fail to interest, and forms a valuable contribution to architectural literature ; while the photographs, drawings, and engravings, upwards of 300 illustrations in all, have been carefully selected, and in most cases well produced. We have no hesitation in commending this excellent volume to all students and lovers of English domestic architecture.

English Fairy Tales. Retold by FLORA ANNIE STEEL. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM. (London : Macmillan and Co.) 10s. 6d. net.—*The Springtide of Life.* Poems of Childhood by ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. With a Preface by EDMUND GOSSE. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM. (London : William Heinemann.) 10s. 6d. net.—If a vote were taken among English-speaking boys and girls throughout the world on the question of their favourite illustrator, we do not doubt that Mr. Rackham's name would head the poll. The secret of his universal popularity is really no secret at all, for throughout his work as an illustrator of literature which appeals to the young there is conspicuously evident that sympathetic understanding of the moods and modes of thought of childhood which is just as essential as technical accomplishment. The two books before us, both containing illustrations in colour and black and white, will strengthen his hold on the affections of his numberless admirers. In the collection of English fairy tales retold by Miss Steele with a freshness that will be appreciated by her juvenile readers however familiar they may be with some of the legends, the artist gives free rein to that playful humour which perhaps is his best-known characteristic

as an illustrator. We see him in a different vein in the drawings accompanying the selection which Mr. Gosse has made from Swinburne's beautiful poems of childhood. Here artist and poet are in perfect accord, so truly does the one express in pictorial terms the sentiments uttered by the other.

Réflexions et Croquis sur l'Architecture du Pays de France. Par GEORGES WYBO. (Paris : Hachette et Cie.)—Animated by an ardent love for the architectural relics of the past, and an equally profound resentment at their extinction without adequate reason, M. Wybo, in this very attractive brochure of a hundred pages, discusses briefly under various heads some of the interesting types of construction still extant in different parts of France, or at all events extant until quite recently, for, alas, not a few of the examples he cites have fallen a prey to the demon of war. His remarks are accompanied by reproductions of a large number of picturesque pen sketches made by himself, which add greatly to the interest of the publication.

The Happy Hypocrites. By MAX BEERBOHM. Illustrated by GEORGE SHERINGHAM. (London : John Lane, the Bodley Head.) 21s. net ; special edition, 42s. net.—Mr. Sheringham's illustrations form the *raison d'être* of this "big new presentment of a little old story," to quote from the author's introductory note. They are very varied in character, ranging from single figures in two colours—blue or black, with a pale greyish-brown, being a favourite combination—to full coloured compositions in which the artist's decorative feeling is admirably displayed. The title-page, end-papers, and book-cover have also been designed by him, in keeping with the substance of the book.

The Legend of the Glorious Adventures of Tyl Ulenspiegel in the Land of Flanders and Elsewhere. By CHARLES DE COSTER. With twenty Woodcuts by ALBERT DELSTANCHE. Translated from the French by GEOFFREY WHITWORTH. (London : Chatto and Windus.) 7s. 6d. net.—Mr. Whitworth is to be congratulated on this excellent translation of de Coster's story of Tyl Ulenspiegel, which is of special interest now, when the land of Flanders is emerging from a reign of tyranny comparable to that which is so graphically portrayed in this narrative. The edition benefits by the co-operation of M. Delstanche, whose illustrations are admirably *en rapport* with the text.

ON THE PAINTING OF INTERIORS.

DURING recent years a number of artists in this country and abroad have interested themselves in the painting of what are called "interiors" — indoor subjects, that is to say, which offer opportunities for the treatment of attractive effects of light and shade, and for the representation of more or less complex details. Sometimes these paintings have been simply settings for groups of figures, or for portraits of people who wished to be pictorially recorded in the intimate surroundings of their homes, but quite as often the picture has been entirely without human interest, and has depended for its motive solely upon the architectural and domestic characteristics of the room which the artist has chosen to study. For both types of work there is plenty of authority in the past; men of all schools and periods have been

attracted by such subjects and have made the interior much more than a mere background to a figure or group. The Dutch masters, in particular, with their love of detail and their careful technical methods, took full advantage of the chances which the indoor picture gave them, and made of it something which claims a place of considerable importance in art history.

But it is not necessary to seek the authority of the past to justify the modern painter's occupation with motives of this character. On its merits as a matter for observation and executive expression the interior is well worthy of close consideration, for it presents problems of draughtsmanship and composition, of atmosphere and light and shade, of colour and tone, which are sufficiently exacting and which demand for their proper solution no small measure of artistic capacity. A rapid impression of a room may be all very well as a note of something the artist has seen, but if he intends to



"WALNUT AND DELFT"

BY L. CAMPBELL TAYLOR

paint a serious picture of it, to realize its character, and to give to it the individuality by which it is distinguished, he must concentrate himself upon the material before him, and handle it with sincere respect.

For every room has a character and an individuality, due partly, no doubt, to the architect by whom it was designed, but reflecting in no inconsiderable degree the personality of the people who occupy it; and if the artist looks at it only as a piece of still life, he is apt to lose its inherent atmosphere. Of course interior painting is, in a sense, still-life painting because it deals with inanimate objects, but these objects are not as a rule gathered together in a room with the dry formality of a museum, they are there because they are incidental to the life of the owner of the room and bear relation to his tastes and habits. The slovenly, untidy room belongs to a careless man with casual ways and no sense of order; the prim, precise one to the particular person who fusses over little things and lets the details of existence obscure the larger facts; the luxurious, redundant room reveals the sybarite who is fond of display and inclined to self-indulgence; the bare, simple room suggests the man who is content with little and can dispense with the embroideries of life. But, best of all, the room that is designed artistically and furnished with good taste, that is fitly ordered and properly kept and yet has the air of home, impresses us with the idea that it records the feelings and thoughts of a family that is well assorted and well disposed and with a happily balanced outlook on the world.

All these shades of sentiment the artist who approaches interior painting

in the right spirit can convey in his work, and they must all be studied if he wishes to make his pictures attractive. It is not sufficient for him to be only a manipulator of paint, or to achieve an exact realism in the rendering of the many things which go to the making up of his ultimate result; he must go further than that, and treat his portrait of a room with the same sort of insight that he would apply to a portrait of a living sitter. Just as the good portrait of a man is not only a likeness but a summary of a temperament as well, so the satisfactory picture of a room is a record of a complete whole in which the details fill out and account for the general impression; and certainly the best interior paintings are those in which the touch of appropriate sympathy gives the fullest value to the sentiment of the subject.

How much can be suggested in pictures of



"A DUTCH INTERIOR"

BY WALTER DONNE



"MY STUDIO" OIL PICTING
BY MAUD HALL NEALE



"A COTTAGE INTERIOR"

(In the possession of Sir John Ellerman, Bart.)

BY WALTER FARMER



"THE COTTAGE HOMES OF ENGLAND: SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY." OIL PAINTING BY JAMES TOWNSHEND, R.B.A.

(In the possession of Mr. Herbert Gibson)

this class will be apparent enough to any one who compares the examples of interior painting which are reproduced here. As studies in degrees of rusticity—studies of the way in which the simple life is interpreted by different people—the paintings by Mr. Walter Donne, Mrs. Donne, Mr. Walter Farmer, and Mr. James Townshend are undeniably significant, and as lights upon the manners and customs of people who demand more of existence the pictures by Mr. Campbell Taylor, Mr. W. C. Gore, and Mrs. Ward are definitely instructive; there is even a revelation of differences in artistic temperament in the studio studies by Mr. Patrick Adam, Mr. Van Anrooy, and Mrs. Hall Neale. Each of these examples has a story to tell, and each one has its own independent interest as a little piece of domestic history, quite apart from its other interest as a technical achievement.

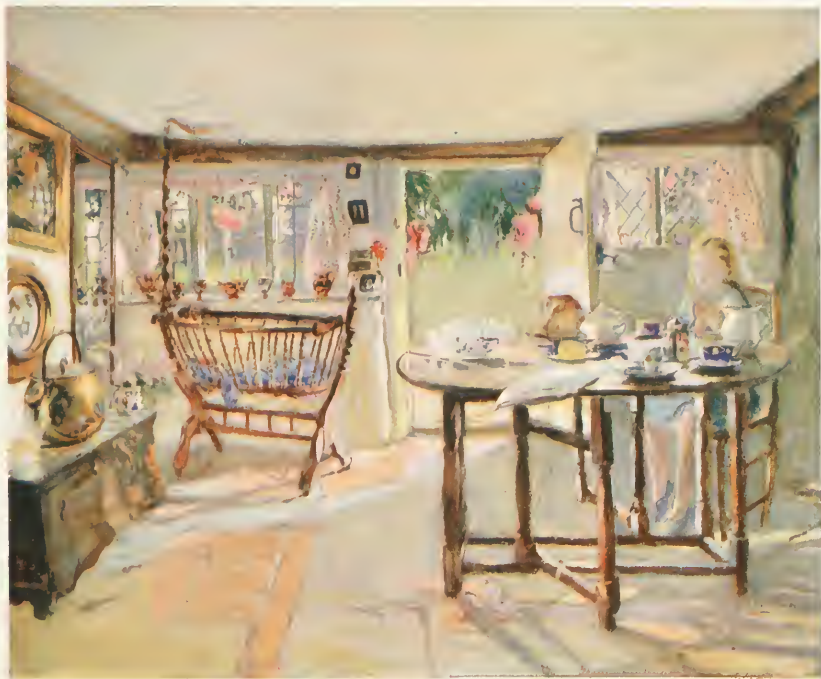
The technical side, however, has to be taken into account. It has been already said that there are serious problems of draughtsmanship and composition, atmosphere and light and shade, colour and tone, which must be solved by the artist if he is to make a success of his subjects, and it is obvious that the degree of his success depends largely upon the extent of his capacity as a craftsman. He must draw well because he has to deal with exact forms which would advertise his failure to realize them properly, and he must understand composition because, again, upon that depends the quality of his picture as a design. A feeling for atmosphere is needed to put the parts of the painting into their right aerial perspective, and a sense of light and shade relations is indispensable to ensure the correct balance of the whole arrangement. Colour and tone must be studied, for the manner in which the



"ENTRANCE TO THE STUDIO"

(In the possession of Robert Gilmour, Esq.)

OIL PAINTING BY A. VAN ANROOY



"MY COTTAGE"® FROM THE WATER-
COLOUR BY WINIFRED DONNE.



"A CORNER OF KNOWLE HOUSE,
SEVENOAKS." OIL PAINTING
BY HENRIETTA WARD

On the Painting of Interiors

colour is harmonized and the tones adjusted vitally affects the pictorial result.

But, particularly, it is to the qualities of illumination in an interior that the artist must attend, for they influence throughout the effect of his work. Indoor lighting, which is necessarily concentrated and subdued, which has, too, none of the breadth and clearness of the open air, modifies both form and colour, sometimes by accentuation, at others by obscuration or reflection. It picks out certain things and hides other; and introduces an element of elusiveness into the general effect. For this reason it needs the closest possible observation and the most careful analysis—only by studious attention can the difficulties it presents be overcome and the rightly balanced scheme of tone be secured. The smallest possible margin of error is all that can be allowed to the painter of interiors, and if he goes beyond it his work must inevitably miss its aim. Bad tone means

false perspective, untrue colour, unexplained form, and the absence of a suggestion of space, and if these are the defects of the picture, it has no value as a representation of an interior.

That is why all the artists who rank as great painters of indoor subjects can be said to have possessed an exceptionally acute perception of tone subtleties; and it is, no doubt, because they were endowed with this perception that they inclined instinctively to this class of motive. The interior gave them opportunities which they appreciated and attracted them by the interesting nature of the technical chances which it offered to them, and they knew exactly how to make the most of every possibility. Success as great as theirs is within the reach of the painters to-day who follow the same direction, but it must be attained by the means which the masters employed, and must be sought for with all their assiduous attention to details of practice. A. L. BALDRY.



"PETIT APPARTEMENT À PARIS"

OIL PAINTING BY WILLIAM GORE



"THE BREAKFAST TABLE" OIL PAINTING BY PATRICK W. ADAM



"SALON ROSE" OIL PAINTING BY WILLIAM GORE

ETCHINGS AND ENGRAVINGS BY
MALCOLM OSBORNE, A.R.A., R.E.

THE election of Malcolm Osborne as an Engraver-Associate of the Royal Academy was probably unexpected, even by those familiar with the fine artistry of his etchings and dry-points. To none, perhaps, will the surprise have been greater than to the sincere and modest young artist himself, when the pleasant news was flashed to the Palestine front, where it found him, in his third campaign of the war, fighting as a captain in a trench-mortar battery. But this election is a hopeful sign that the conservative outlook of the Royal Academy, which, till recently, regarded the engraver as the interpreter of the painter and nothing more, is recognizing the widening importance of the copper-plate as a medium of original art.

In their new Associate, however, the Academicians have an artist who can not only translate masterly painting into terms of masterly engraving, but produce fine expressive art of his own. Where, for example, even among the great mezzotint transcriptions of the eighteenth century, can we find a more complete interpretation of a great portrait-painter's vision than Captain Osborne's of G. F. Watts's wonderful presentation of William Morris? In this the engraver seems to have seen through the painter's very eyes and spirit, scraping the copper as with the inspired touch of Watts's brush upon the canvas. Yet the gift of original portraiture also is Malcolm Osborne's. In the masterly portrait of his mother (reproduced in our "Modern Etchings, Mezzotints, and Dry-Points") he commanded his dry-point's expressive line to a vital and beautiful rendering of intimate personal vision, quick with loving intuitions; while in a charming little print, *Maggie*, he has shown that he can portray, through the same medium, the grace and tender wistfulness of girlhood as happily as the benevolence of character and experience reflected in an elderly mother's face.

This soldier-artist is a Somerset man, born at Frome, where his father was a schoolmaster, and the home circle encouraged the artistic tendencies of himself and his brothers, Rex and Fred, the one now an illustrator, the other a designer. From the Queen's Road School of Art in Bristol he came, in 1901, to London with

a Royal Exhibition Scholarship at the Royal College of Art. Here he specialized, wisely and valuably, as his career has developed, in black-and-white design under Professor Lethaby, while he studied etching and every form of engraving under Sir Frank Short. This to such good purpose that, when he won the British Institute Scholarship for etching, there was no question that this branch of art offered him a distinguished career.

Until the world-war called him to bear a soldierly part, the record of Captain Osborne's life was little more than that of work in London, done with artistic sensitiveness and sound craftsmanship, and sketching tours, chiefly in Dorsetshire, Sussex, France, and Scotland—about Stirling—enjoyed in the companionship of his friend and brother-artist, Lieutenant Alfred Bentley; tours followed always by the accomplishment of etchings and dry-points of indisputable distinction. Our readers have already seen reproductions of some of Captain Osborne's most notable plates (see "London Past and Present," "The Graphic Arts," and *THE STUDIO* for March 1917).

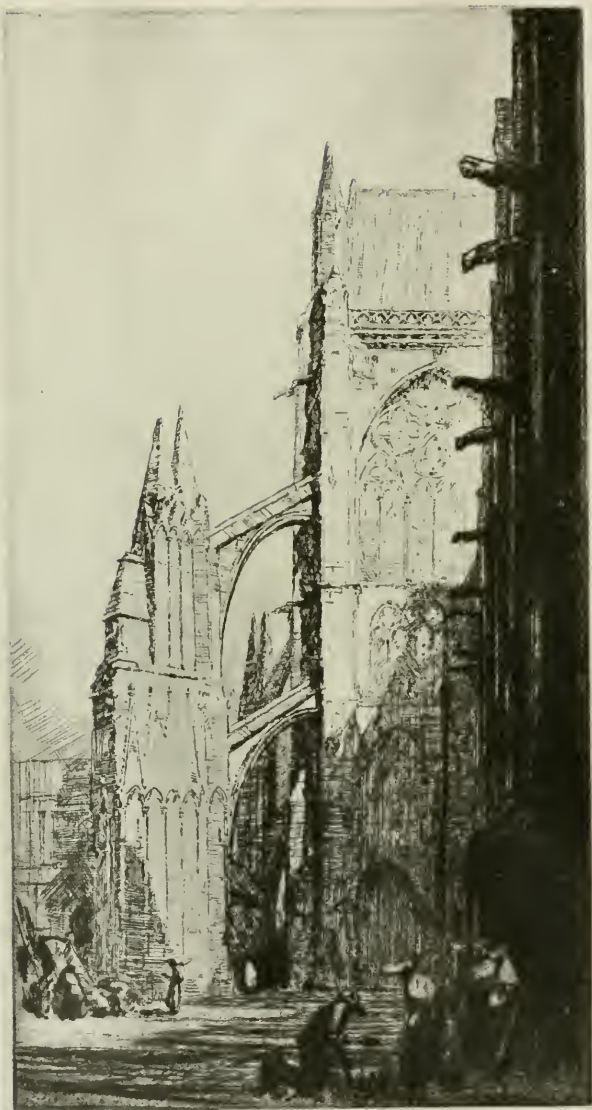
Those given in these pages are thoroughly representative of his expressive vision of the serene aspects of landscape and hallowed building, with their human associations and true spirit of place; vision controlled always by an artistic sense of dignity in design. Such beautiful plates as *The Heart of Scotland* and *The Church of the Holy Rood, Stirling*, show him, perhaps, at his high-water mark, while *St. Stephen's, Walbrook*, has a decorative quality not inferior to that of the artist's noble print *St. Martin's-in-the-Fields from the National Gallery*. The scenic appeal to Malcolm Osborne is always simply and quietly pictorial, nor can the rich tonal capacity of aquatint tempt him to emphasize for dramatic suggestion the shadows of even so tragically storied an old bridge as that of Stirling. What changes, I wonder, may we expect in his pictorial outlook and expression after his years of strenuous campaigning? Since his last plate was done, about four years ago, he has known the stress and horror of battle in France, Salonica, and Palestine, yet let us hope that his unflinching sense of humour and his deep religious feeling may long preserve the serenity of his nature for the artistic expression of his gentle sense of beauty.

M. C. SALAMAN



"CHÂTEAU DE CHINON." ETCHING
BY MALCOLM OSBORNE, A.R.A., R.E.

(By courtesy of Mr. H. M. Dickins,
Publisher of Mr. Osborné's prints)



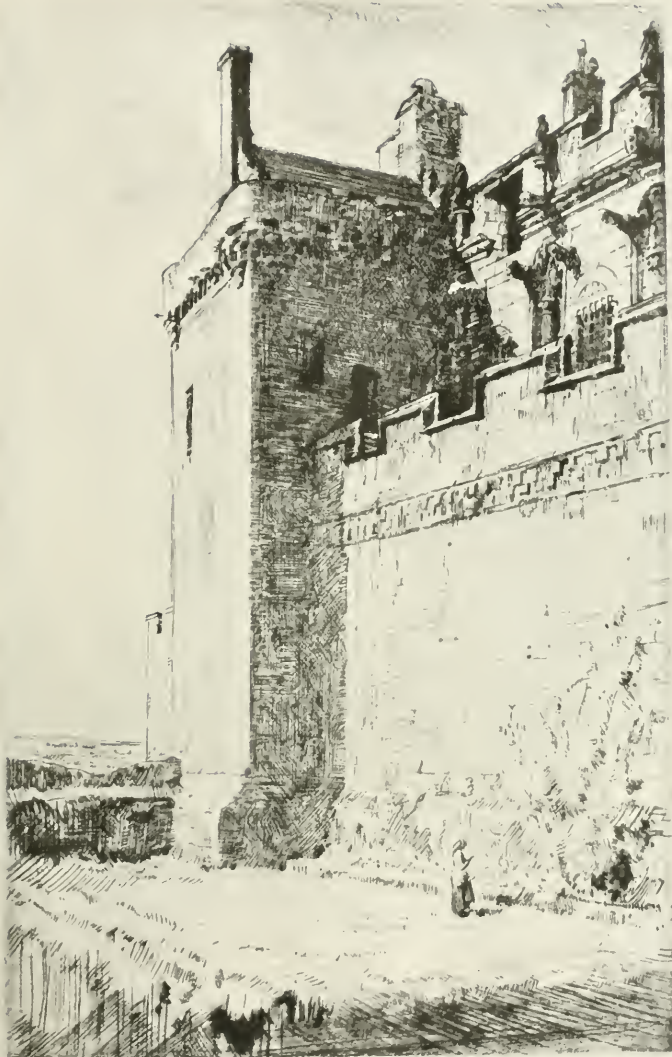
"TOURS CATHEDRAL." DRY-POINT
BY MALCOLM OSBORNE, A.R.A., R.E.



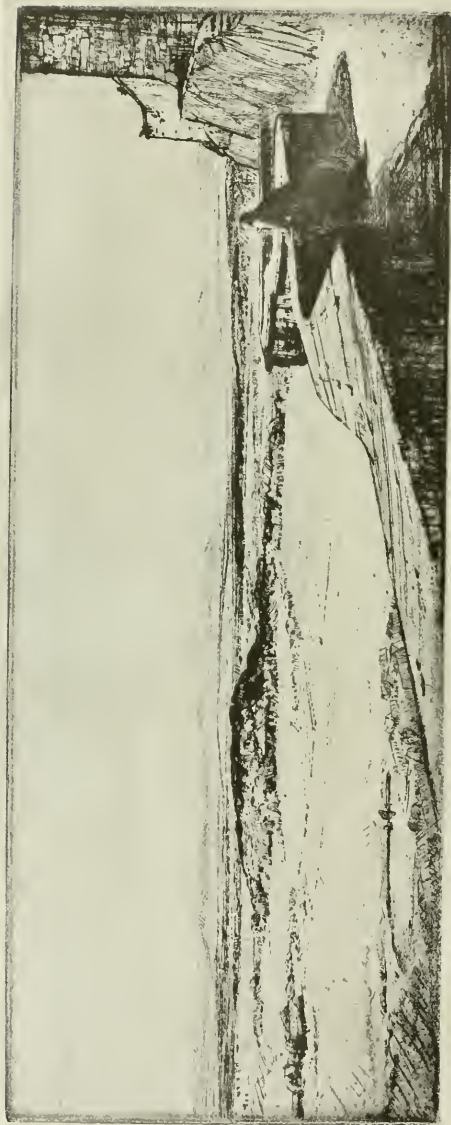
"ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK." ETCHING
BY MALCOLM OSBORNE, A.R.A., R.E.



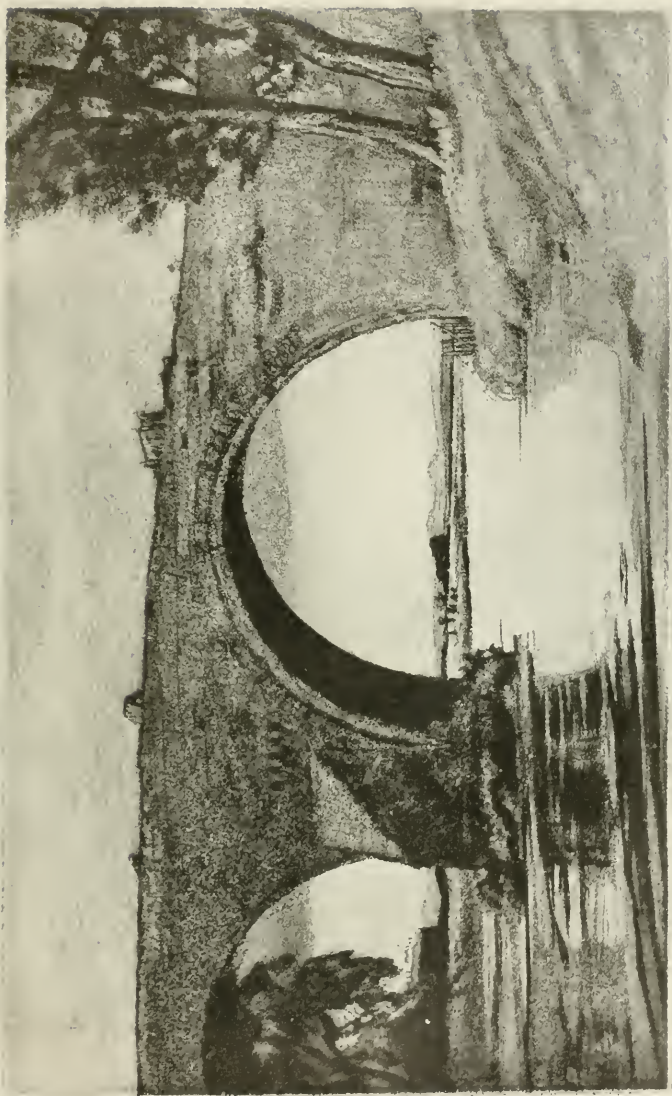
"THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY ROOD,
STIRLING." DRY-POINT BY MAL-
COLM OSBORNE, A.R.A., R.E.



"TERRACE GARDEN, STIRLING
CASTLE." DRY-POINT BY
MALCOLM OSBORNE, A.R.A., R.E.



"THE HEART OF SCOTLAND." DRY-POINT
BY MALCOLM OSBORNE, A.R.A., R.E.



"STIRLING BRIDGE," AQUATINT
BY MALCOLM OSBORNE A.R.A., R.E.

LIONEL P. SMYTHE, R.A., R.W.S.

IT is always exceedingly difficult to account for the success or failure of an artist in achieving popularity. Merit apparently has little to do with it, personality can hardly be regarded as the deciding factor. Many artists of unquestionable capacity, finely imaginative, and possessed of great technical skill, have had to suffer the persistent neglect of the public; many men of attractive personal qualities have found it easier to gain the regard of their friends than to secure professional rewards. On the other hand, there are instances in plenty to be quoted of artists who have been widely popular despite obvious inefficiency of achievement and unfortunate peculiarities of disposition. The whole thing, in fact, is inexplicable, a mystery which defies solution.

Certainly, if the combination of artistic ability and charm of personality could ensure popularity, Lionel Smythe would have held throughout his life a place of special prominence among the artists of our time. He was a painter of real distinction, with exquisite taste, an original outlook, and a sure command over executive processes, and he had conspicuously that subtle sympathy with nature which is the foundation of all fine accomplishment in art. He was a man universally liked and who had in full the power of creating and maintaining close friendships. To all appearances he had every qualification for professional success.

Yet the fact remains that greatly as his art was appreciated by the few who knew it and realized its exceptional excellence, the general public accorded him comparatively little attention. He was never an artist whom people talked about or whose works when they were exhibited excited popular comment. Outside artistic circles his pictures

were seldom discussed, and except among artists their merits were not often recognized. He had his admirers, it is true; there were collectors here and there with sufficient discrimination to perceive that he was a man who counted, and that in any representative gathering of the art of our time his work was entitled to claim a place of distinction, but the crowd did not know him and never put him among their favourites.

Perhaps this was partly his own fault. He lived abroad, he had a retiring disposition and was impatient of everything in the nature of



*Remember always
Lionel Smythe*

LIONEL SMYTHE, R.A.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH



GIRL KNITTING™ WATER-COLOUR
BY LIONEL SMYTHE, R.A.

self-advertisement, he was not prolific, and he was a slow and conscientious worker. Above all, he did not affect the sensational, story-telling sort of subject that the majority of people find so engrossing. What interested him most was the quiet, everyday life of the district in which he had made his home, the delicate beauty of nature constantly manifested to him, and the humanity of the peasants and fisher-folk whom he had for neighbours. From his surroundings he drew his inspiration: they satisfied him and they gave him the material that made to him the strongest appeal, but they did not, it can well be imagined, offer him opportunities for the development of the kind of art to which as a rule popularity is accorded.

That this should have been so will be accounted fortunate by those who admire the paintings he produced. Because he was true to his own conviction, because he followed the direction towards which he was temperamentally inclined and refused to angle for success with a popular bait, he added to British art much that has a permanent value; and because his inspiration was derived immediately from the life with which he was intimately in contact there was in everything he did a degree of significance that is attainable only by the artist who has an absolute understanding of the material with which he deals. The sincerity of his work is beyond dispute, its frank simplicity of intention and expression is singularly attractive, and in its sensitive reality there is a convincing revelation of the sympathetic spirit in which he approached his subjects and put them into pictorial form.

But something of the charm of his paintings is certainly due to the technical skill he consistently displayed. There was never anything showy in his methods, never any assertion of cleverness for cleverness' sake. He was not one of those artists who think that reckless brilliancy of brushwork is a necessary proof of ability, and

he had no desire to gain an effect of sham spontaneity by the sacrifice of completeness; what he wished was to obtain by the simplest and most direct means the result at which he aimed. Therefore both his oil paintings and his water-colours have a frankly expressive quality of craftsmanship that is satisfying in the highest degree. They are handled with the certainty that comes from thorough knowledge of the way in which the devices of technique should be used to make intelligible what is in the artist's mind, and always they are distinguished by a masterly economy of effort: he chose with a sure instinct the executive method that was most appropriate to the subject in hand, and applied this method with a keen perception of its possibilities. The sham finish that comes from mere elaboration of paint surface he



"THE BAIT-DIGGER"

BY LIONEL SMYTHE, R.A.



"LA MATELOTTE"
WATER-COLOUR BY
LIONEL SMYTHE, R.A.

*(In the possession of
H. W. Braumont, Esq.)*

habitually avoided ; the completeness for which he strove was gained by making each touch of his brush serve its specific purpose in the general building up of the pictorial scheme.

To the beauty of his colour, too, must be ascribed much of the distinction of his work. He had the colour-emotion in a very marked degree, the natural sensitiveness to colour-suggestion which is possessed only by the greatest artists, and he had an extraordinarily delicate appreciation of subtleties of colour-tone. Especially was he endowed with the very rare faculty of judging accurately the effect produced upon local colour by open-air illumination, a faculty which enabled him to paint out-of-door subjects with unusual brilliancy of effect.

Unfortunately, the popular recognition of his position, when it comes, as come it must, will be too late to be of service to him personally. His death, after a long life in which there were struggles and disappointments, has put him beyond the reach of praise or blame. But at least we can do justice to his memory and accord to him belated regard as one of the greater painters whom this country has produced. W. K. W.

RECENT DESIGNS IN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

OUR illustration in colours on page 125 shows the garden front of one of Messrs. Hart and Waterhouse's country houses on the borders of Surrey and Sussex, near Haslemere.

The aspect is south-east, always a favourite one if it can be obtained, and full advantage appears to have been taken of the fact in the design. The chief ground-floor rooms and all the bedrooms are on this front, and share the almost unrivalled view over the wooded slopes, away to the ridges of Blackdown. The slope of the hill has been cut into and levelled so that the house stands unobtrusively, well sheltered

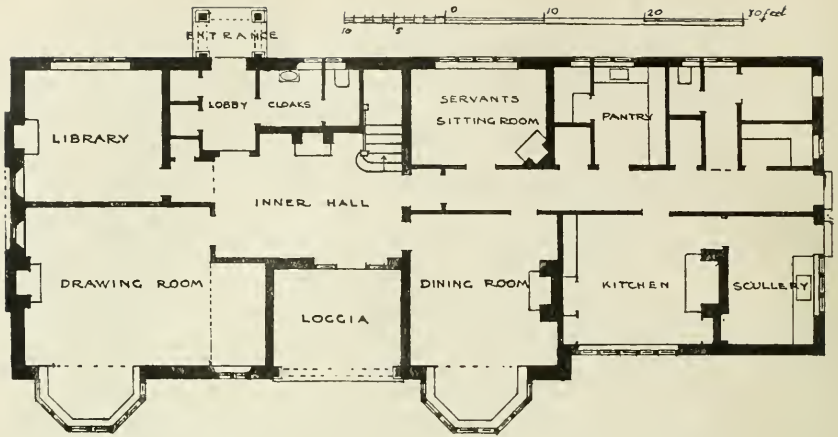


"A SOUVENIR"

WATER-COLOUR BY LIONEL S. S. R.A.

RESIGNATION OF SIR EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A.

—At a General Assembly of the Royal Academy of Arts held in the early part of December the resignation of Sir Edward J. Poynter, Bart., of the office of President was announced, and accepted with regret. Sir Edward, who was born in 1836, was elected Associate in 1869, and succeeded Sir John Millais as President of the Academy in 1896. For some years previously he was Director of the National Gallery.



PLAN OF HOUSE NEAR HASLEMERE

HART AND WATERHOUSE, ARCHITECTS

from the north, the excavations providing a warm yellow sandstone which, together with other local stones, has been used for the garden terraces. The walls of the house are built hollow—a necessary precaution in this district. The upper parts are hung with sand-faced tiles, and the roof is covered with similar tiles in broken tints, which besides giving at once a pleasing effect will become more mellow with age. The loggia on the front forms a sunny open-air living-room, and can be enclosed with glazed oak screen-doors as a protection from winter weather.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—As the outcome of the recent conference on War Memorials, convened by the President and Council of the Royal Academy, an Executive Committee has been appointed to carry into effect the proposals approved thereat. The primary object of the movement is to obviate the danger that the desire to perpetuate the memory of those who have laid down their lives shall waste itself in wrong channels through lack of competent guidance. It is considered essential that memorials, however simple, should express the emotion of the present and hope of the future without losing touch with the past,

and that instead of being a rock of offence to future generations, they should be objects of veneration to those who follow us. This Committee has been formed, not to undertake designs, but to give assistance and advice at an early stage to the promoters of memorials; to act as a body of reference for those who desire guidance as to the general scope and character of memorials; to advise on their suitability for specific sites or positions in buildings; and generally to further an organized effort to make the memorials of this war worthy of their great occasion. The Executive Committee consists of Sir E. J. Poynter, ten Royal Academicians and one Associate, Lords Plymouth, Crawford, and Ferrers, Mr. C. J. Holmes (National Gallery), Mr. C. Aitken (Tate Gallery), Sir Cecil Smith (Victoria and Albert Museum), Mr. Henry Wilson (Arts and Crafts Society), Sir Theodore Cook, Mr. Christopher Whall, Mr. Campbell Swinton, Prof. Lethaby, and the Dean of York. Communications for the Committee should be addressed to the Secretary, Royal Academy of Arts, Burlington House, London, W.1.

We reproduce on page 127 a tablet designed by M. Valentin Vaerwyck, of Ghent, as a record of the gratitude of the Belgian refugees at Coventry for the hospitality shown to them during their exile. The memorial is mounted on



HOUSE NEAR HASLEMERE. ALFRED
H. HART AND P. LESLIE WATER-
HOUSE, FERIBAL, ARCHITECTS.

a slab of black marble and the armorial features are executed in heraldic colours.

The art exhibitions held in London during the closing months of 1918 have been more numerous than at any time since the season of 1913-1914, and the fact is significant as an augury of what may be expected in the future. From the point of view of topical interest, those which claim a chief share of attention are the "Sea Power" exhibition at the Grosvenor Galleries and the "War and Peace" exhibition at the Royal Academy. The former comprised, besides a very interesting collection of naval trophies, the pictures and portraits painted by artists to whom facilities have been afforded by the Admiralty. The walls of the largest room were hung with the pictures painted by Sir John Lavery and presented by him to the Imperial War Museum, and among the great variety of subjects depicted one of peculiar interest was the incident of the arrival of German delegates on board Admiral Beatty's flagship *Queen Elizabeth* on November 15. Other rooms contained the official series of paintings executed by Mr. P. Connard, A.R.A. (Captain, R.F.A.), and Mr. Francis Dodd (Major, R.M.); the portraits of V.C.'s and other distinguished officers by Major McEvoy, and four portraits of Admirals by Mr. Glyn Philpot, A.R.A., who in this masterly group of paintings has eclipsed his previous brilliant record as a portrait painter. Major Charles Pears, too, has improved upon his past achievements as a sea painter, in the collection of pictures which represented his official contribution to the exhibition. Unfortunately, neither Lieut.-Commander Norman Wilkinson, the inventor of "dazzle" painting of ships, nor Lieut. Cecil King were at all adequately represented.

In the "War and Peace" Exhibition the contributions to the war side consisted chiefly of the large collection of pictures and drawings executed for the Government of the Commonwealth of Australia and the Australian War Records Section by the dozen official artists and a

few others, prominent among them being Mr. G. W. Lambert, Mr. James Quinn, Mr. Arthur Streeton, Mr. H. S. Power, Mr. Fullwood, Mr. Will Dyson, Mr. F. Leist, Mr. C. J. D. Bryant, and Mr. F. R. Crozier. Of particular interest was the extensive series of sketches from the Palestine field of operations by Mr. Lambert, whose talented draughtsmanship was admirably evidenced in a number of pencil portraits of officers, and the vigorous lithographs by Mr. Dyson of scenes and incidents on the Western Front, whence most of the others derived the material for their pictures and drawings. The Peace side of the show was represented mainly by four galleries filled with works by members of the Royal British Colonial Society of Artists and two allotted to the Society of Australian Artists, where again some of the official war artists were in evidence. Most of the members of the R.B.C. are English, and many of the works in this group had made a public appearance previously, but their presence here in close proximity to the productions of artists from Canada, South Africa, and New Zealand, as well as Australia, gave this "War and Peace" exhibition a distinctly Imperial character.

Mr. Walker is showing this month in his galleries at 118 New Bond Street a small collection of works by the late Mr. A. E. Emslie, who died last March, including some water-colours of Palestine painted during a visit some years ago, and a large picture called *Armageddon*, depicting the triumph of good over evil. This was the last work executed by the artist, who had relinquished practice for some years.



MEMORIAL TABLET DESIGNED BY VALENTIN VAERWYCK, AP. HITECH

EDINBURGH. —Though the Annual Exhibition of the Society of Scottish Artists, held in four of the rooms of the Royal Scottish Academy Galleries in November and December, contained a smaller number of pictures than the Society has brought together for a number of years the quality of the work did not show deterioration.

Small in numbers, the portraiture and figure studies were good in quality. Mr. Robert Home, hitherto known only as a landscape painter, produced an excellent portrait of *Lord Guthrie* in civilian garb. Mr. Hamish Paterson's full-length portrait of a lady had an air of distinction. Mr. David Alison contributed a good portrait of *Councillor Macfarlane*, and Miss Dorothy Johnstone a clever figure study of a lady, its title, *Summer Time*, expressing the underlying idea. One of the most attractive pictures in the collection was Miss Sara McGregor's *Teddy's*

Toilet, not only emotionally expressive, but of exceptionally fine colour quality.

The new President, Mr. J. Murray Thomson, was represented by three animal studies, of which the principal was a couple of bears on an ice floe. Its distinguishing feature was the rendering of sunlight and shadow on the ice. In the excellent, large-scaled Loch Katrine landscape of Mr. Henderson Tarbet, a new viewpoint had been selected to bring into the foreground a decorative scheme of birches. Mr. John Menzies' *Voice of the Sea* was too cataclysmal, but there were lovely passages in the sky, and there were good qualities in Mr. H. J. Bell's Highland landscape with its shadowed foreground of hamlet and heath. Mr. Robert Hope, in the *Mill Stream*, bids fair to find new material in the East Lothian Tyne, and rich colour symphonies were provided by Mr. Charles Mackie. Mr. W. B. Reid's views of Ednir, at



"THE TROSSACHS AND LOCH KATRINE"

(Society of Scottish Artists)

BY HENDERSON TARBET



Society of Scottish Artists

"LORD GUTHRIE"
BY ROBERT HOME



"TEDDY'S TOILET"

BY SARA MCGREGOR

(Society of Scottish Artists)

morning, noon, and night, showed originality; Mr. Andrew Douglas contributed two interesting landscapes with cattle; and other good landscapes were sent by Mr. J. Spence Smith, Miss Grace Stoddart, Mr. W. M. Frazer, and Mr. T. Corsan Morton; while Mr. R. B. Nisbet, breaking into a new vein, sent two beautiful flower studies.

A. E.

REVIEWS.

Prints and Drawings by Frank Brangwyn, with some other Phases of his Art. By WALTER SHAW SPARROW. (London: John Lane.) £2 12s. 6d. net.—It is usual to speak of Mr. Brangwyn as a versatile artist, and there are critics who refer to the variety in his artistic activities in terms of reproach. It is difficult to explain this attitude, for it must be admitted that in whichever branch of art he practises, whether it be in monumental mural decoration, stained-glass design, easel painting, water-colour drawing, pastel, etching, wood-engraving, or lithography, his broad outlook, his remarkable sense of decoration, his feeling for balance and composition, and his complete mastery over his medium give to his work a distinction and significance which are universally recognized and have won for him a unique position in modern art. The present volume is a worthy

and comprehensive record of his achievements in etching, wood-engraving, lithography, water-colour drawing, and pastel. Considerable space is rightly devoted to his etchings; but the book illustrations and woodcuts will repay careful study, for they reveal the artist's unerring sense of design and imaginative temperament. We are glad to see, too, that the splendid and extensive series of designs for war posters which Mr. Brangwyn has executed during the last four years, and which has been of considerable value to the cause of the Allies, is duly recorded in this volume. Many of these posters are well known in Great Britain, but others, notably those done recently for the United States navy, have hardly been seen outside America and are amongst the best and most effective of the set. No one is better qualified to write of Mr. Brangwyn than Mr. Shaw Sparrow on account of his knowledge of and sympathy with the artist's work. He has dealt fully with each branch of his subject in a manner which is often instructive and always interesting. The reproductions are numerous and good, and include fifty special plates in colour or photogravure.

Tanglewood Tales. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Illustrated by EDMUND DULAC. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) 15s. net. *Old Christmas and Bracebridge Hall.* By WASHINGTON IRVING. Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER. (London: Constable and Co.) 12s. 6d. net. The publishers of these popular American classics have been fortunate in their choice of illustrators. Mr. Dulac's fertile imagination and exceptional gift of colour are admirably exemplified in his pictorial interpretation of the primitive myths and legends of Ancient Greece, which Hawthorne's rare literary genius made interesting to young people of the modern world, and among the many books he has illustrated, the "Tanglewood Tales" will by no means rank as one of his least achievements. Particularly fascinating illustrations are those which depict the termination of the "awful fight" between Theseus and the Minotaur, Tiphys at the helm, the battle of the Pygmies and Cranes, and the Sirens on the Rocks in the story of Circé's Palace. Mr. Baumer with his refined draughtsmanship is also happy in portraying the inhabitants of the modern world. His sensitive pen shows itself in the text illustrations to Washington Irving's stories, while the colour plates prove that he also has an instinctive feeling for colour.

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